AUGUST, MDCCCLIII.

SAUNDERS'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

ALL INDIA

VOLUME II.—[illegible]

DEHLI,

PRINTED AT THE DEHLI GAZETTE PRESS, BY A. D'[illegible]

AND SOLD BY THE MANAGING PROPRIETOR

(To whom all Communications are to be

Agents:

MESSRS. R. [illegible] PAGE AND CO., AT

CALCUTTA; MESSRS. SMITH,

AND CO., BOMBAY; [illegible]

[illegible]



SAUNDERS'
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. X.] AUGUST, 1853. [Vol. II.

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TALES OF INDIAN ROMANCE--BY ALIF.

Nur Jehan.

CHAPTER VII.

Years passed on ; the Angel of Death that spares neither prince nor beggar, had been busy in the palace of the Mogul Emperor, and laid low the mighty Akbar. The sceptical doubts that had long agitated the Monarch's breast on the subject of religion, seem to have disappeared at its approach, and almost his last breath was spent in repeating the creed of Islam ; and the Prince Selim, who had girded himself with his father's favourite scimitar, at the request of the dying Emperor, in the presence of the Court nobles, asçended the vacant throne under the name of Jehangir. But a heart like Selim's, that had truly loved, could never forget the object of its early passion ; nor could the cares of state nor the excitement of ambition any more obliterate the recollection of Nur Jehan's charms from his memory, than could the possession of a throne or the luxuries of a palace compensate for the loss of them. The remembrance of that night when the cup of happiness was dashed so suddenly from his lips, and the girl that he loved with all the warmth and eagerness of youthful passion, was snatched so rudely from his embrace, still rankled in his heart. As long as his father lived, he had been obliged to smother his feelings, and let passion feed on hope ; but now that he was seated on the throne, an Emperor's demand might meet with more success than a Prince's solicitations.

Mirza Ghaias had been long absent from the capital. Almost immediately after Nur Jehan's marriage and departure from Delhi, the Emperor discovered that the valuable services of his minister were required in a distant part of the Empire, and the Mirza

had not even an opportunity of seeing Selim before he was compelled to set out for the new field of his labours. The first communication that he received however from the young Emperor was an order to return to Court, —an order which he obeyed with as much alacrity as possible, though as he was obliged to remain at his post till the officer who was appointed to relieve him could arrive, the reins of power had been held by the Emperor Jehangir for several months, before Mirza Ghaias presented himself at Court.

Here he was received with all honor and respect, and immediately installed in his old office of Superintendent of the Police of the Empire.

His absence from the Court had not extinguished the Mirza's hopes, nor dissipated his dreams of ambition. Had he asked himself on what his hopes were founded, he would have found it difficult to answer the question honestly. His daughter had been married several years, and even supposing the Emperor's youthful passion for her was as strong as ever, which was not likely, was it probable that he would wish to take her after she had become the wife of another, or in the first year of his reign, run the risk of alienating the affections of his subjects by an act so tyrannical as that of forcibly taking away the lawful wife of a nobleman, and marrying her himself. Yet in spite of all, the Mirza's faith in his daughter's horoscope was unshaken, and though he could no longer reasonably hope to see her wedded to her former lover, he could not bring himself to believe that the heavenly bodies would play him false; and had Sher Affghan Khan from his quiet estate in Bengal raised the standard of rebellion, and called himself Emperor, Mirza Ghaias, though nowise disaffected towards his lawful sovereign, would have rushed eagerly to share the fortunes of an adventurer, believing that it was his destiny to do, and the destiny of the other to succeed in his rash enterprize. Men are ever anxious to read the future, and to learn their destiny, forgetting how much the future depends upon the present, and how much a man's destiny depends upon himself.

It was not long after his return to the capital that Mirza Ghaias received a special summons to attend the Emperor. It was at an unusual hour, for Selim, as we shall continue to call him, was accustomed to spend the hours after midday prayer alone, or in his private apartments. On repairing to the palace, the minister was informed that the Emperor expected his arrival in the gardens; and thither he accordingly bent his steps, pondering, as he went along, on the unusual circumstance of his being summoned at such an hour, and to such a place.

The Emperor was walking in the garden when the minister approached: he received his deep salutation in silence, and then, taking his hand, led him towards a more distant part of the royal grounds.

"Mirza," he said, speaking kindly to the now astonished minister as he led him along the garden path, "I have sent for thee, for in truth I must hold a conference with thee to-day, and ask thy advice; but it is no matter

of dry state business that I shall speak of. We are alone in this alcove, and here, apart from the world, let us forget for a time the penalties of royalty and greatness."

"Lord of the Universe," replied the minister, "thy royal bounty flows like a fertilizing river through the valley of thy subjects' hearts, and hopes fresh springing from the watered soil are ripened by the sun of your Majesty's royal favours. Your Majesty's slave is too much honoured. The ant is but a sorry companion for the lord of the forest."

"Nay, Mirza, I doubt not thy devotion, but I would have thee forget a while the distance between me and thee,—that I am an Emperor and thou a Minister. We are all but as dust in the sight of God. And what seest thou in me?—an Emperor!—ay, truly an Emperor! I am seated on my great father's throne, and possessed of honour, power, wealth, and the highest station in the Empire, doubtless an object of envy to millions. Yet of what value are riches and honours, ay, and power too, when the desire of the heart is ungratified. There is a jewel still wanting to my crown; and apart from Nur Jehan, the love of my early days, my heart ever will be sad! Ha! Mirza, thou art pale."

The Minister indeed was pale; he tried to restrain his emotion, but he could not; his brightest dreams of ambition were then, after all, destined to be fulfilled.

"Your Majesty's condescension overpowers me," he replied; "to think that the Lord of the Universe should condescend to regard with favour the daughter of his slave, is indeed enough to dazzle the eyes of a creature of the dust. But alas! my Lord, Nur Jehan is the wife of another."

"True, but speak, Mirza, for thou art skilled in the language of the stars, is it not fated that Nur Jehan should be my bride? Was she not born to be an Empress? Yes, by the Prophet, had I the whole world for my Empire, I would lay it all at her feet: and that cursed Sher Afghan, how dare he come between me and my love!"

"Fate, dread sovereign! it is fate that binds us poor mortals in its iron chains. As the caged bird we may flutter to be free, but our attempts are vain, fate is all powerful, and who shall oppose her destiny!"

"Ay, fate, and I am fated to win and wed the lovely Nur Jehan; destiny is no destiny, fate is no fate; she shall be mine."

The Emperor, as was not uncommon with him, had worked himself into a passion with his own words, and rising from the seat where he had been reclining, he began to pace hurriedly up and down the alcove in which the conference was being held, in a manner that showed how great was the agitation of his mind. The Mirza, whose astonishment and sudden joy had been cooled down by the reflection peculiar to a superstitious mind,—a reflection that he was a puppet in the hands of fate, and that what was preordained must have come to pass,—stood regarding the Emperor's movements with silent surprize. Nor could he imagine what train of thought the royal mind was pursuing, that gave rise to such powerful emotion. Selim was the first to break silence, and turning sharply round, he asked: "Art

thou astonished, Mirza, to see me thus? In truth I sometimes think my heart will burst itself with indignation, when I recollect the injustice I have suffered. Thou knowest naught of it however, and indeed I believe it has been kept secret from every one. Yet the instruments of tyranny must have known, and likely enough they did not keep it to themselves. Dost thou recollect when that accursed marriage was solemnized? Where thinkest thou was I—I, a Prince, and now an Emperor? I was confined strictly, closely guarded, and my proud spirit was allowed to fume and chafe itself with rage and indignation, till I sometimes feared reason herself would sink under it. It was a foul wrong, but my father's power was supreme. And canst thou imagine what my feelings were, when I heard from my place of confinement the celebration of that accursed marriage? It was a foul injustice."

"The days of thy great father are ended, noble lord; may he rest in peace; he has been called to render up his account to the Most High."

"Ay, truly, may he rest in peace, but there are those still living against whom my vengeance burns. Canst thou tell me, Mirza, who that magician was that showed the magic tree of destiny that night?"

"My lord, thy slave knows something of that conjuror; but why?"

"Ha! dost thou? Canst thou show me where he is?" cried the Emperor eagerly; 'canst bring him here? Let me but get him, and my revenge shall slake itself in his tortures."

"Lord of the Universe, may thy slave be so bold as to ask why thy royal anger is hot against a travelling mountebank?"

"Why is my anger hot?—why? It is for this, the miscreant told my father of my love for Nur Jehan."

"And can your Majesty's royal mind comprehend how the mountebank became aware of thy royal love for Nur Jehan?"

"I know not; by some of his cursed jugglery I suppose."

Mirza Ghaias smiled.

"Ha! thou laughest—dost thou? Perchance thy learning can unravel the mystery."

"Thy slave's learning, Conqueror of the World, is but small, nevertheless by the light of your Majesty's royal favour, something may perhaps be discovered. May thy slave be bold enough to ask whether it is certain that this magician disclosed the secret to the deceased Emperor, on whom be peace?"

"I tell thee I will swear it was he who disclosed it. My father cut open the apple, and found within a piece of paper, as we did all, and on it were written words. I know not what they were, but I know that my father paced the room all night in anxious thought, and the next day sent for thee, and directed Nur Jehan's marriage to be celebrated."

"And has thy Majesty's genius discovered who revealed and marred our plot?"

"Who but that Christian priest that overheard our conversation in the garden: he was at the bottom of all the mischief; and there were traitors in my household."

"Does your Majesty recollect paying a visit to Pir Ibrahim, and purchasing a charm from him?"

"Ay, right well, but what of him?"

"He, my lord, was the magician."

Mirza Ghaias then related to the Emperor the adventure he had with Pir Ibrahim on the night when he first told him of the Prince's love for Nur Jehan. Selim was much interested, but his indignation knew no bounds when he found he had been duped by an impostor: he swore revenge, and desired Mirza Ghaias to institute such enquiries as might lead to the apprehension of the Fakir, either dead or alive. The minister was no longer bound by his oath, and he reached his home that day with a lighter heart than he had borne for a long time.

Difficulties there were still in the path of his ambition, but the Emperor had laid his feelings sufficiently bare for the Mirza to see that he still loved his daughter passionately.

This was sufficient for him to know, for from his knowledge of the Emperor's character, he felt little doubt about his carrying his purpose somehow. He could not interfere with a venture to propose measures that were to end in his daughter's separation from her lawful husband, and connection with the Emperor. But his stern will and his daughter's destiny were going the same road, and there was but little cause of anxiety about their reaching the goal the Mirza was so anxious to see them at.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the bright beams of the morning sun causes the tender rose-bud to open its blushing leaves, and expand into the full beauty of the flower; the time that had passed since Nur Jehan's marriage had added fresh loveliness to the grace of her maiden form. The young and light-hearted girl had grown into a beautiful woman; but the grief that had well nigh proved fatal to her, when the love of her early years had been torn from her embrace, had left deep and lasting effects upon her heart and character. The violence of the mental storm had almost shattered the temple of reason; and the calm that followed after it subsided, had been almost as fatal. But time can do much to heal the wounded heart, and by slow degrees Nur Jehan began to recover the blow that fate had given her, and reconcile herself to her lot. The bold and energetic inhabitants of northern climes can scarcely comprehend the peculiar character of the Asiatic mind, nor imagine how much influence the all-powerful belief in destiny can have over the human heart. The deeply-rooted apathy of the Asiatic character is the result of superstition, as much as the effect of climate; and although one cannot but admire the firm belief in the power of a Supreme Being ordering and directing all the events and accidents of human life according to His Divine will, that causes the Asiatic to submit with silent resignation to every untoward circumstance that happens; yet the apathy that prevents a man from making the proper use of his powers, either to preserve himself from evil or to better his condition, must be blamed by every

right-thinking mind. Religion teaches us to do our best, depending on the Divine will for the success of our endeavours; superstition would tell us, to sit with our hands before us, and wait for destiny to fulfil its own.

Nur Jehan's lot was happy in one respect. She was wedded to a nobleman whose character, habits and appearance were such as might make any woman happy, unless her heart was another's. Nur Jehan could respect and admire him, but she could not love him. It was impossible for him to have had any feelings of love for her at the time they were married, as he had never even seen her: he knew however the peculiar circumstances under which she became his bride, and pity (for pity her he did) they say is akin to love. Rightly conceiving that time was the only cure for her affliction, he left it to do its work, and avoided as much as possible interfering with her silent and solitary grief, till the wound in her heart should be in some measure healed. But he knew nothing of Nur Jehan's character, and was both surprized and disappointed to find that his hopes of her forgetting the object of her early affection, and learning to love the husband fate had given her, were not destined to be fulfilled. His heart however was differently situated, and the tender shoots of first love soon began to spring out, and entwine themselves around the wounded heart of his lovely bride. But the cold respect with which his advances were received soon checked their growth; they withered and died, and Sher Affghan found himself possessed of a fine estate, a palace, and a bride, but love was wanting to crown his happiness.

Thanks however to Asiatic custom, and the tenets of Islam, he soon found a remedy for this, and Nur Jehan was too glad to be relieved from the task, most unwelcome to a gentle mind like hers, of continually rejecting the advances of her indulgent lord, and could solace and amuse herself with her favourite pursuits, without regretting her husband's lost affection, or feeling the slightest pang of jealousy at seeing him devoted to another, and revelling in the charms of beauty not so great as hers, but dearer far to him because enriched with the gem of reciprocated love. She herself was invariably treated with the utmost consideration and respect; she had her own attendants, and a suite of apartments where her privacy was safe from interruption. Sher Affghan often visited her, and would frequently spend a much longer time in her society than pleased the capricious and somewhat jealous mistress of his heart. There was something quite different in her from all other ladies of her time and race; her mind was more manly, her taste, ideas and thoughts even elevated far above the level at which those of other Indian ladies rested; her whole character was formed in another mould than that in which the character of others of her sex seemed fashioned by nature; and it was refreshing to turn from the listless idleness of Asiatic beauty, to the charm of Nur Jehan's society. She, too, began to look forward to her husband's visits with pleasure, and to look back upon them, when passed, with some regret. She had always respected and admired him, and flattered her-

self she should always love him as a brother; but sometimes, after reflecting upon the hopelessness of her dearest wishes being fulfilled, she had felt her heart whispering the treacherous words, "Love the noble Sher Affghan and be happy."

He, too, grew daily more and more fond of Nur Jehan's society; there was still room left in his heart for her image to be impressed upon it, and his former affection for her was beginning to live again. Things were in this state when the news of the Emperor Akbar's death reached the distant provinces of Bengal, and Sher Affghan felt anxious to see how far the memory of her former love had been effaced from the mind of Nur Jehan, and whether the mention of Selim's name would give rise to any appearance of emotion. He repaired to her apartments at the usual hour, and found her at her usual occupation of singing favourite songs, with her guitar as an accompaniment.

"Lovely Nur Jehan, thou art as quiet and peaceful here as if there were no world without," said Sher Affghan, as he entered the apartment, and seated himself on the cushion beside her.

"This is my world, my lord," she replied, smiling. "We poor ladies are obliged to content ourselves, as best we may, with our cages and our prisons. Tell me, noble Sher Affghan, dost thou not think Alla intended our sex to take a greater share in the world's affairs than we do? Dost thou believe woman was created to live and die alone, a useless drag upon the other sex; or at best an empty ornament, made to be trifled with, and then thrown away? Why should I be thus pent up by custom and habit within these walls, when, if I were free, I could lead an army, or govern a province?"

"True, sweet Nur Jehan, but thou art unlike all others of thy sex; but woman was not made to mingle in the bustle and turmoil of the world—she was made to love."

Nur Jehan made no answer. The words brought no blush to her cheek; nor did she withdraw the hand which Sher Affghan took as he spoke, and pressed lovingly to his lips. "But I came to tell thee the news, sweet Nur Jehan,—news from the capital, brought by express to-day."

"What matters to me the events that I can take no share in?"

"Nay, but wilt not thou grieve to hear the Emperor is dead?"

"Dead!"

"Yes, lady, dead; and Prince Selim is seated on the throne of the Royal empire."

Nur Jehan spoke not, nor exhibited any great emotion, but the blood mounted to her face till her cheeks and forehead wore the colour of a deep red rose, and then sunk again, leaving her as pale as ashes: she withdrew the hand her Lord still held in his, and pretended or tried to busy herself with the strings of her guitar.

Sher Affghan soon after arose, and took his leave as tenderly as was his wont, but he felt that all attempts to win her heart must be in vain.

Some little time after this conversation had taken place, Nur Jehan's attention was attracted one morning by the strange and unwonted behaviour of one of her attendants. She was a young girl, who had several times been favoured with more condescen-

sion and kindness from her mistress than fell to the lot of her companions : still she had never before presumed upon the favour shewn her, nor lessened aught of the respect which Nur Jehan punctiliously exacted from all her inferiors. But on the day in question the girl's behaviour was so extraordinary that both her mistress and fellow-servants believed she was demented or bewitched. She seemed unable to control the motion of her limbs, and kept smiling and smacking, nodding and winking, and fidgetting about in such a way that her mistress, finding her frowns were of no avail, was obliged to reprove her for such unseemly conduct. Nur Jehan's reproval however seemed only to make her worse, till she actually had the audacity to laugh outright. She was instantly ordered to leave the apartment, but no sooner had the other female attendants been dismissed, and Nur Jehan was alone, then the curtain at the doorway was pushed aside, and the girl's laughing face appeared again. Utterly disregarding all the rules of etiquette which her mistress so strictly insisted on, she again entered the apartment, and advancing towards her, held out something towards her which put all her sharpness at fault to divine what it was.

"What hast thou there, silly girl. Take the bauble away," said Nur Jehan, in a tone of displeasure. "Thy behaviour is sadly misplaced to-day, and thou hast presumed upon the kindness I have shewn thee ; begone, and I warn thee against repeating such behaviour in my presence."

The girl made no reply, but stretching out her arm, placed the object she held between her fingers gently on her mistress' hand and then retired a few paces, saying :

" He bade me give it thee, lady, with my own hands ; he was a noble looking cavalier, a second Rustam."

Nur Jehan looked at the strange gift. Had a living serpent been placed in her hand, it would not have caused her to start more violently. It was a bunch of roses and jessamine that she and Selim had gathered one night in the garden together, years and years ago. They were withered and dead, as her own hopes had been, and their stems were enclosed by a ring she had often played with upon Selim's hand ; and round it was entwined a lock of her own black hair. It fell from her hand as a whirlwind of passion long dead, and thoughts and hopes long banished from her bosom rushed in overwhelming force through her agitated mind. Her heart beat as it would have burst its casement ; her brain reeled ; her eyes seemed dazzled with unwonted light, and then grew dim as she fell back on her seat senseless. On the return of consciousness Nur Jehan opened her eyes, and gazed wildly about her. Strange thoughts and uncertain fancies were still hovering about her mind, and it was some little time before she was able distinctly to recollect what had occurred. The sight of the withered flowers that lay on the cushion beside her, soon however re-called the precious vision to her memory, the dazzling brightness of which had for a time blinded her mental sight. It still seemed as if she was in a dream, and the thought, the idea of so much happiness, was

too great, too good to be really true.

Nur Jehan's mind however was suddenly re-called from the regions of fancy to the land of reality, by the sight of the young attendant who was standing near, enwrapped in mute astonishment, and it was no small addition to her happiness to think that she had been hitherto unobserved by any but the person present. To her however a dangerous secret stood revealed, though not in all its fulness, and the only course she could now pursue was to make a confidante of the giddy girl to a certain extent, and enjoin upon her the strictest obligation to secresy. Even in the days when Nur Jehan loved, it was no easy matter to tie a woman's tongue, and she tried hard to do it by lavish promises and severe threats. As to the messenger who had brought the precious gift, it was difficult to learn anything of him; he had watched, it seemed, the girl's approach, as she was in the garden, thrust the emblem into her hand, and bade her give it to her mistress, and then had disappeared: all was clouded in a maze of misty doubt; but through it all there shone one clear light ray of light, which was the certainty that Selim loved her still.

Could Nur Jehan however have seen what was passing at that moment in another apartment, she would have been doubly anxious to keep the secret from being divulged. That morning a stranger had appeared at Sher Afghan's palace; his arrival was not wholly unexpected, as he had sent a servant before him to convey a polite message to the nobleman, and tell him that a Hindoo Chief, with his retinue, was on his way from the Deccan, proceeding towards the Court, to pay his respects, and offer his services and those of his followers to their new Sovereign; and that if Sher Affghan would show the politeness and hospitality that courtesy demanded from one nobleman to another, the Chief would feel himself highly gratified and honoured by being allowed to rest himself and his followers during the day under the nobleman's roof. Such an event was of no uncommon occurrence in those days, and Sher Affghan sent back one of his own servants, with a message in reply, saying that he should be happy to welcome the stranger, and see his wants, and those of his followers, supplied. On enquiring the number of the Chief's retinue, he was told it consisted of a hundred men, horse and foot. Some little preparation was therefore needed to receive so large a number of strangers, and the spacious courtyard in front of the mansion was scarcely ready for their reception, before the sounds of a harsh trumpet at a little distance from the walls proclaimed the approach of the cavalcade. Sher Affghan advanced to meet his guest as he dismounted from his horse, and welcomed him to his house, and the best it afforded, with soldierlike frankness. The person of the Hindoo Chief was strikingly tall and handsome: age had left its traces on his brow and cheek, but their appearance was belied by the colour of his moustache and beard, which were jet black. The only weapons he carried were a short dagger and the scimitar, but the turban of peaceful times was supplanted by a helmet of polished steel, sur-

mounted by a plume of black horse hair. After giving orders to his head servant or seneschal to see that the Chief's retinue were properly disposed of, and their wants attended to, and whispering a few words in the old man's ear, Sher Affghan led the way, followed by his guest, into the house, and courteously pointing out the apartments allotted for his private use, he left him to refresh or rest himself after the fatigues of the journey. The morning meal was soon after taken to the Hindoo Chief by one of his own servants, and as soon as the cravings of nature had been satisfied, he sent one of his attendants with a message to the host saying, that if agreeable, he would wait upon him in his apartments. A polite answer informed the Chief that his offer was accepted, and without further delay he bent his steps towards the room where his host awaited his arrival.

" I trust your highness' wants have been well attended to," said Sher Affghan, as he arose to receive his guest.

" Thy hospitality, noble lord, is beyond all praise," replied the other, " and if it is ever in my power to repay it —"

" Nay, mention it not," said the host, interrupting him, " mention it not: to feed the stranger is a duty imposed upon us by our religion: and much as thou mayest despise the faith we profess, thou mayest learn to respect at any rate some of its tenets."

" I have ever respected thy faith, noble lord, and the brave warriors who have so often marched to victory under the standards of Islam. But after all there is not so much difference as men would make us believe between the religions we profess; we worship nominally all of us one and the same Deity, while most of us are in reality slaves to the same masters—ambition, covetousness, and love !"

" Nay, say not so," replied Sher Affghan, with a slight frown upon his brow. " The followers of the Prophet cannot call idolators by the name of brethren. There is one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet; this is my creed; whereas thine is, there are three million gods, and we worship none in thine."

" Ah ! you Musulmen were ever bigots," returned the other, good humouredly; " death-tribute or the Koran were ever your watchwords. May Paradise be big enough to hold ye all."

" Our late Emperor, peace be with him, died they say after all in the Musulman faith. In truth at one time I thought he would have died a Kaffir."

" His mind indeed was sadly warped by the wiles of Satan. Yet he never thought of deserting the religion of his fathers; it was all fancy. I trust however his son will exhibit none of those fancies and vagaries."

" His vagaries, I trow," returned the other with a malicious smile, " will be of a dangerous tone to some at all events. Hast thou ever seen him, my lord ?"

" No, I have scarcely seen him. I know nothing of him, except what I have learnt from hearsay."

" Thou wilt know more of him anon."

" Why ? How ? What meanest thou ?" exclaimed Sher Affghan, excited for the moment, rather than alarmed at the way his companion spoke. " What should the Emperor have to do with me ?"

"Little with thee, my lord, but a good deal with thine. Dost thou recollect the day thy marriage was celebrated at Delhi, with the famous daughter of Mirza Ghaias?"

"Ay, right well; why should I not!"

"Did any thing occur on thy journey homeward, to cause thee to reflect? Did no omen happen to prognosticate either weal or woe to thee or thine?"

"No, nothing," replied Sher Affghan, musing, and trying to recall to his mind any incident that might have occurred on the occasion alluded to. "Ah! true," he added as a light broke in upon his mind; "I do remember a strange apparition that presented itself to me on the road, the first stage out of Delhi. But it was merely some mad man's frolic."

"Mad men's frolics sometimes turn out dangerous sports. But what and if the Emperor should endeavour to ruin thee, to bring disgrace upon thy name and family; ay, it may be to plot thy death?"

"Thou speakest strangely, noble sir. But (and by thy bearing thou seemest a brave warrior, and if so thou wilt be able to understand me,) let any one, Emperor or slave, attempt to disgrace Sher Affghan, and they will find it dangerous sport. My sword ere now has made many mothers childless, and many women widows, but it is still sharp and bright, bright as my own untarnished honour: my lord, I understand thee not."

"Nor didst thou understand the Prophet, when he told thee a tiger was in thy path. Let not my words cause thee pain, my noble friend, but before the sun has set thou wilt know more. Nay, even now it may be. Hark! —what is that?"

CHAPTER IX.

The conversation between Sher Affghan and his guest, related in the former chapter, was suddenly interrupted by a great bustle and commotion in the Court-yard below. The sound of a trumpet was distinctly heard, followed by the order to open the gates, and the noise of horses' feet trampling over the paved area. Sher Affghan hurried to learn the cause, but before he reached the threshold of the apartment, one of his own attendants came up in breathless haste, and informed his master that a party had just arrived from Delhi, with a packet from His Majesty, addressed to Sher Affghan, and conveyed by a messenger of suitable dignity, who had demanded admittance in the name of his sovereign Lord, and was now waiting in the Court-yard to receive the attention and respect which his mission and station demanded.

Sher Affghan lost no time in repairing to the Courtyard to receive his new guest, leaving the Hindoo Chief alone in the apartment. A quarter of an hour however had not elapsed before he returned, his face lighted up with smiles, and a kind of triumphant expression, which he was at no pains to conceal. "A fig for thy prognostication and thy evil forebodings, my worthy friend," he said, addressing the Chief as he entered. "Instead of seeking my ruin and

plotting my disgrace, the Emperor has sent me a dress of honour, and a letter they say, written with his own hand. "Look here," he added, exhibiting a letter he held in his hand with almost childish glee. "Look here. What thinkest thou of a letter written by the Emperor himself, and sealed with his own signet? By the Prophet, but I am honoured today."

A smile of contempt and sarcasm played about the lips of the Hindoo Chief as he listened to the hurried words and watched the conduct (in his eyes childish) of his host. It was necessary however for him to say something in reply to the words addressed, and he was unwilling to offend the hospitable Sher Affghan by openly expressing what he felt.

"In sooth, my lord," he replied at length, while the other was occupied in examining the outside of the letter he held in his hand; "I was not born, nor have I been bred a courtier; nor can I enter into thy feelings, or sympathize with thy emotion at receiving a piece of paper bedaubed with ink by the hand of one whom destiny has seated on a throne. I am on my way to Court it is true, but if sycophancy and adulation lead the fashion, I shall cut but a sorry figure there."

"What room for sycophancy is there here," replied the host, "when the lord of the empire thus addresses a letter in his own hands to his poor subject?"

"It is but a silken cord to hang thyself with. Thy words will be changed, and thy thoughts and feelings too, noble Sher Affghan, before this day's sun has set."

"Thy enigmas are too deep for me to fathom; but are thy words intended to bear a traitorous import towards my sovereign lord and thine? I tell thee, Sher Affghan's roof shelters no rebels."

A rude hoarse laugh burst from the lips of the Hindoo Chief. Sher Affghan's face grew red, and he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"Hold!" exclaimed the other, his laughter subsiding into a smile that played provokingly about his lips: "hold, I will have this bargain with thee, my noble host; I will hear thee read that letter aloud, and if my words prove false, and thy honoured lord is still thy honoured lord, I will ride from thy castle on an ass's back, with my face towards its tail."

Sher Affghan knit his brow, and stared fiercely at the chieftain; but reflecting that he must have some reason for speaking so positively upon a point that could be so easily proved, he tore off the envelope from the letter, and unfolding slowly and respectfully the paper it contained, commenced reading.

"To the mighty and renowned warrior,—to the illustrious Prince of noble birth. The light of Islam, the pillar of the state, the hero invincible in war, a scourge to the enemies of the faith, the lion of his tribe, the noble Sher Affghan, we send greeting. Be it known to your Highness that we have long wished to send your Highness some token of our royal favour, and to add somewhat to your Highness' dignity and station, in recompense for the great and glorious deeds wrought by your Highness' valour in the time

of the late Emperor, on whom be peace. We have therefore commissioned our trusty Shekh Affshar to convey the expressions of our good will to your Highness' ear, and a dress of honour as a token of our royal esteem and friendship."

Sher Affghan paused, and glanced his eye towards the chief, who stood at a little distance from him with his arms folded, and the same haughty smile of contempt upon his lips. He remained silent, and Sher Affghan continued to read with a triumphant air.

"And forasmuch as these tokens of esteem and friendship cannot adequately express all the feelings of our royal mind, we have therefore issued a decree that your Highness be promoted to a mansah of 10,000 horse, and the office of chamberlain in our palace, whenever your Highness shall visit the royal city.

"There are certain things that cannot be expressed by the pen of the writer, nor told by the mouth of the messenger. We are unwilling that the feelings of our royal heart should be laid bare to the eye of mankind, but our royal secrets can be trusted to the eye of the noble Sher Affghan with confidence. The light of the world (Nur Jehan) shines upon your Highness' house, and illuminates the path of destiny with the effulgence of its beams of love. But our royal heart is plunged in the depths of darkness, and pines with regret at the loss of the object of its desire."

"Ha! what is this?" exclaimed Sher Affghan, as his eye met the following words in the epistle :—'The lady to whom your Highness was united in marriage—' does he write thus of my family?" he added, speaking more to himself than his companion: then looking up he said—

"Thou must excuse me, my lord, from continuing to read this epistle in thy hearing. The Emperor seems to be writing of domestic matters, and thou well knowest we cannot reveal them to strangers' ears. With thy permission I will read on in silence, and disclose the contents afterwards to thee, if they are of such a nature that I can disclose them without injuring my honour." The stranger nodded assent, and Sher Affghan proceeded to read in silence.

It was plain, however, to the Hindoo Chief, who narrowly watched the expression on his companion's face, that the contents of the letter were anything but agreeable. At first he began to move restlessly about as he read, then he frowned, and then the blood mantled in his sun-burnt cheek and forehead; at length he stamped furiously on the ground, threw the letter from his hands, and trampled it beneath his feet, in the fury of his passion.

"Nay, thou needst not laugh, juggler, at the insult given me," he said, turning fiercely on his hitherto silent companion, whose mouth was extended in a broad grin. "Tell me how didst thou know the contents of that accursed letter—by some friend of thine, some imp of Satan? Tell me—speak," he added, drawing his sword, and raising it as if in the act to strike—"art thou in league with the tyrant or with the devil?"

"Neither, good Sher Affghan; but I am unarmed; if it

is thy custom to murder thy guests in cold blood, they belie thee who said thou wert a brave warrior and an honorable man. Perchance thy Prophet taught thee that to spill an unarmed Kaffir's blood were no murder; let me get my sword, and we shall stand on equal grounds. But if thou wilt listen to reason, I would rather speak to thee than kill thee, for if my sword blade crosses thine, thy life is lost. Nay, put back thy sword into the sheath," he added, as Sher Affghan lowered his weapon, "put back thy sword, and blush to think thou hast drawn it on an unarmed man. It boots not to enquire when or how I learnt the contents of the Emperor's letter; it is sufficient that I did so, and I did not deceive thee. It is all disclosed to me, anu I know well the Emperor asks thee to commit the fair Nur Jehan to his embrace."

"Insulting."

"Insult, ay, I know it is an insult, but what then? Thou knowest the Emperor's character and thy position?"

"What," said, or rather shrieked Sher Affghan, in the vehemence of his passion, "dost thou add fuel to the flame? wouldst thou counsel me then to disgrace myself, to demean myself in the eyes of the world? To listen to the fair words of the serpent that would entwine itself round my heart by empty gifts and vain promises, only to strike its deadly fangs more deeply in my bosom? Never, never; Sher Affghan may die, may be murdered, may be tortured, but he shall not be disgraced."

"And therefore, say I," returned the other, "thou knowest thy position; thou art unable to hold out a single day against the power of the Emperor's destruction. Certain destruction awaits thee. Death thou fearest not, for thou art brave, but thou wilt meet thy death, and thy family will meet disgrace."

Sher Affghan gnashed his teeth, and stamped furiously on the ground.

"Listen, Sher Affghan, it is for this I came here; thou art noble and renowned, beloved by thy followers, feared by thy enemies, and respected by thy friends; the Emperor is resolved on thy destruction; the crafty Mirza Ghaias plots thy death: fly thou canst not; there is no safety for thee, but to follow the road thy destiny points out."

"And whither points it?"

"To the throne."

"The throne! What throne? Art thou Iblis, and wilt thou abdicate for me?" asked Sher Affghan scornfully.

"Nay, I said not I would abdicate for thee, but I will seat thee on the throne of the Mogul Empire. The Emperor uan no more resist the power of my arm than the hare can strike the lion; I have Genii at my beck—and the mysterious recesses of nature will send forth an army at my command that human weapons are powerless against. The crown of the Mogul Empire shall encircle thy brow, and never have the royal jewels sparkled on a brow more worthy of thee."

"Speak no more," said Sher Affghan, holding up his hand to enjoin silence. "The curse of the Most High is upon the ears that hear, as well as upon the tongue that utters, treason. The Emperor is the vicegerent

of Alla—it is not for us to judge him. If I suffer wrong at his hands I suffer. As a subject I will not rebel—but as a man I swear by the Prophet I will not suffer the honour of my family to be disgraced, till the intruders shall have stepped upon my corpse. Speak not of treason—I may not hear it."

A smile of contempt curled the lips of the Hindoo Chief, but the flashing of his eye, as he glared upon the speaker, told plainly of the workings of his heart.

He seemed however to smother his feelings with an effort, and speaking in a calm voice, as though the surface of his mind was untroubled by the storms of passion, he said—

"I see, brave noble, thou doubtest my ability to help thee; thy sophistry is easily seen through; but I must have a pledge from thee that I am not betrayed; thou art master of a dangerous secret, for thou hast heard dangerous words."

"Ha, ha!" cried Sher Affghan, "methought thy power was so great that no human arm could touch thee—thou fearest. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Learn, vain scoffer," cried the other, losing, for a single instant, command over himself, but recovering it as speedily, "cease thy vain scoffing; wilt thou make a trial of my skill?"

"I want not to see thine accursed jugglery, but I defy thee, or the devils in thy power, to do aught to injure one who puts his faith in Alla. Proud unbeliever!" returned Sher Affghan scornfully, drawing at the same time his shining sword, and resting the point of it upon the ground as he finished speaking.

The stranger stood near him, and watched him with his eyes for two seconds, while he unfastened a small, but rather a long piece of cloth from his waist; the next instant Sher Affghan found himself falling backwards on the ground, deprived of motion, in the powerful grasp of the gigantic Hindoo, while a most unpleasant sensation of choking, caused by something fastened tightly round his throat, and growing tighter every instant, made him feel that death was near. The last sound that he had any sensible perception of, was the noise caused either by advancing and retreating footsteps. The next instant his eyes were veiled in darkness, and all power of thought and sense deserted him.

How long he remained in this state he knew not, but even after sense returned, the shock that his nerves, and indeed his whole system had gone through was so great, that it was some little time before he completely recovered the use of his faculties. He raised himself on his feet, and gazed in wonder around the now vacant apartment. There lay the fatal letter, soiled and crumpled as he had trampled it under his feet, and there lay his naked sword as it had fallen from his hand when attacked. He seized the weapon, and hurried out in search of the Hindoo. In answer to his anxious, hasty, and somewhat inarticulate enquiries, the domestics could do nothing but marvel; the stranger had not been seen in the Courtyard since he had betaken himself to Sher Affghan's apartment. The fact however that he had laid violent hands upon

their master was enough to rouse the energies of every attendant in the castle, and a strict search was instituted, but without success. Puzzled and mortified at having been duped by a common mountebank, or a travelling juggler, Sher Affghan hastened into the outer Court. Here he found the retinue of the Hindoo Chief in preparation for departure, armed and accoutred, and waiting apparently an order from their commander to mount and be off. The news of what had occurred had already reached their ears, and abuse had been liberally showered on them by Sher Affghan's servants, for following in the retinue of a man who could so abuse the sacred rights and obligations of hospitality, and it was evident that in their present mood a feather's weight would turn the scale, and a hundred shining blades would leap out of the scabbard, in revenge for the insults heaped on them. Disdaining as well as fearing to visit the servants with any of his wrath that he harboured against the lord, Sher Affghan again turned his steps towards the house, with a view of carrying on his hitherto fruitless investigations there. As he hastened under the inner gateway a Musulman Fakir passed by, but he took no notice of him. Had his mind however not been so fully occupied as it was, he might have observed an extraordinary expression that showed itself in the Fakir's face when first his eye fell upon the nobleman's form. His start indeed was scarcely perceptible, but the blood fled from his face, and left him pale as ashes. The devotee muttered an almost inaudible blessing as he went by, and Sher Affghan acknowledged it by an inclination of the head. Five minutes afterwards the train of the Hindoo Chief filed out two by two from under the arched gateway, and hidden and unobserved among the crowd the Fakir passed out too.

CHAPTER X.

Early the next morning the royal messenger and his attendants left Sher Affghan's castle, and commenced their journey back. Their stay had been short, and they were dismissed with little courtesy. Shekh Affshar was the bearer of a letter from the nobleman addressed to his sovereign, and he also took back the dress of honour he had brought. From that day forward Sher Affghan's domain was a scene of bustle and commotion. The whole of his tenants and retainers were summoned from their houses and farms; all the young and able-bodied men were pressed into the nobleman's service, and forced to remain on the premises, and aid in the work that was being carried on, or sent into the districts on errands of importance connected with it. Their lord was as unsparing in expense as he was stern in exacting labour; the number of armed retainers that had always been kept in the castle was doubled, and their pay increased, but they were subjected to a regular system of discipline and training; their arms, accoutrements and horses were looked after and improved in every possible way, and no measure was left untried to form them into a well-

organized and well equipped body of soldiers. At the same time the defences of the castle were put into a state of repair. The old walls, which in places had fallen under the unsparing hand of time, were examined, and their strength and power of resistance tested; the breaches were built up anew, and the battlements repaired. The ditch under the outer wall was widened and deepened, and the massive gates rendered doubly strong by bars of iron and beams of wood that were fastened upon them.

In the mean time the roads in the district were covered with carts and beasts of burden, wending their way towards the castle, laden with grain and provisions of every kind; trees were felled and dragged with enormous labour from the fields to the castle gates, and then cut up and stored within for firewood. All was filled with the busy preparations of war, and yet none knew the cause: the aged and infirm were left to look after the farms, and assist the women and children in their daily toil, while the young and robust were engaged in the service of their lord.

Sher Affghan himself superintended all the operations that were going forward: his demeanour was calm as it ever had been: and his liberality so great that none had cause to murmur at the unwonted amount of labor imposed upon them. He visited Nur Jehan more seldom than before, but his behaviour towards her was as considerate and honorable as it ever had been. She had been the first to question him about the active preparations he was engaged in, but she received the same reply that was given to all who ventured to ask the question, "That the country was in a disturbed state, and that it was well to be prepared." These words of course were bruited abroad, and much discussed by the multitude. They surmised, and their surmises were founded on good grounds, that there must be some motive hidden under this not very plausible pretext. It was well known that the country for miles and miles around was as quiet as it had been for years past, and had not his conduct and action precluded the possibility of such a thing, the retainers would have thought their lord demented. There was but one inmate of the castle who in any way divined the real cause, and that was Nur Jehan: but she could not bring herself to believe that Sher Affghan would be so rash as to attempt to resist the power of the Emperor; nor indeed was he: but could she have read the secrets of his heart, it is probable that her doubts would have been increased rather than allayed. Had he wished to declare his intentions, he would have found it difficult to do so: he had strong hopes that when the Emperor saw the determination he evinced not to give in to his unheard-of and insulting proposals, he would forbear to press them: he would have been loath to take up arms against a sovereign whose father had raised him to the position he now occupied, but he was firmly resolved not to give up Nur Jehan, and at the same time most unwilling to rebel. The one was a determination, the other a negative wish.

The preparations in the castle were at length completed, and the district returned to its former

state of quiet and repose. It was not long however before it was destined to be again disturbed; and efforts were made to collect supplies for the Viceroy of Bengal, and his enormous camp, which was expected to pass through Sher Affghan's estate in a few days, and halt a short time in it. This was good news to all the peasants and farmers. They eagerly caught at the rumour of the Viceroy's approach as an excuse to raise the price of grain; they had nothing to fear from the presence of his camp, for no servant of the Emperor dared to do violence to the country people, or permit their followers to plunder. They all looked forward to the time that the Viceroy might spend in their neighbourhood as a season of holiday and festivity; and a few aged men, who were looked upon as oracles of wisdom by their ignorant neighbours, were heard to express their doubts whether the intended visit of the Viceroy might not be in some way connected with the work that had lately been carried on in Sher Affghan's castle.

The long looked for day at length drew near—one after another the tents of the Viceroy's camp were erected on the plains. Bands of men on horseback and on foot, carts laden with all the apparatus of Oriental luxury, elephants, camels and bullocks, each with a load apportioned to its size and strength, followed one another in countless succession. The spot which a day before was an open plain, with no other occupants than a flock of sheep that were grazing, unattended, on the pasture fields, was suddenly transformed, as by the touch of a magician's wand, into a large and busy city, whose houses were of canvass. A goodly swarm of palanquins conveyed the ladies of the Viceroy's household and their female attendants, but no vulgar eye was permitted to catch even a glimpse of their charms. Each palanquin was attended by four horsemen, who cleared the road and made way for the bearers to proceed. When they reached the tents, they were taken inside the canvass walls that were erected so as to form a screen round the Viceregal tents, and a curtain of richly embroidered velvet that was suspended at the outer door of the ladies' tents, was lifted up for a second, and then let fall as one by one they entered the sanctum. In due course of time the vanguard of the Viceroy's escort appeared in sight, and in answer to their eager enquiries the impatient crowd that lined the road were told that the Viceroy himself was but a short way behind. The gilded trappings on the nobleman's elephant glistened in the beams of the morning sun, as the huge creature shuffled along the road. Kutbuddin was seated in a golden howdah, and one companion with him: he seemed fatigued with the journey; the morning was sultry and hot, and the dust rose in clouds. The crowds that were assembled to enjoy the sight, saluted the Viceroy as he came up, and he returned their salutation by a courteous bow: but the greeting was soon over, and right glad was he when the elephant turned suddenly to the left hand, and leaving the dusty road and the admiring crowd behind it, made its way straight towards the great tent.

" I marvel much," remarked the Viceroy to his companion, as he alighted, " that Sher Affghan Khan has not been out to meet us; it is a piece of strange neglect, if indeed it be neglect: go, write a letter to him in my name, and bid him as courteously as thou canst to wait upon me at noon." The man to whom the order was given bowed and retired. Kutbuddin entered the tent as usual, but in passing through the doorway, his foot caught in a loose mat that was spread at the entrance, and he stumbled and almost fell. He recovered himself, however, but in turning round to examine the cause of the accident, the stain of a spot of blood upon his white dress caught his eye. He observed it, and turning towards his attendants, who had come up to proffer their assistance, remarked: " A bad omen, sirs; two bad omens at one time; what mischief is in store for us? Come, serve the morning meal; we will meet it at any rate with our stomachs full."

(To be Continued.)

LOVE UNHOLY.

Like the headlong mountain torrent,
Chafing in its rocky bed,
In its wild and restless current,
Not an instant quieted:
Foam bells on its waters dancing,
Glittering rocks beneath them glancing,
Fairy mist bows o'er it gleaming,
In the sun ray brightly beaming:
Now like a sheet of silver wide,
Aslant the broad smooth marble gushing,
Madly anon, from side to side,
Of narrow tortuous channel rushing,
Chafing with every giant rock,
That towers unshaken in its way,
Where every driving billow's shock,
Hurls unto Heaven the driving spray.
Now rolling hid from human ken,
Through a deep hollow sunless glen,
Where not an eye its course can mark:
But awful are those waters dark,
To him who *hears* their ghostly sound,
And feels earth tremble all around.

Onward it rushes, till it falls,
Prone from the mountain canton's walls,
Scattered, lost in mist at length,
Victim of its very strength.
Like that torrent, wild and reckless,
Is the love that, fierce and checkless,
Bears every obstacle before it,
Tears e'en the rocky breast that bore it;
Which owns no bar, endures no stay,
Sweeps every hinderance away;
But also rends each softer tie,
Owning no touch of sympathy:
Heedless of that benevolence,
That anxious shunning of offence,
That self-forgetting wish to bless,
That earnest, thoughtful tenderness;
Those emanations of the skies,
Wherewith affection sanctifies
The hearts that think and strive and feel,
Only for the beloved ones weal:
Full of its own imperious will,
Reckless of all it dooms to ill,
Unfeeling for the flowers it crushes,
Intense in selfishness, it rushes,
Blighting with sorrow's keenest smart,
The innocent and trusting heart,
That, blinded by its fatal spell,
Had loved "not wisely but too well;"
Destroying, in regardless waste,
All that had purified and graced,
Blessed, bettered, sanctified, refined—
And leaving misery behind.
Such love, sure source of endless sadness,
Begun in sin and nursed in madness,
Shoots through a brief and turbid life,
Of danger, storm, deceit, and strife,
Tends only to engender woes,
And hurries to a rapid close.
Oh! such is not the sacred flame,
That rightly bears Love's hallowed name—
Such is not that affection pure,
That can through every change endure—
Such Love is not true Love divine,
Such Love, beloved one, is not mine.

K.

STONE QUARRIES IN THE N. W. PROVINCES.

It is well known that India abounds with stone, much of which however is of indifferent quality, and hardly worth the trouble of quarrying ; but the far greater quantity is of excellent quality, and has been used from time immemorial in the erection of those vast mementos of India's former greatness that exist to the present day, and which exhibit, by their resistance to the crumbling effects of time, the durability and excellence of the materials used in their formation.

Jeypore and Joudpore have always been celebrated for their beautiful white marbles ; while Chunar, Mirzapore, Delhi and Agra are equally known for their freestones, and Bhurtpore and Gwalior for their excellent red and white sandstones.

Almost all the buildings of any extent in the upper provinces of India are built principally of sandstone and marble intermingled, or in alternate layers. Timber in ancient times was hardly ever used, except for doors ; the lintels and beams, and even the internal ornaments of houses being formed of marble or other kind of stone.

The main qualities of a good building stone are firmness and consistency. Stones of unequal color, spotted or veined, are not so strong as those of uniform color, and should be avoided. Brown and black stones generally absorb moisture too readily, and should only be used in places under shelter. Moisture injures stones apparently of the strongest nature ; granites, syenite, porphyry and breccia, frequently when exposed to wet, exhibit fissures, and become ruined. Granite, formed of mica, felspar, and quartz, is liable to destruction by exposure, although it is a material susceptible of the highest uses. Syenite is composed of the same constituents as granite, with the substitution, however, of hornblende for mica. Gneiss is a slaty granite, and not very useful. Quartz is principally adapted for subterranean localities, and is used for foundations. Limestones are of various qualities, and those which are highly crystallised, afford the best materials for building ; those less crystallized are most commonly used by architects. The manner in which stones are classified by men of science on the continent is as follows :—

"They divide them into two classes, hard and soft, *pierre dure* and *pierre tendre*. *Pierre dure* is applied to those which can be worked by water and the plane-edged saw ; and *pierre tendre* to those which can be worked by the peg-toothed saw. The qualities which are required in a stone by the French and German architects, are, that it should be of a fine grain, and compact. Few stones, however, possess all the qualities required, and then it is that the architect must use his judgment in selecting the best. Thinly laminated (or leafed) limestone, like leaves in a book, possesses different degrees of strength, according to its position. If placed on edge, so |, it has of course less resistance and strength than when placed thus ——. Dark stones are generally the strongest ; those which suck up water are bad ; but those with brilliant points and hard are good.

A very good criterion is the sound of the stone when struck with a metal instrument, when a full sound is a proof of a good stone. Those mixed with sulphur are generally hard and good, but require care in the selection. Heavy stones denote compactness of structure."

Another method of proving the goodness of a stone is "to take a small cube of stone, dip it in a solution of some salt, and then to hang it for a few days over the vessel containing the salt, so as to allow the salt to crystallise on its surface; this process is to be repeated for five days, and then, if the stone be good, no sand or fragments of the stone will be discoverable in the solution; but if it be liable to injury from frost, the corners of the cube or sand will be deposited in the vessel over which it hung."

The subject of stone quarries in the North Western Provinces of India is one of great interest, but seems never to have received that attention which it deserves. In the year 1849 the Government published among its "Selections from the Records," four papers from the authorities at Agra, Mirzapore, Allahabad, and Banda, which described the quarries in their respective districts. Those papers are naturally incomplete and imperfect, but contain much valuable information. In the absence of later intelligence we have fallen back upon those Government records, and have drawn up as concise an analysis from them as we are able, of all that has been published on the subject of stone quarries in these provinces.

DISTRICT OF AGRA.

STONE quarries exist in three pergunnahs of this district, viz. Futtehpore Seecree, where there are 25; Surheindee, 28; and Furrah, 16: in all 69 quarries.

Futtehpore.—The stone produced in the quarries of this pergunnah is considered of inferior quality to that got at the neighbouring quarries within the Bhurtpore territory at mouzah Puharpore, &c. It is chiefly of the description called red stone, brittle, not easily smoothened, and soon destroyed by nitre or salt, or the action of the atmosphere and rain. The Tejpore quarries yield a somewhat better kind, which is dearer than the rest. Very little of the Futtehpore stone is used for building purposes, such as beams, pillars or architraves, requiring to bear much weight; it is sometimes hewn into squares for erecting rough walls with, instead of brick, or into cylinders for well bottoms, and other small articles of domestic consumption, which are hardly ever exported.

The only article made for exportation to foreign parts at the Futtehpore quarries, and in which the trade consists, is the *chukkee*, or hand grinding mill. Several thousands are annually made and taken away to Lahore, Umritsur, and various towns and marts in the N. W. Provinces, by the carrying merchant, who purchases from the local trader, he (the local trader) having in the first instance purchased from the stone mason. Thus three distinct parties are concerned in this trade.

The prevailing rate charged by the stone hewer to the local trader is 20 rupees for a 100

chukkees (or 200 separate stones of the requisite circumference and thickness, each mill having an upper and nether stone ;) at all the Futtehgurh quarries, excepting at Tejpore, where, from the better description of stone used, it is 29 rupees per hundred. A further charge of 4 rupees a hundred is then made by the stone-mason for cutting holes in the centre of each stone, to receive the spindle or handle for turning the mill. The common selling price paid by the carrying merchant is from 32 to 40 rupees a hundred. The local trader thus derives a profit of from 7 to 8 rupees on 100 chukkees, or about 30 per cent. on his outlay, to cover interest of money, risk and gain on trade. The expense of conveyance to the river side at Agra is from 10 to 12 rupees a hundred on carts, and from 6 to 7 rupees a hundred (about an anna a chukkee) if drawn by buffaloes, or bullocks, roller-fashion.

The wholesale selling price of chukkees at Agra is from 48 to 50 rupees a hundred, or by retail from 8 to 12 annas each, thus giving a remunerative profit of from 3 to 5 rupees on a hundred chukkees to the carrying merchant. Quality of stone and weight of chukkee influence the selling price very much.

The stone-hewer's remuneration cannot be so clearly ascertained. A headman or contractor for the quarry sometimes employs hired workmen, or he and the members of his family work the quarry and live upon their labor. It is supposed, however, that he gets about 3 annas a chukkee. A working man makes about one chukkee a day, including quarrying and all.

The chukkee is almost an indispensable piece of furniture in native house-keeping. It is met with in the great man's establishment, and seen in the poor man's hut. Every hamlet cottage containing a family has its chukkee to grind the corn for daily consumption, and if the village bride takes no other dowry to her husband, she must have her chukkee. The earliest sounds heard in the morning, in town or village, are those of the chukkee, and it is a certain indication of a want of food in the house when the rustic's chukkee is silent ; "*Chukkee nuhee chultee*," is a common mode of expression among the poorer classes to denote extreme poverty. Hence the extensive use of stone in chukkee-making.

In connexion with the Futtehpore quarries, it may be of use to notice the neighbouring ones in the Bhurtpore territory, at the villages of Puharpore and Singowlee. The former village is 8 coss from Futtehpore, and the latter about four. The stone quarried at these two places, especially Puharpore, is of superior quality ; it is extensively used in building, and taken to all parts of the country in various forms, both light and heavy. It is commonly divided into two kinds, the *bassee* (white or bamboo colored) and the red stone. The *bassee* is the better sort ; it is more durable, bears smoothening better, is easier worked, and is better in appearance than the red stone.

No quarrying is allowed without permission of the Rajah, and the tax paid to him by parties working the quarries, is, at Pu-

harpore, on white stone, Rs. 5-8 per 100 maunds; on red stone Rs. 4-8 per do.; at Singowlee, on red stone, Rs. 5 per 100 maunds; (no white.) The 100 maunds of white is equal to 68·48 cubic feet in measurement; the 100 maunds of red is 85 cubic feet.

The charges of the *sungturash*, besides the above government tax paid by the purchaser are, at Puharpore, for white stone 7 rupees ½ anna per 100 maunds; for red stone, 5 rupees 8½ annas per do., and 4 annas per 100 maunds for loading stone on carts; at Singowlee for red stone 6 rupees per 100 maunds.

Great quantities of stone from Bhurtpore are annually taken to Bindrabun and Muttra for building Hindoo temples, dwelling houses for the native gentry, ghauts, &c.; a good deal is also brought into Agra, and thence in the way of trade, taken by water to other places up and down the Jumna.

Surheindee.—The quarries in this pergunnah yield both grey and red stone. All the grey is considered of one quality, and goes by the name of "white stone;" but the red is classified into *taleea* and *ravara*. The following building materials are made at these quarries:—

1. "Tham," pillars or posts, circular or square, of sizes; 2, "Putteea," flat oblong blocks, or slabs used for architraves, lintels for doorways, cornices, &c., according to thickness and dimensions; common size 7 by 3½ feet and 2 inches thick; 3, "Jael," narrow slabs for window shades, balconies and stairs, generally thin, and not more than a foot or 15 inches wide; 4, "Chowkah," square or oblong flags used for flooring, roofing, &c., the common dimensions being 5 by 2 feet and 1 or 1½ inch thick.

The Sungturash's charge (or he who contracts for the supply to the purchaser) at the quarries, is 7 rupees per 100 maunds for grey stone, and 5 rupees per 100 maunds for red.

Chowkahs are mostly in demand for Agra, and these are purchased from the hewers on the spot from 1½ to 2 annas each, or from 2 rupees to 2½ rupees per score. Chowkahs sell at Agra from 6½ to 7 rupees a score, or 45 to 50 rupees per 100 maunds by weight. The selling price of Jugnair stone at Agra commonly is, for heavy articles, from 35 to 40 rupees per 100 maunds. In the rains, when supplies are stopped, it is higher. At Agra, many small articles of domestic use, such as platters, cups, water-troughs, &c., are made of the Jugnair stone, and sold in the bazars. Ornamental pillars, trellis work for houses, &c., are also made at Agra, but none of these articles are ever made at the quarries.

On an average of three years the quantity of stone from pergunnah Surheindee brought into the city of Agra, is about 50,000 maunds a year, and about 6,000 maunds taken to Muttra. The trade seems in fact confined to the city of Agra, very little among foreigners being done at the quarries. Carrying merchants take large quantities of slabs from Agra to Delhi by water, and to the Dooab and Trans-Gangetic provinces of Rohilcund by carts.

Furrah.—The red stone is alone found in the quarries within this pergunnah. The articles made from it, and chiefly for local

use, (*i. e.*, in the district,) consist of the *chukkee*, or hand mill, the *koloo*, or oil and sugar mill; the *khandeh* or *ent*, or squares used for bricks, for wells, walls, &c. But the *chukkee* is the principal article made. The Sungturash's charge at the quarry's mouth is 20 rupees per hundred, as in Futtehpore.* He sells at 25 or 26 rupees per 100; oil or sugar mills are from 12 to 15 rupees each; *ent* or squares, at 8 annas the 100 in tale.

The distance from Dhanowlee to Gowghaut on the Jumna (10 miles west of Agra,) is 5 coss, from Nimmiah 7 coss. The selling prices at Gowghaut are for *chukkees* 33 Rs. per 100; for *koloos*, 18 to 20 Rs. each; for *khandeh* 5 Rs. per 100. *Chukkees* from the Nimmiah quarries are about 2 Rs. per 100, higher than those of Dhanowlee, on account of the greater distance from the ghaut than Dhanowlee.

Some quarries are worked for 7 or 8 years, others only for one season, according to facility of quarrying, and the quality and quantity of stone dug. As soon as the diggers reach the moist earth, or the water appears, they cease from digging; the maximum depth is about 20 cubits from the surface: but many quarries are given up long before the diggers go down so far, on account of the heavy expense of lifting up the stone from the quarry; yet it is allowed that the best stone is always found in the lower strata. From this it may be argued, that either the diggers have not energy enough, or their present means of quarrying are insufficient.

There are no assigned limits to a quarry. If two be working conterminous to each other, the space between each is divided by mutual consent; should they be situated on the lands of two contiguous mouzahs, the intermediate boundary is the line of demarcation for each quarry.

The annual income to the Zemindars in Pergunnah Surheindee, calculated on an average of three years, is reckoned at 200 Rs. No similar returns are forthcoming for Futtehpore and Furrah.

DISTRICT OF MIRZAPORE.

In this district there were in 1847, 283 quarries open. They are situated in 63 mehals, comprising 75 mouzahs, paying a Government revenue of Rs. 70,645 per annum, but the Zemindars are precluded by Regulation II. of 1800 from exercising any control over them.

The following is a statement of the yearly amount realized from the stone mehals since the separation of Mirzapore from Benares:—

From November 1830 to April 1831,		Kham Tehseel, ...	Rs.	22,131
In	1831-2	do.	„	29,823
„	1832-3	do.	„	33,588
„	1833-4	do.	„	19,372
To March 14,	1835	do.	„	17,800
From 15th March to 15th March 1836, Rugber Dial, &c., farmers,		.. ..	„	32,001
In	1836-7	do.	„	32,001
„	1837-8	do.	„	32,001
„	1838-9	do.	„	32,001

In	1839-40	Kham,	.... Rs.	24,146
,,	1840-1	Mr. Menzies, farmer,	.... ,,	28,500
,,	1841-2	do.	.... ,,	28,500
,,	1842-3	do.	.... ,,	28,500
,,	1843-4	Prag Dutt Doobey,	.... ,,	28,500
,,	1844-5	do.	.... ,,	28,500
,,	1845-6	do.	.... ,,	29,500

For the first four years the mehals were held under *Kham* management, and the duties collected by Government servants; but in March 1835, they were leased out to farmers, and with the exception of one year, viz. 1839-40, the same plan has been followed up to the present time.

For many years subsequent to the promulgation of Regulation II. of 1800, such was the demand for stone from these mehals that no difficulty was experienced in levying the prescribed duties; but of late years, the demand from other quarters has so much decreased, that the farmers find themselves scarcely able to pay their jumma and realize a small profit. The prohibitory nature of the duties now levied are particularly felt in the Chunar division, where the duty on small stones only is 2 as. 8 pie per cubic foot, while at Mirzapore cut stone *of all sizes* pays an uniform duty of 2 as. 6 pie per cubic foot. If a stone at Chunar measures 4 cubic feet, the duty is 4 annas, and for 5 feet and upwards, the duties are no less than 5 annas a foot.

The reason assigned for the difference is, that the stone of Chunar is of a finer quality and texture than that of Mirzapore, and also that the quarries being nearer the river, heavy stones can be transported at a less cost, and are therefore better able to bear an increased rate of duty; but the effect has been, that excepting for expensive and ornamental works, where price is no object, no one will take stones from Chunar at a duty of 5 annas per foot, in preference to those of Mirzapore at half the cost.

To show the injurious nature of the present excessive rate of duties on the stone trade, we subjoin a statement of the cost and charges upon a description of stone in common use at Mirzapore, by which it will be observed that the duties are 25 per cent. greater than all the other expenses put together.

" Cost of 2 *bholes*, each measuring 6 feet long, 2 feet broad, and 3 inches thick :—

Stone-cutter's remuneration, ...	Rs.	0	4	0
Hackery hire, ...	,,	0	8	0
Government duty 2½ as. per cubic foot,	,,	0	15	0
Total Rupees.........		1	11	0

The duty for the same stone at Chunar is *one rupee*, and yet they are sold with difficulty at 1-12, and sometimes for less.

DISTRICT OF ALLAHABAD.

THERE are ten or twelve quarries in Mouzah Purtabpore, Pergunnah Barra, of which only four are worked by merchants,

and to these there is no cart road, so that the stone quarried has to be carried by men to the Jumna, a distance of half a coss. The largest stone known to have been dug of late years, was in the Banda Zillah; it weighed 45 maunds, was 10 feet long and 1½ feet square, and required 64 men to carry it. The heaviest stones raised here weigh 14 maunds.

There are three sorts of stone found in the Allahabad district, two of which find their way to market in a manufactured form. The former are termed *golabee* and *sufeid*, the latter *dhoka*, which is used in the lump as foundations for walls. The two former are used indiscriminately for *khumbas, puttees, burgas, hoorsas, hoolsees, mehras, lohras, sils, koondees, panchooras, sungfarashes,* and *kolhoos*. The white stone is alone used for *chukkees, jantas* and *khurruls,* as being of a harder nature; no stone is sold in the neighbourhood of the quarry or river, but is brought to Allahabad, which is the only mart for it; at present therefore it is impossible to compare the relative value with that quarried at Mirzapore.

The price in the Allahabad market is as follows:—At Bulloahghat 100 maunds of either sort is landed in the unwrought mass at 20 Rs.; thus it costs 16 Rupees to cut, carry, and load it on board the boats at Purtabpoor on the Jumna; 3 Rs. boat hire to Bulloahghat at Allahabad, and 1 Rupee for landing it, making in all 20 Rs., and is sold in the market at from 22 to 25 Rs. the 100 maunds. The *dhoka* is sold at 5 Rs., or less, the 100 mds.; its sole use is for the foundations of buildings, and is found to be cheaper than bricks for this purpose. *Khumbas* from 3 to 7 feet in length, and 6 inches to 1 foot square, sell for from 22 to 25 Rupees the 100 mds., and are landed for 20 Rs. *Bundga* or *burga,* from 1½ to 4 feet in length, and from 10 inches to 1 foot in breadth, and 2 inches thick, sell for 3 Rs. 8 As. the 100 square feet. Of *puttees* for roofing or paving rooms, from 4 to 10 feet long, 16 to 18 inches broad, and 3 to 5 inches thick, the price is from 22 to 25 Rs. per 100 mds. Of *mehrah,* used for paving courtyards, or for cornices, or supports at the top of *khumbas,* from 4 to 6 feet long, 2½ to 3 feet broad, and 3 to 5 inches thick, the price is from 22 to 25 Rs. per 100 maunds.

Chukkee, ready for use, 1 Rupee; *janta,* ditto, 12 as.; *hoorsa,* used by Hindoos for preparing and rolling their bread on a wooden roller, from 1 anna 9 pie to 2 annas 3 pie; *hoolsee,* a small circular stone for pounding *chundun,* used for *tilluk,* ½ anna; *lohra,* the muller for rubbing on the *sil,* from 10 to 12 inches long 1 anna; *sil,* from 8 inches to 2 feet long, from 1 to 4 annas; *sungfarash,* or weights for keeping down carpets, or placing against doors, are sold in sets of 4, for from 1½ to 2 Rs. the set; *koondee,* or stone saucer, from 3 to 5 inches in diameter, from 1¾ to 2 annas; *khurrul,* or pestle and mortar, from 6 to 13 inches in length, from 8 annas to 1 rupee; *panchoora,* or stones for supporting legs of charpoys, and made to hold water, four of which are sold in a set, varying from 6 inches to a foot in diameter, at from Rs. 1 to 2-4 the set.

The fort of Allahabad and other old buildings in the city bear testimony to the durable and excellent qualities of the *sufeid* and *golabee* stone for buildings. One sort called *dhoosur*, is decidedly bad for these purposes, and is speedily destroyed by salt, as would appear from the rapid destruction taking place in the magnificent Baolee attached to Sultan Khosroo's garden.

The quarries at Purtabpoor were closed about October 1845, owing to the great depth they had reached, and the merchants then procured their supplies from the Bundlecund districts, about two miles further off, whence it is procured at the same cost, and ready quarried.

Stone is found in several villages immediately on the banks of the Jumna, in Pergunnah Atherbun, and in Pergunnahs Arail and Khyraghur, at distances varying from 1½ to 15 coss from the Ganges. The Zemindars do not seem to exercise any right in the mehals in these Pergunnahs, and the Government, either former or present, have not done so. The country people dig out the stone as they require it. It is mostly of inferior quality, and is not worked by the stone merchants. If any good pieces are found, they are made into *chukkees* and *jantas*, and sold in the neighbourhood. The only approximation to an exercise of right of possession seems to have been when Lieut. Sharp, about 1839, blew up and carried away some stone from Mouzah Teekur, Pergunnah Arail, when Mussummut. Oleea Begum complained to Mr. Montgomery, who referred her to the Civil Court; but it does not appear that she thought it worth while to go there: however, Lieut. Sharp paid 4 Rs. for every 100 maunds he removed. It is supposed that, though the stone at present found in this pergunnah is not good, yet by digging deep a better quality would be found. The stone in Mouzahs Payagpore, Ramgurwa, and Rajapore, Pergunnah Khyragurh, is reported the best in that Pergunnah, and at the same time nearest the Ganges, to which a good cart road leads.

DISTRICT OF BANDA.

The quarries in Banda are on the same footing as those in Allahabad and Agra,—"where the quarries are left entirely to the Zemindars, the Government asserting no claim to the stones, and levying no duty upon them."

In Pergunnah Buddowsa, there are five quarries; the qualities of the stone dug are "doonga," which is the best, "bunsee" and "burrooa," (grey stone.) The value of these quarries is said to average less than 315 Rs. per annum. Mills and grinding stones, &c., are made from the stone called *doonga*, and flags are hewn out of the stone called *bunsee*. Flags, pillars and ornamental arches, &c., of buildings, are made from the stones raised from the Sidapore quarries. The proprietors of the villages levy from 1 Re. 4 As. to 2 Rs. per annum from each man who works in the quarries.

In Pergunnah Tirohau there are seven quarries, and the quality of stone dug, the "doodheea," (red,) "burrooa," (grey,) and

" musua," and " lall." Various sorts of vessels are made from the *doodheea*. The *Chumar* inhabitants of the village quarry, and the Zemindars, charge them nothing. Three of the quarries are situated in the village of Burgaree Kulan, two in the plains and one on the hill. The red stone *(lall)* is produced in the quarries on the plain, and the white stone *(musua)* is hewn from the quarry on the hill. The proprietors levy Rs. 4-4 per annum from every person who works in the two quarries on the level ground, and 2 Rs. from those who work the quarry on the hill.

In Pergunnah Chiboo there are six quarries, in five of which the " lall" or red stone is produced, and one from which the " lall burrooa" is obtained. Flags are made from the first description of stone : and the stones of the other kind are used as substitutes for bricks in constructing walls of buildings. The red stone quarries are let in farm for 56 Rs. a year ; and on the other the proprietors levy four Rs. per annum from every digger.

There is a species of limestone found in the village of Kootla, on the border of the district of Banda, from which lime of a superior quality is made in the village of Goorrampore, Pergunnah Buddowsa. The Raja of Patur Kutchar, to whom the village of Kootla belongs, charges for the stone one *pice* per maund, and pays to the Zemindars of Goorrampore two *dumrees* per maund for the right of way through their estate. The stone is convertible into lime on the area of Goorrampore, and the manufacturers pay to the Zemindars from 4 to 10 annas per kiln, according to size. The lime is sold on the spot to *beoparries*, who export it to different parts of the country. Four maunds of the best lime at Goorrampore are bought for one rupee.

As the facility with which large masses of stone are moved, without mechanical aid in the quarries noticed above, may not be generally known, and as the method adopted may aid in forming a solution of the difficulty in accounting for the construction of the pyramids, and other ancient buildings, we here subjoin Mr. Middleton's account of it :—" A large stone is fastened securely on each side to two long and strong poles or beams, which extend a considerable distance in advance and behind it ; on these are again bound cross-pieces, and on these other short cross-pieces, to which the bearers apply their shoulders as in carrying a palkee. The poles are prolonged by additional ones being tied on, and the cross-pieces extend according to the weight of the stone. If very weighty, in addition to the poles lengthways, others are placed across it with thin cross-pieces, which can also be extended to any amount proportionate to the weight ; so that there is no stone, of whatever weight, used in building, that could not be carried along any distance without any other apparatus being necessary than an extension of the cross-pieces ; and if thus once raised, that could not in like manner be carried up an inclined plane, and deposited as they are in the pyramids, &c. It is calculated that on an average the apparatus weighs half as much as the stone itself."

CHAMPERNOWNE;

A TALE.

By Paul Benison.

"Our own weakness shows what we are."
BYRON.

PREFACE.

THIS Tale is commenced against the advice of my friends. They tell me that "Lindenstowe" showed so great a deficiency in art—especially in that particular which men of scholastic times were wont to call "*desis*" or complication—that success in fiction is hopeless. I think, with Edgar Poe, that in analysing the motives of human conduct, sufficient account has never been taken of Perverseness: sure I am, at least, that one of the principal incentives which have urged me to again attempt fiction, has been the warm disuasion of my advisers.

But it is only fair to myself to say, that I have tried to improve since I last met the readers of this Magazine: I have chosen also the narrative species of story, under the impression that it demands less skill, and I hope by pains and attention to be more interesting, at any rate, than I was.

One word more remains to be said.

My scene will lie mostly in India, and in attempting sketches of character in so limited a community as this, it is impossible to wholly escape the suspicion that the dramatis personæ are portraits rather than creations. We are sufficiently warned, in this country, against pampering fancy in delineation, rather than following observation: the religious artists, on most temple walls, make a sad failure of improving the form that God was satisfied with, and notwithstanding the improvised arms and legs, I expect the Pig-faced Lady was as comely as Doorga. All, I think, I need promise is, that, as far as can be prevented, no offence shall be given, throughout my tale, to any one. I foresee ridicule from my belief, which will peep out hereafter, that the natives of this country possess some of the feelings, motives, and passions which are complacently supposed to belong only to the *superior* races. But I am a little obstinate about this point, and perhaps, if a compromise would not be distasteful, it will be best that I should be allowed to keep my convictions, and the reader to enjoy his laugh.

*** This tale was announced as "Cuthbert," but I have rejected that name, finding it was a stock one of the Minerva Press times, and indicative of blue velvet slippers and rose-colored curtains. The delay in its commencement was in no way attributable to the Editor of *Saunders' Magazine*, but entirely to domestic circumstances of my own.

Chapter I.

I MISS FIRE.

"I WAS blasted with a sudden imbecility; I was quelled by some nameless power which I found impossible to be resisted."

THE RAMBLER.

THE southern coast of Devonshire is renowned for the softness of its climate. Elsewhere our maritime scenery generally has features of its own: a few stunted trees, their branches waving landward, stand along the cliff, like desolate women watching for sailors who will never come; barren downs stretch towards the beach, and every where around there is a mournful air of waste, the land sharing with the sea the old Homeric reproach of bringing not forth. But in many parts of this coast it is not so, and beautiful villages lie nestled in the greenest foliage, hanging over the cliffs with as pastoral an aspect, as though the great plain beneath were of grass instead of brine. The beauty of these places, however, is not unconnected with a sad thought: the mildness of the air induces those to come here for whom, though young, there is but small hope of life, who carrying within them the seeds of that melancholy decay, the bane of our climate gain but the scanty privilege of dying where Nature seems to woo them, in her most engaging manner, not to leave her.

The scene with which I shall commence my narration lay in one of those sea-side villages called Marycombe, and on the lawn of a cottage which, though entirely shut out by trees from the village, commanded in front an extensive view of the coast and the sea. There were two persons walking up and down on that lawn one afternoon in autumn; a lady, apparently of middle age, but slight and graceful in figure, dressed in mourning, and a young gentleman, whose appearance I may hereafter attempt to pourtray, but whom I shall here simply introduce as—myself—your very humble servant Edward Champernowne. From where we were walking another smaller lawn was visible, about twenty feet lower down the cliff, on a ledge; here a girl was seated drawing, whilst at her side an old gentleman, in clerical dress, appeared to read aloud from a large volume which was resting on his knees. I said it was an autumn afternoon: and a beautiful one too, full of the mellow lights of October. Far away, to our left, stretched a long extent of coast, here jutting forth, there receding, now rising, now falling, till it seemed to melt into the distant horizon: but on our right the prospect was curtailed by a headland that stood out into the sea at the distance of a few miles; behind this the sun, now sinking towards the west, sent up a lustrous light which showed, with beautiful distinctness, its bold outline. Not a sound invaded our silent garden from without, but the murmur of the tide, coming to the

ear in such gentle swells, that you might have said it was a Neraid soothing her baby to sleep with a sea lullaby.

The girl on the lower lawn formed the subject of our conversation. I was talking with great enthusiasm about her, and begging permission that I might ask her to engage herself to me this very evening, for it would be the last time I should see her before I left for India.

"Edward," said the lady, whose name was Talbot, "I fully believe all you say: I do not doubt for a moment the earnestness of your affection: you would do all in your power to make her happy I feel assured, but still you know not what you are imposing upon yourself, nor to what trials you may be introducing her."

"Why," cried I eagerly, "you do not suppose distance would make any difference in my feelings; nor can I believe that it would in those of Margaret, if she once loved me. I hope she does so, and if she does, our attachment will not be one of the dried-nosegay and lock-of-hair description, but to her, I trust, a solace and a hope, to me a spur to action, and the guiding star of the future!"

Mrs. Talbot smiled half sadly; "I am not speaking selfishly," she continued, "I could confide her without fear to your charge now, could learn to bear the separation, and would not let my personal feelings throw any obstacles in the way of your happiness, but ——" she paused for a moment, then added hurriedly, "I am superstitious." I waited for her to proceed.

"Yes!" she said, "superstitious—perhaps foolishly and wickedly superstitious; but I have often thought, and I cannot shut out the idea from my mind, that by doing what you would wish to do now, I brought our misfortunes upon us: I was judged, I believe, for my headstrong will, and alas!" she looked up with tearless distress into the sky,—"that the judgment, when it came, should fall on other heads beside my own. I married, Edward, against the tears of my father, though at last with his reluctant consent: it broke my mother's heart. With my marriage vow I mingled a promise by which I virtually disowned the value of my faith. On one side was religion—duty—my parents, on the other,—love! I chose the latter, and God forbid that I should ever undervalue what that love has been to me, but it carried with it a destiny—a long-delayed, but certain and deadly destiny. Where is my husband, and what is Margaret?"

"In the sight of heaven," I said, "there is no blemish upon Margaret's name. The wicked laws of men may call her what they like. What false, what lying shame in strait-laced Propriety to believe that misfortune can touch to tarnish so pure a creature as her. If my family choose to truckle to the opinion of a low world, there must be a point at which all respect for their feelings should cease. Supposing my father *was* to have his own way, and to marry me when I come back on furlough, with what he calls an *influential* family, is it probable that any of their girls would be at all like Margaret?"

"There is no blemish, it is true, on Margaret's name," replied

Mrs. Talbot, "in God's sight, and as to family,"—this was added rather haughtily ;—"she is Talbot and Clifford, and what would you? But the justice or injustice of the world is not now the question. I knew your father well in our better days, and his character and feelings are not likely to have altered: he would never consent to your marrying our daughter, and I have learnt by bitter experience what a marriage, without the consent of parents, is. Therefore, though I leave Margaret a perfectly free agent, when you ask my advice about proposing to her, I bid you, Edward, I bid you, with all the earnestness of a mother, go forth into the world unshackled, —leave Margaret unshackled, and seek in new scenes and new pursuits to give duty the victory over affection."

"Dearest lady," I exclaimed with perhaps pardonable sophistry, "can it be wrong to love the beautiful and good, and how can duty oppose that which is not wrong?"

"You do not know what you are about," she said, without heeding my observation; "things are written in your destiny that you should not do them, and, if you attempt to do them, there will be retribution. I have long watched your passion for Margaret with pain; it begun unadvisedly: it will end, I fear, in disappointment, or it may be — if you are wilful,—in despair! You do not know your own tastes yet: you have no extended acquaintance with female character: you had better go forth free, and leave poor Margaret to forget you, if she can. Ambition may sooth you, Time,—her. Leave her to her fate. Ah me!" she murmured, "and what a fate! a dishonored name and a loveless life!"

I was going to reply, when we heard Margaret calling out from below, "What are you good people about? I am coming up to see."

When persons ask advice in love matters, they ask it with the predetermination to accept as much as corroborates their own wishes and to reject the rest. The result therefore of my conversation with Mrs. Talbot was, that I decided to propose to Margaret that evening, and, if she accepted me, to go out to India, pledged to return and marry her, when my circumstances were sufficiently good to admit of it. I did not think this wrong, because you will have seen that Mrs. Talbot expressly said she left Margaret a free agent. Well,—this same Margaret now joined us on the lawn, accompanied by the old Clergyman, whose name was Haines. You would wish to know what Margaret was like. She was rather tall but slight in figure, her eyes large and blue, aquiline nose, and the mouth small with a short upper lip, her hair luxuriant and of a light color. I do not think I observed it then, but I have heard the remark since, and I am afraid it was true—(though I do not impute it to her for a fault)—the large blue eye had a restless expression. "Come, mama," she said, walking up to us, "what hocus pocus have you and Mr. Champernowne been talking over so seriously?"

"I have been giving," said Mrs. Talbot, "some compassionate counsel to young men."

This was a little joke against Mr. Haines, who in his dear, stupid way, had selected a book of that name, by Baxter, for Margaret's Sunday reading. I may mention here, that Mr. Haines was more than a friend; he was a sort of guardian to Margaret, for Mrs. Talbot was a Catholic, and her daughter was brought up a Protestant. The good man (for good he certainly was) might claim the title of the prince of blunderers; for if there was a mistake into which he could fall, he hit with constant felicity, the means of doing so. Stupid beyond belief, he was a singular instance of how good nature, and a desire to oblige succeed in conciliating, and of how little, after all, we require in friendship, except admiration of our good qualities and blindness to our faults. Yet notwithstanding the slender nature of his abilities, he was a person to whom accident had given a certain notoriety. Some years back, a Clergyman had great difficulty in getting rid of a curate to whom he had given a title, and on one occasion, when wishing for a Sunday's leave, had asked Mr. Haines to take his duty. Mr. Haines went over to the village for the purpose, and entering the Church commenced the morning service: shortly after, in comes the Curate in his surplice, slips up into the pulpit, and commences *his* morning service also, in a loud voice. Out of this little incident arose the celebrated case in which Haines was defendant, and of which, the said Haines, when it was all over, was not a little proud. This circumstance, and the further accident of having been, for a short time, Curate to Dr. Parr, made Mr. Haines, notwithstanding his dullness, something of a public character.

As it was now sun down, there was a general move towards the cottage. I asked Margaret to stay out and walk with me on the lawn till Mrs. Talbot had made tea. As she turned to comply, we saw a young man coming towards us up the gravel road that led from the high way. I knew who this gentleman was, well: his name was Worthington, whilome an undergraduate of Cambridge, but compelled by the gentle discipline of Alma Matre to seek, temporarily, (that is, for two terms,) the retirement of country life, and at present reading (?) in the village, with a private tutor. He was a well-made fellow, of clear healthy complexion,—bright eyes and good teeth, and if his dress was tinctured with the mannerism of the Universities, at any rate it displayed his robust figure to advantage: on the whole he was an agreeable springal, with whom to play at billiards, or by whom to be conveyed, in a tandem, to provincial races. At this particular moment, however, I wished Mr. Worthington at Hong Kong, or—elsewhere.

"Well, Mr. Worthington," said Margaret, as he came up, "what have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"Why," replied that gentleman, happening to possess the clear unclouded faculties of Julius Cæsar, "I have been doing three things at once: smoking, playing at chess with Noggs, and looking over the pages of the *Sporting Magazine* between the moves."

"You have been very profitably engaged," said Margaret; "I suppose you have never read a book in your life, except the *Sporting Magazine?*"

"Miss Talbot wrongs me," said Worthington: "if the *Sporting Magazine*, if Ruff, if the Bell of London-life, are the resources of my more inspired moments, and the companions of my loftier dreams; still calmer hours will creep over me, when genius, exhausted with the exertion of its own energies, sinks tranquilly into the arms of Æsthetics, or seeks recruital in the mild draughts of social philosophy: at such moments, I hang over the pages of Sarah Ellis, and find in them that which the enervated faculties require—repose."

"Come," said Margaret laughing, "I interdict jokes against Mrs. Ellis; and pray what does Mr. Newman, (Noggs, as you call him) read?"

"Dawes' Canons," replied Worthington.

"What?" cried Margaret, what on earth are Dawes' Canons?"

"I do not quite know who Dawes was," said Worthington, "but the Canons are heavy pieces of—criticism."

At this moment "Come to tea" was shouted from the cottage, and we moved towards it.

"Do you feel equal to tea?" asked Margaret of Worthington.

"This is one of my æsthetic evenings," he replied; "I feel a morbid longing for tea, muffins, and—Martin Tupper."

Somehow, at tea Worthington sat next Margaret on one side, and good stupid Haines placed himself on the other, so that I was excluded. Worthington rattled on, Margaret laughed, Haines (the best audience in the world) was periodically choked from excess of amusement, and even Mrs. Talbot, in her still way, kept up a sustained smile. I, alone, was reserved, dumb and dull; I tried to laugh, but the exhibition would have disgraced a third-rate actor: I tried to be witty, —Southey never failed more signally: I could not even be silent with grace; I positively frowned with stupidity.

"Well, Edward Champernowne," the reader may say, "you are but a sorry hero, and might have kept your autobiography in your writing-desk with advantage."

I am afraid I cannot make myself a hero, but I do hope, ultimately, to show cause for publishing the autobiography; in the meantime, reader, let me ask you, have you never been *put out?* This was exactly my case that evening—I was *put out*.

I had observed that Mr. Haines' choking was becoming less frequent, and that his eye grew restless, and that he had begun fidgetting in his chair: these symptoms could not be mistaken; he was going to tell—a story.

At length, seizing a favourable break, the old gentleman commenced addressing Mrs. Talbot, and calling her, as he always did on these occasions, 'Ma'm.'

"You know, Ma'm, one day when there was company in the house at Hatton, Dr. Parr gave a dinner party, and you know, Ma'm, at such times the Doctor always took the head of the table in full canonicals, gown, cassock and wig, the same wig, Ma'm, which had brought down

the animadversion of certain parties in the North of Britain.

Dr. Parr was very pleasant, when the humour was on him, and after dinner, when his pipe was brought, he made three apt quotations, in reference to smoke, from the classics, which, as the ladies did not understand, they told him it was bad manners to talk Greek before them. Well, Ma'm, what should take him on this, but a fancy for a bit of frolic with the ladies to make all smooth. So he takes up a dish of peaches, and walking round the table, stood behind each lady's chair, and holding the dish in both hands, puts his arms round her neck, and asks her if she will take something nice. Well, Ma'm, the Doctor never was so gay as he was that night, and when the celebrated Mrs. Opie, who was one of the party, sat down to sing " Ally Croker," the Doctor said he would join, and he *did* join, lisp and all, and I suppose, Ma'm, if Mr. Foote, whom my poor father remembered as a noted mimic, could have made such a representation, it would have been considered one of the finest strokes that ever was."

" I am hardly up to *par*, this evening," said Worthington, in a loud whisper, " let us have some music, Miss Talbot," and he got up to open the piano.

Margaret had a good voice, though it required training and management; I think, perhaps, she sang bravura songs best, she used to laugh very much at the words of pathetic songs, and could rarely get through them, without a break down. However, to-night she chose a pathetic song herself, for after singing some things which Worthington asked for, she said of her own accord: " Now I am going to sing the 'Faded Flowers,' " and she glanced at me as she spoke. The words of this song I had written myself, and they had been put to music by George L ———, to whom I was once introduced in London. I give them here as a memento of the evening, and for another reason, which will afterwards appear. The first eight lines were set as a recitation, and then the air came in; the music was really very pretty; those who know George L ———'s compositions, (and who does not ?) will readily believe this.

THE FADED FLOWERS.

As I lay partly dosing and partly composing
Lines on certain flowers all dead and scentless now,
There sat a little bird that whispered, as I heard,
Sweet words of comfort from a neighbouring bough.

Then fluttering and flying, it came where I was lying,
And mourning that this garland should perish so and fade,
And, other words entwining, it chid my repining,
And this is the song, between us that we made.

They grew in the gay parterre,
And drank in the dew like wine,
They flashed in a maiden's hair,
And the jewels forgot to shine ;
  But their time is o'er!
  They will bloom no more,
Faded flowers! no more, no more.

But their petals—shrunk and dry—
Whose odours have lost their powers,
Are dearer to memory's eye
Than acres of living flowers :
  That which hath been
  Is for ever green,
Faded flowers! for ever green.

Ah me! how she shone that morn!
How godlike her lustrous eyes!
But her cheek is all withered and worn,
And time has rubbed out its dies :
  The beautiful maid
  Is old and staid,
Faded flower! is old and staid.

What she was, who can now efface?
The remembered will ever last,
Who can pilfer her parted grace?
Not thine, gaffer Change, the Past,
  That which hath been
  Is for ever green,
Faded flowers! for ever green.

Yes! there *was* a tear in Margaret's eyes, as she sang this song, and that tear was the one pleasant recollection I carried away with me, of the dull and disastrous evening.

I had intended to have stayed Worthington out, but this proved a difficult task : first he got hold of a set of Virginian melodies, which he insisted upon Margaret's singing right through, he himself joining in chorus till the room rang again with Ole Joes, Boatmen, Susannahs, Racoons, Louisiana and Tenessee : then he found a pack of cards and began playing tricks, and lastly, nothing would please him but exhibiting his mesmeric powers upon one of the maid-servants, who, though much abashed at being sternly looked upon, soon fell off into the catalepsy of sleep, being exceedingly tired, and having partaken of heavy dumplings for supper.

So the evening passed away : I saw that both Margaret and her mother were fatigued : I had a long way to ride, and departure had now become necessary. The parting was sadly common-place : Mrs. Talbot indeed faltered an affectionate "God bless you," but Margaret and I were quite cold

and awkward in bidding farewell. Mr. Haines' last words were characteristic—"Well, I hope you will soon be back again, and not leave old England any more:" now as a failure in health or a catastrophe in career appeared the only contingencies which would be likely to bring me soon and finally back from India—I could hardly echo the wish, kindly as it was meant.

I left the cottage in depression and distress, and was just mounting my mare when I heard Worthington's voice shouting out to me 'not to be in such a d——d hurry.' I felt the absurdity of being at all angry with him, as he had done nothing whatever, but try and make himself agreeable, so I waited till he came up. when he proposed we should smoke a cigar together at the hotel. To the hotel therefore we repaired, and for a while I forgot the abortiveness of the evening, in the flow of Worthington's animal spirits, and the placidity of temperament which tobacco induces.

"An uncommonly nice girl, Miss Talbot," said Worthington, "so is her mother; they are nice people. But there is something rum about them, I fancy; who the devil are they, and where is Talbot?" I did not at all like the way in which he spoke, but as I was sure there were many idle and untrue stories current about the poor Talbots, I thought I had better tell Worthington what I knew about them myself, prefacing the disclosure with reminding him that the subject was naturally most painful to the girl and her mother, and that I was sure he would be too glad, on their account, to help to bring it in oblivion.

"The facts then," I said, "are, I believe, simply these. When Mr. Talbot was at the University, Cambridge I think it was, he formed a very foolish connexion with a worthless woman, who obtained by degrees such an ascendancy over him, that she actually persuaded him to marry her. This was privately done, and the result of course was, that when Talbot grew tired of the girl, and wanted to get rid of her, his eyes were opened, suddenly, to the astounding fact, that he had saddled himself with a disreputable connexion for life! However the woman seemed tractable enough, quietly acquiesced in receiving a pension, and keeping out of the way, and altogether appeared to threaten so little annoyance, that Talbot (I make no excuses for him, I am merely relating facts,) ventured to form an engagement with a Catholic lady of the name of Clifford, and to her he was shortly afterwards married. But the calmness of his first wife was merely assumed for a purpose: as soon as she once felt that she had him in her power, she commenced a series of persecutions which drove him to the continent, impoverished his income, and embittered his very existence. Goaded at last to despair, he defied her, and she brought the fatal charge against him which she had so long used as an instrument of menace and extortion. I need not say any more, you must have seen the case in the papers; Talbot is in the Colonies."

"I *have* seen it, by Jove, of course," said Worthington, "only I had forgotten the names. And these are the people. By Jove. And Talbot is a felon and Miss Talbot a ——. By Jove." He did

not say the cruel word, though how could I have remonstrated if he had? It was true, and there *was* a stigma on her name in the eyes of the world. I felt very wretched, and soon managed to wish Worthington good night, and getting on Kathleen, my Irish mare, cantered towards home. As the road wound up the cliff, there was one corner where it came exactly above the little cottage. I pulled up, and as I looked down on the familiar dwelling and the peaceful garden sleeping now so calmly in the moonlight, a rush of disappointment came over me, that I had lost the opportunities of the evening, and was finally leaving one I loved, with no assurances from her, which might solace me, in my exile, with hope and expectation. Once I thought I would ride back, and not leave the cottage till I had spoken all my mind to Margaret: but the idea of awaking people out of bed to propose to them was ridiculous, and I saw it to be so a minute afterwards. Well,—I comforted myself, in a sort of way, with thinking I could still write; and there *was* one thing, as the chaste and passionless flood of ivory light bathed, in uttermost peace, the little homestead beneath me, at that hour and under that influence, I felt fresh assurance that those acts of injustice, which society inflicts upon the innocent and the helpless, can find no approval at the throne of God, and that whatever arguments I might have to adduce before my friends and the world to excuse my attachment to Margaret, I could confide the secret, without fear of reproach, to the confidence of the greatest of Fathers. There was consolation in this thought.

So I turned Kathleen's head homewards, and rode on less sorrowful; it was getting late, and as I increased the pace, I heard something strike against the mare's side; I put my hand down to feel what it was; it was the Schiller! Oh! the beautifully bound copy of the Gedichte, on whose fly-leaf I had written the verses; over whose pages it was fondly thought a tear would often fall in remembrance of the distant and the loved, and the presenting of which was to obtain me in return the lock of golden hair to be worn, like a talisman, on the ocean, in the East, and there and everywhere to cherish hope and preserve from contamination,—alas! for the dreams of youth! I was taking it home in my tail coat pocket!

Chapter II.

DULCIA LINQUIMUS ARVA.

——— "Sweet soil, adieu;
My mother and my nurse!"

RICHARD II.

THE name of our village was Ottery Champernowne, and of the old house, where I was born, Ottery Court. The Champernownes had resided at this place for many generations, and there were plenty of our kith and kin lying in the church, from a prime-

val Champernowne, with crossed legs, whose gaunt stony features time had almost effaced, down to a very recent Champernowne, over whose urn Virtue was represented as weeping, and whose many excellencies a very fleshy cherub, in a corner of the monument, was supposed to be announcing through a trumpet.

Ottery Court was wonderfully roomy, but wonderfully inconvenient: still such as it was, such it had been for very long years, and it had always belonged to Champernownes. My eldest brother, who was travelling in America at the time of which I write, used rather to ridicule our antiquity of tenure, and say it only showed that, for so many generations, there had been no Champernowne clever enough to get a better house, or spirited enough to lose the one he had inherited.

It seemed, from the arrangement of the buildings, as if at one time there had been two distinct dwellings joined together. For there was a house, complete in itself, standing in a little open garden looking into the park, and attached to this at one end, but at right angles, was another house in a large orchard, entirely enclosed with a high brick wall. The backs of both houses looked into a paved quadrangle; the houses themselves forming two sides and out-buildings the other two. But though I have described the buildings as appearing externally double, the divisions communicated most freely inside, and if they ever were absolutely separate, it must have been a long time ago. Perhaps a vestige of their separation might be traced in the old names which the two parts of the house bore. The side looking into the orchard was called Cyder Court, and the other, Church Court. The reason of this latter name was, that adjoining the end of the building looking into the Park, stood Ottery Church. There was no grave yard attached to it, for the ground was rocky, and Ottery people were always buried in the next parish, so being close on one house, and containing only the vaults of the Champernownes, it seemed more like a private Chapel than the village Church. All our domestic movements, too, were regulated by the Church clock, and a former Champernowne (he, over whom Virtue wept,) having increased the bells from four to six, and put up chimes, our little belfrey was superior to that of many other neighbouring parishes, and moreover seemed especially to belong to us at the Court, for the clock and chimes could scarcely be heard in the village, which was upwards of a mile off. Ottery was a clean place, the cottages being built mostly of stone, with tall chimneys and little porches before the doorways: a high-road ran through it, and the Champernowne arms was daily visited by a pair-horse mail and a pair-horse coach, though the days of both were at that time numbered, and have since been brought to permanent conclusion by the railroad. The parsonage was a nice, ample, wandering building, in a solemn enclosed garden full of large trees, and very trim with paved walks. The clergyman and his wife were two fat, jolly old creatures of the name of Baker, very much alike in appearance, opinions and tem-

perament, and both speaking with the Devonshire accent. It was a most genial sight to see them ensconced in two large arm-chairs, shaking with laughter, and urging you, beyond all human capabilities, to further inroads on fruit tarts and Devonshire cream. Ah me! what tender hearts were beating inside those plump envelopements; swiftly and surely would that too, too solid flesh, melt at the sight of human distress; and it might have shamed the sensibilities of more spiritual natures to observe what delicacies, what refinements the gentle disposition could produce from such "rebellious commodities of clay."

They had no children of their own, but they lavished a more than parental affection on a sweet girl whom they had adopted, by name Charity Lee,—as well known and familiar to me as my sister, whose bosom-friend and confidante she was, and had been, for years.

The inn—the parsonage—I have mentioned all the public buildings in Ottery, except the Priory. This stood outside the village, just opposite our park-gate, and was really a very pretty place. Notwithstanding the name it retained, it was now simply an Almshouse. There had been formerly, on the same spot, the ruins of a small monastic establishment, but the Champernowne of whom I have spoken, the cherub and trumpet ancestor, had pulled them down and built with the materials, chambers for six old men. I regret to say that he did not omit to "mark the marble with his name," for amongst the curiously carved, but now ill-assorted stones of which the building was composed, appeared one of a lighter color with the Champernowne arms,—and an inscription involving a most sad misapprehension of the text that tells us charity is the greatest of the three spiritual virtues. However I forgive him for the pretty motto he put over the stone gateway of the garden: *Tacitis senescimus horis.* This old Priory has influenced my imagination all my life: in looking forward, as we all do, in trouble and anxiety, towards some period of repose in the far future, I have always, insensibly, associated that ideal time with the picture of the aged almsmen of my native village, calmly awaiting in their shady garden, in which no event ever occurred but the opening of the buds, the falling of the leaves, and into which no visitants intruded but the "daughters of the year," there awaiting, I say, the approach of that end, which the silent hours inevitably bring on. And surely it is something to have pulled through this difficult life, and once again, at the last, surrounded by the same amenities of nature that spoke to the early heart of boyhood, to prepare for the visit of the unwelcome guest who will pay his respects sooner or later to all of us.

But I must describe my last evening at home, that of a Friday, and the one after my farewell at Marycombe: I was going to London the next morning, having a few business matters to settle before my final departure on the following Tuesday for India.

I found it very difficult to steer between two courses: I could not be too merry, because, in the first place, it would soon have been seen to be forced, and in the

the second, it might have been thought heartless if the deception had not been found out: then again I felt if I allowed my spirits to fail, and a silence or blank ensued, that my mother's philosophy, (a stoicism of a most frail description,) would break down, and we should have a painful scene. However I had managed (although of course most of my baggage was all packed) to leave a few little carpet-bag matters for adjustment the last evening, and this helped to occupy our thoughts. How vividly the scene returns to my mind! my father in his blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat and white cravat, seated by the fire, helpless from gout, but not actually in pain, and therefore not fretful: my comely mother walking about from table to table, and bringing certain little articles to my sister Mary to wrap up in paper. Mary thus occupied at the central table, and Charity Lee acting as a sort of chorus, commenting on the drama, with occasional irrelevant interludes of her own. The conversation ran on somewhat in this way:—

My Mother.—"I don't think it is any use packing up this paper slice, Mary; they don't use them in India, I suppose."

Mary.—"Oh yes, let it go; it won't take much room, and may be useful."

Charity.—"What! send ivory to India, Mary; why, it comes from there."

This was considered a poser, and my father would settle the fate of the article in question by roaring out—"Paper slice be d——d," (my father erred a little in slips of the tongue) "stuff in a pair of spurs, and let Edward show the Hog-hunters that the Champernownes have not forgotten how to ride."

Thus the evening was wearing away, when to my consternation, I beheld the door suddenly thrown open, though no one appeared, and heard a shuffling of feet in the passage: this was speedily discovered to be a deputation of the servants, headed by Mr. Andrews, the Butler, bearing in his hands a large book, which he carried like a tray of sandwiches, in a strictly professional manner. Mr. Andrews was a stout gentleman with an utterly vermillion face and hair, whiskers and eyebrows of white; the contrast was most strange; like that of sins, I used to think, before and after forgiveness. He was pushed on by the other servants to speak; but poor Andrews was no Ulysses, though he began as awkwardly, and after a few disjointed phrases he fairly broke down, looking very disconcerted, though blushing was, of course, out of the question, for what could further incarnadine the eternal roses of that cheek? However it was easy to see what the intention was; the servants had got a parting present to give me, and wished to say a few affectionate words of farewell. So to relieve them at once, I took the book, a large copy of the Pilgrim's Progress from Andrews, and thanking them as briefly, but as warmly, as I could, managed to get them out of the room. But when I had closed the door, I found my father poking the fire furiously, my mother looking hard at a picture, and Mary with a book close up to her face and all—silent. Most kindly and thoughtfully, at this juncture, little Charity sat down,

of her own accord, to the piano, and sang a ballad my father was very fond of.

"Bless the child!" said he, looking up, and we all began to recover our equanimity:—society was saved, as they say in France. No further accident occurred, and so an evening passed away which I should be sorry to spend again, though few, perhaps, are more minutely remembered. A strange night! my last at home,—sleep indeed did not desert me, but such weird-fantastic sleep! Fitful and changeful as the drama and scenery of my dreams was, beyond even the wonted disregard of time and place in that wild theatre, there was woven throughout the melancholy element of the sea, pervading every action and coloring every picture like some master passion. It was a windy night, and my room being in Cyder Court, perhaps the gusty currents in the orchard trees kept up that eternal sound of waves. I was kneeling to Margaret and pleading my passion on the rocky shore, but the sea seemed to answer for her, and to murmur in a desolate way that it could not be. I was pushing from shore in a boat, and Charity Lee was moving down the beach; I shouted adieu and then listened for her response, but the sea seemed to naswer for her too, and I thought the words were "Never, never." Then, abruptly, we were all together again, Mary, my mother, my father and Charity,—but in a sea cavern, and I was just parting from them at its mouth, and they seemed all to wish to say farewell words, but thundering waves broke in,—and we parted without even a signal and in silence.

And so the excited imagination worked its wild way all night, and I was not sorry when the morning fairly broke, and it was time to rise. But it was sad enough to look out into the familiar enclosure, where the trees, now nearly stripped save of a few discolored leaves, and mournful with the overshadowing clouds, were still answering to the wind; it was sad enough to think I should see it no more for years, and then perhaps when events had robbed it of half its associations.

But I always think, the saddest point about leaving, for a long period, some beloved place is, that even supposing time to leave it untouched and death to permit those who rendered it lovely then, to render it lovely still, yet WE can re-visit it no more, the same. For neither the courtesy of time nor the clemency of death can arrest that inevitable alteration which comes equally over the mind and the heart,—the intellectual powers and the affections.

Breakfast was a silent dull meal: the cloudy day made the pannelled dining-room gloomy, and the old Champernownes looked down discontently from their picture-frames; even the ancestral Pecksniff, who at full length glorified in a wig, and presenting a massive calf to the admiration of posterity, smiled benignly over the chimney; even *he* seemed to have caught a portion of the shadow. Charity Lee had slept in the house, as she often did, but she was not to be found this morning, having gone home early, as we supposed. My luggage had all been sent on to the Inn, under

the charge of Mr. Andrews, and I was to ride there on Kathleen. So now the time was come; I ran through the passages of the old house, into the servants' hall, the court at the back, lastly into the church (which was open), and then nerving myself for the closing scene, I faced the farewell, and was soon cantering across the soft grass on my way to—India. I was getting near the Park-gate, when I observed that Charity Lee was just entering our grounds: as soon as she saw me instead of advancing, she turned on one side and ran towards a woody ravine or dell, which was enclosed with wooden palings and called the Wilderness, and where in summer-time we often used to have a gipsey tea-party. I called to her, but she did not listen: however I was determined to wish her good bye, and so riding up to the enclosure, and fastening Kathleen to the little gate, I ran down the tangled and leaf-strewn pathway, and at last caught her up.

"What Charity dear," I said, "would you let me go without one kind word?"

"No, no," she cried, "I did not wish to meet you, because I am so dumb and foolish, I could not express any of the good wishes I felt for you."

Little Charity! how beautiful she looked that morning,—she was small and slightly made, but exquisitely symmetrical in figure, her features very regular, hazle eyes, complexion so healthily fair, and such a glorious flush of color, ready to spread at a single word, from brow to bosom. And dressed in her tartan gown, her black mantilla and her plain straw bonnet with the tartan ribbon, from out of which her rich chestnut hair escaped in glorious rebellion, this gusty day, she seemed the very type of beauty, health and innocence. Being in love, though it often makes one shy with the "adored object," (as the phrase runs,) seems to remove all restraint with regard to other women, and so I, sure that my heart was true to Margaret, had been much more affectionate to Charity, of late months, than I had ever thought of being before. And now I commended Mary and my mother to her love and care: she did not answer, but I saw by the tears in her eyes, and the expression of her face, how she promised to undertake the charge: then looking up to me, with a sweet confidence, she said, "and you will not forget us?"

"Forget you, dearest Charity," I said, "not till every tender thought of home has left me, and every memory that I cherish is withered and dead." Then pressing her to my bosom, I kissed her blooming lips; she tore a geranium flower from my coat which Mary had pinned there, and I left her full of smiles, blushes and tears, like a personification of April, the passionate, fitful child of spring.

Something like a chill—a damp fell upon me, as I passed the unheeding almsmen of the Priory. I knew I should have a hundred farewells as I passed down the village street, and amidst my sorrow I naturally felt a flush of pride ande xcitement at what was virtually my start in life. But these old men had no last words to say to me: one or two were hobbling in the garden-walks now all dishevelled and untidy

with autumn, and the rest were in their chambers crouching by the fire; what was youth and hope to them, they were deaf and indifferent to such matters now, had forgotten, perhaps, all about them. Youth and hope to them! the stained and trampled leaves in the garden not of less account.

"And it comes to this," I thought bitterly, but it was only wounded egotism, natural enough then perhaps, that galled me, and I have learnt bitter lessons from thinking of the old men since, as I remarked before.

Of course I was to call at the Bakers! I found the old gentleman sitting in the large parlor with the Bible before him. The bright fire gleamed on the dark rafters of the roof, and though the room was rough and empty, and floored with stone flags, yet the carpetted space before the high chimney-piece looked very comfortable, where an ominous round table, covered with a spotless napkin, portended compulsory refreshment before departure. Refreshment not long indeed delayed, for speedily the vast form of Mrs. Baker was seen rolling onwards with a steaming apple pudding and a bowl of Devonshire cream. The tears stood in her eyes, good creature, though she sturdily tried to wipe them away with her apron, and to laugh and talk as usual.

"You met our Charity, Edward?" she said, "bless the child, she was all in a shake. I bid her take some hartshorn, but I knew all the while there was something the matter, hartshorn could not cure. Ah! Edward, I did think once, but never mind."

"What did you think?" asked I.

"Why, I thought," she said, "when you went out to India, you might have taken some one with you."

"Pooh, pooh, don't trouble his head about that now, Patience," said Mr. Baker, "listen here, Edward, boy. *As far as the East is from the West, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.* That's something like forgiveness, aint it, Ned? And you can have it for the asking. Remember.

And then this: *If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.* Don't forget that, dear lad, the right hand will be there where you are going, if you will only catch hold of it, and trust yourself to it. But I won't preach any more; take a parting taste of the ginger wine!" And so, suffocated with pudding, sickened with sweet wine, and deeply affected by the unfeigned tenderness of the old couple, I tore myself from their huge embraces and cantered off, prostrated in mind and body. But the loud murmurs of farewells and good wishes, all down the street, soon roused me to pride, and I felt quite elated as I rode in amongst a crowd of villagers collected before the Champernowne Arms to see Master Ned off. Andrews I found in the bar, his carnation cheeks glowing through a cloud of smoke, and I gladly availed myself of the non-arrival of the coach to sooth my ruffled stomach with a cigar. Andrews was a person of very desolate and gloomy disposition, in certain moods of—mind, I was going to say, but I may as well be candid—drink,

and on my telling him he must keep the old house alive, whilst I was away, he replied, "T'aint no use talking, Mr. Edward, Ottery Court's done for:—just as well shut it up:—there won't be no nothing going on any more. The squire he aint for long, and Master William he aint no Champernowne, and you're a-going: and so it's what I call checkmate, and they'd better pull the old place down, before it goes to rack and ruin." This was so dark a view of family prospects, that I was relieved by the arrival of the coach, and the appearance of Mr. Blessington, who presided over it, in the bar. He was a thin, bony man, in a broad-brimmed hat, not at all like the common type of Jehu, and remarkable for ascetic abstinence from the usual indulgencies of his class in tobacco and alcohol.

"Upon my word Mr. Edward, one would think you were canvassing the county," said Blessington, "and why should you not, instead of leaving us? Mr. Andrews here, would throw up his hat to see his young Master come in, on free trade principles."

"Damned if he would, true blue for ever," said Mr. Andrews very sternly.

"True blue, Mr. Andrews," said Blessington, "why you're pink and white enough, and no mistake. If ever there was a radical, you're the man."

"Radical!" cried Andrews, with infinite scorn, "pack of Jews, Turks and cotton-spinners: I'd back our barber a bit to throw ever a man amongst 'em." It is rather dangerous to attempt to pourtray a political discussion, in which Mr. Andrews took part, for he soon deserted legitimate arguments for indiscriminate swearing: suffice it to say, that a little more chaff from Mr. Blessington produced the desired climax, and that as we drove off, the adieus of the villagers were nearly lost in the torrent of invective which poor Andrews was pouring forth, in front of the Inn, against all those who were not of the "old kidney" and the "right sort."

There was no other passenger by the coach except a fat old lady, who was reading Cowper's Poems inside.

Mr. Blessington was rather of a philosophical cast of mind, and turned the conversation on the geology of the coast.

"The remains of elephants," he observed, "have been discovered in the sea-caverns of these shores. The question naturally arises, 'how did they get there?' Did the mighty waters of the primeval deluge sweep them hither in its impetuous torrents; or did the extravagant Romans introduce the animal, during their occupation of the island, for purposes of pomp and procession?"

"Or," cried I, "has history been unjust to the claims of some ancestral Wombwell?"

"Very true, sir," replied Blessington, "but still the enquiry seems more naturally to fall under two heads; was it the overwhelming floods of diluvial inundation, or the magnificent whim of an imperial people?"

"Or might it not be," said I, "that as nations have been first nomad and afterwards settled, so these remarkable quadrupeds, though now restricted to certain districts of the world, may have been previously great travellers, and have visited this island out of curiosity, attracted hither, it may be, by the fame of our oysters."

"A valuable theory," replied Mr. Blessington, "still conciseness seems to demand that we should arrange our researches under two divisions. Do we owe these remains to the primeval torrents of the impetuous down-fall, or should they rather be referred to the whimsical magnificence of imperial Rome, profuse in its pomp and proud of its processions?"

This discussion promised to be a very long one, but it was abruptly broken off, by a spirited attempt on the part of one of the horses to kneel down in the middle of the road, during which effort, the bearing-rein snapt. Whilst Mr. Blessington was adjusting this matter, substituting, with great dialectic skill, the effect for the cause, he observed "we found our hopes of keeping our feet, partly on our own carefulness, partly on the support of our bearing-rein, when our bearing-rein gives way, we, in our dumb fashion, intimate that we can no longer engage not to fall down." Thus was this cheerful philosopher moralizing when we observed a little boy running towards us, down a lane, at a headlong pace. When he came up to us, recognizing me, he began blubbering out, "Oh, Master Edward, do come and see granny, she's dying, and that nasty gipsey's here again, and I'm so frightened; do come, do come." I told him it was impossible, and bid him run on to the village and get help from thence; but Mr. Blessington proposed that we should drive across to the old woman's cottage, though it was at least a quarter of a mile from the road. I intimated that I must catch the express train at T—, and that perhaps the old lady inside would object to the excursion.

"The train is my look out, Mr. Edward," said Blessington, "and as for the lady, I apprehend her to be of the old school, and to care more for security and comfort in travelling, than for undue haste." So we drove down the lane.

The old woman, whose cottage we were now approaching, I knew well. In former days, she had acquired great local reputation as a nurse, and the sickly children of neighbouring gentry were often confided to her care for months together. I had heard that Charity Lee had been, as an infant, an inmate of the cottage, and that her mother dying, whilst the nurse had charge of her, had led the way to her adoption by the Bakers. This was the story in the village, but the Bakers had never mentioned the subject in my presence. The old woman however had outlived her good name, her solitary protégé was now an idiot boy, whose parents were anxious to keep him out of sight: she was growing decrepit and cross, and had quarrelled with her relations, refusing to see any of them, but her little grandson, of whom she was passionately fond. The common people in the south of Devonshire are singularly superstitious, and our villagers were prompt enough to invest a solitary and ill-tempered old woman, living in a lonely and out of the way place, with supernatural attributes and evil influences. They said she was in mysterious league with the gypsies; they whispered she had kidnapped the children of rich parents before now: some swore she could mildew the crops and

bring murrain on the sheep: and one old woman had met her, on a dark night, coming home from Deadman's Cross on a broom-stick.

This Deadman's Cross was a rude stone pillar in a field near Ottery, and it was the custom when any of our villagers died to carry the body three times round the Cross before it was taken to Linton Churchyard for burial. Add to the circumstances I have mentioned, that the old nurse never went to Church; smoked a pipe and kept cats, and you will have sufficient reasons why there were very few in Ottery who would have liked to visit her cottage at night: St. John's by the Sea as it was called. Her very name, one of those sacred ones common in the country, added another dark stroke to the picture the villagers had drawn of her; for it seemed shockingly profane that an old crone, the friend of gypsies, and the intimate of evil spirits, should carry such a holy title as Dame Pentecost.

St. John's by the Sea was so called, because close by the cottage stood the tower of a ruined church, and the arch of the chancel, now all discolored with the weather and mouldering in decay. The cottage was a very large one, of a single story high, except in one corner where there was an upper chamber. It stood in a wild kind of garden, on a breezy upland commanding a beautiful view of the sea and the coast. There had been some attempt at making rock-work which had fallen into disorderly confusion, and the rough heaps were scarcely distinguishable from the broken graves that rose from out of the coarse grass, and from amongst the stunted bushes, at the foot of St. John's town. On one of these heaps of rock-work, as we drove up, a gipsy woman was standing; her red cloak straining at her neck in the wind, and her long tawny hair streaming away from the sea. Observing me, whom she knew by sight, the Bohemian came up to the coach, and taking a greasy pocket-book from under her cloak, began,—"Now here's the fine young gentleman with the bonnie eyes, that's born to a great misfortune when he's twenty-seven, but is afterwards to marry the rich young lady, the beautiful rich young lady, and is to be the father of the six bonnie infants, all of them boys, and two born at a birth. And here is the picture of the beautiful rich young lady that is to be his wife, and the mother of the six boys: here is the picture, that might be herself in the fortune book." On this, as I got off the box, she showed me with great secresy, a half-penny wood-cut of Charlotte Corday, pasted into the greasy pocket-book. We entered the cottage: Dame Pentecost was lying in a room that looked towards the sea; it was the one over which there was an upper chamber. The old woman seemed scarcely sensible; she was huddled up in a corner of the bed, her pointed features and frilled night-cap alone appearing from under the patchwork counterpane. The two cats were restlessly moving about the room, arching their backs, mewing, and rubbing their sleek fur against the furniture: the idiot boy, in whose misty world there was no sin and death, seemed to think the scene a good joke: he

was dressed in a long smock with a hand-broom, his favorite plaything, tied by a string round his waist, and he ran from side to side, with an inward guttural chuckle, sometimes gazing vacantly at the strangers, sometimes brushing at the old dame softly, with his broom. Opposite to where I was standing by the bedside, there was a door approached by two steps; it appeared to be the door of a staircase leading to the upper room. I distinctly saw this door move slightly, and an old wrinkled hand stretched for an instant from behind it, and then suddenly withdrawn. The little grandson ran to the door and locked it in a moment, but his young face, unpractised in any arts of expression, blushed scarlet immediately afterwards, and he hid behind the idiot. The Bohemian had seen what I had seen, she glanced at me with her flashing eyes and showed her white teeth, then abruptly bending over the bed, she muttered, in a rapid voice, "The beautiful old lady, the rich old lady with the gold and jewels would not die yet; wake up, wake up, the dark time is not come yet for the fine old lady, who was the fine young lady once and had the bonnie husband —" At the word 'Husband,' Dame Pentecost started up in bed and stared wildly round, then fell back again, crying out 'The Bible, the Bible.'

The Gipsy laughed and began talking, apparently jeeringly, in an unknown language. When the dame called for the Bible, the little grandson lifted a big one from off a shelf, and brought it to me. I am sorry to say it was very dusty, and did not look as if it had been opened for a long time. The old woman, when it was brought, called out "Read, read." I opened on the Psalms and commenced one out aloud: "Faster, faster," shouted the dame, "get in more of the good words: you are all witnesses," she added, "that the last that was seen of Dame Pentecost she was reading the holy Book. Faster, faster." Then she suddenly seemed to recover her senses; she recognised me, said she wanted to speak to me by myself, and asked the others to go out: we were left alone; the wind rattled in the casement, the dame looked cautiously round, then bid me bring the Bible to her; it was covered with green cloth, she tore this off on one side, and a pocket was then discovered in the leather binding: out of this, with her wizened and trembling fingers, she took a discolored paper and gave it to me: on this was simply written,

Present.

SEBASTIAN PEREIRA.
MARY ANGEL.
SUSANNAH LANE.

True.

(Signed) H. T.,
Grace Pentecost.

This was in one handwriting, except the initials "H. T." and the dame's own signature.

The old woman clutched my arm, drew me close to her, and was, I suppose, going to explain what the paper meant, when the room was suddenly darkened: we looked round: the Bohemian was standing outside the window, tapping on the glass, and talking rapidly in her own strange tongue. This sudden alarm overpowered the dame, and she

sunk back in bed, quite unconscious. I had a little daguerreotype of my mother in the breast pocket of my great coat, and taking this out, I was going merely to slip the paper into it. But on opening it, the plate fell out on the bed, glass and all, and so folding up the mysterious memorandum, I put it at the back of the picture, and then pressed down plate and glass on it. Then I summoned the others to come in, and they brought the fat old lady, our fellow passenger, with them, and whilst she was devising certain remedies to revive dame Pentecost, I sat down and wrote a few lines to Mrs. Baker, telling her the old creature was very bad, and that it would be a kindness to see to her: this I knew would be enough. The admirer of Cowper had, out of a straw basket, by this time administered some camphor jalep, some spirits of lavender on lump sugar, and a few peppermint lozenges. Dame Pentecost, I felt, would speedily perish, if this went on long, and I therefore urged our departure, bidding the little grandson run to Ottery with my note. As I mounted the box, the Bohemian caught my arm and whispered, "Did the beautiful old lady say where she hides the gold and jewels?" "No, no," I cried impatiently, shaking her off. She was vexed at this, and muttered angrily, "The beautiful young lady, the rich young lady may play him false, and turn his bonnie hair to grey." I laughed, and we drove away. We were only two miles from Ottery, and still in the Parish, so that Mr. Blessington had to devote himself to screw-driving: the events we had seen seemed to have affected him, he was excited out of his philosophy into observing "it was a rum start." As we entered the station yard at T——, the engine was giving the first groan of departure. "The rogues affect punctuality," said Mr. Blessington, with exquisite blandness, and he put the horses into full gallop. I leapt into the office, snatched a ticket, burst through a door, was hurled headlong into a carriage, and my baggage simultaneously flung into a van: we were off.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER VI.

Military operations of 1586.—The King's unpopularity.—Interview between the Queen-mother and the Protestant Princes.—Battle of Coutras.—The Duke of Guise harasses, and finally annihilates the German auxiliaries.

1586.—On the first day of the new year, the king of Navarre published a mild and dignified remonstrance to the Third Estate and to the City of Paris, complaining of the malignity with which they persecuted him, and imploring them not to allow themselves any longer to be duped by selfish and designing persons. He dwelt upon the topics most likely to have weight with these different bodies, vindicated his own conduct from the aspersions cast upon it, and warned them of the dreadful consequences that must result from the prolongation of the war. Having thus adopted the only means in his power to secure an amicable adjustment of all differences, he next prepared to take the field at the head of such forces as he could collect. His own resources were utterly exhausted, but the faithful Rosny—better known as the Duke of Sully—sacrificed the last of his woods to supply him with adequate funds, to strike one more blow for religion, liberty, and perhaps for life. Forming a flying camp of two thousand musketeers and 300 light cavalry supported by a few men-at-arms, all tried soldiers and unincumbered with baggage, he incessantly harassed the vastly superior forces of the Duke of Mayenne and Marshal Matignon. Intercepting their convoys, cutting up their detachments, and throwing succours into such places as were threatened by their arms, he completely baffled their designs, and prevented them from undertaking any enterprise of importance. The Prince himself was foremost in every exploit, and fared no better than the meanest of his followers, while his constant cheerfulness, his generous self-denial, and utter recklessness of personal danger, caused him to be idolized by all who had the happiness to serve under him. The very elements seemed to favor him, and the heavy rains that fell unceasingly engendered a wasting sickness in the enemy's ranks. Both their Generals were successively attacked by it, and when the season of harvest approached, their troops disbanded of themselves, and returned ingloriously to their homes.*

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* Several lampoons were produced in ridicule of Mayenne's bootless expedition into Guyenne. Two of the best are subjoined :—

Haussez vos voûtes, grands porteaux :
Huys de Paris, tenez vous hauts :
Si entrera le Duc de Gloire ;
Qui pour tuer cent Huguenaux,
A fait perir mille Papaux :
N'a-t-il pas bien gagné à boire ?

Oronce est un oyson et Thevet une cane,
Qui en réprésentant la carte Gallicane,
Ont oublie de mettre, ou laissé par mespris
Les villes et châteaux que ce grand Duc a pris.

It is almost needless to observe that Oronce and Thevet were eminent geographers and mappists of the times.

Having provided for the temporary security of his own more peculiar province, Navarre hastened to La Rochelle to oppose the farther progress of Marshal Biron in Poitou. The Prince of Condé had returned to that city in the beginning of January, accompanied by a few armed vessels placed at his disposal by the Queen of England. His stay was brief, for he immediately commenced hostilities, and gained possession of some small places in the neighbourhood. On this, St. Luc issued forth from Bronage with the design of recovering the Island of Oleron, bravely and successfully defended by D'Aubigné. While he was thus engaged, a division of his troops, commanded by Tiercelin, was suddenly attacked by the Huguenot cavalry. The engagement was severely contested, but victory at length declared in favor of the Prince of Condé, whose loss, however, was enormous, and in some respects irreparable. Among the slain were Benjamin de Tanlay and Francis de Rieux, sons of D'Andelot and nephews of Gaspard de Coligny. Their brother Francis de Sailly had expired a short time before at St. Jean d'Angely, and the only survivor Count de Laval died a week afterwards of a broken heart. Laval and Francis de Rieux were sons of Claude de Rieux, heiress of Laval, while the other two were by D'Andelot's second wife Anne de Salms. In life they had ever been closely united, and in death they were laid side by side in one tomb, in the Chapel of Taillebourg. Shortly after this disastrous victory, the Prince of Condé married Catherine de la Tremouille, sister of the Duke of Thouars.

About the middle of June, Marshal Biron arrived at Niort with 1200 horse and 3000 foot, but instead of pushing on direct to the gates of La Rochelle, he turned aside to lay siege to Marans, a place on the sea coast, only approachable on the land side by extensive marshes, the roads through which were defended by strong forts. On hearing of the Marshal's designs, Navarre had left Turenne to command in Guyenne, while he himself hastened to La Rochelle with a body of 300 horse, but he could not induce the citizens to weaken their own garrison by sending reinforcements to Marans. He therefore proceeded thither in person, and directed some additional fortifications to be thrown up. He also brought a huge culverin from La Rochelle, which obtained the name of *Chasse-Biron* from the damage it inflicted on the assailants. Finding all his efforts utterly fruitless, the Marshal agreed to a truce on the 5th of August, by which Marans was declared a neutral port, though garrisoned exclusively by the Huguenots.*

In Guyenne the royalists resumed hostilities about the middle

* It was a very common custom to give names to guns of large calibre. When Charles VI. besieged Compiègne and Soissons, held by officers of Jean-sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, great ravage and still greater alarm were caused by the *Bourgeoise*. At Ghent there is still shown an enormous cannon named *De Dulle Griete*, or *Mad Margaret*, which is supposed to have belonged to Philip the Hardy, and was used by the townspeople at the siege of Oudenaerde in 1382, and again in 1452. Charles Quint had *The Twelve Apostles* founded for his Tunis expedition, and in the 16th century there was a gun or bomb at Bois-le-Duc, called *La Diablesse*, which was reported to carry as far as Bommel. In our own country we have Queen Anne's pocket pistol at Dover, and Mons Meg in Edinburgh. Stones were generally discharged from these instruments of destruction.

of July, and Châtillon was closely besieged by both Mayenne and Matignon. But in vain they repeated their assaults, and exhausted every means of offence. The place held out for six weeks, and shortly afterwards Mayenne returned to Paris, his greatest exploit having been the forcible abduction of Anne de Casemont-la-Force, step-daughter of Marshal St. André, and the wealthiest heiress in France. Her guardian, John d'Escars-la-Vauginon, had married her while yet a mere child to his own son the Prince of Carancy, who fell in a duel in the early part of this year, with his rival Charles Biron, the son of the Marshal. She was nevertheless still kept confined in her guardian's château, until the Duke of Mayenne, with the consent of her own mother, carried her off as a suitable match for his own son. In so doing he anticipated Turenne, who had meditated a similar project in favor of himself. La Vauginon laid a formal complaint before the King, and Mayenne was constrained to give the damsel up to the Queen, who secretly promised to consign her to the protection of his mother the Duchess of Nemours.* The lady however was in fact married to none of these suitors for her fortune, but was subsequently united to Francis D'Orleans-Longueville, Count of St. Paul.

Such incidents as these do not perhaps strictly belong to a mere narrative of the League, but they certainly tend to illustrate the state of society at that period, and to afford a safe guide to the motives, manners, and modes of thinking of the great actors on the public stage. With a similar view may be recorded the death of Count d'Angoulême, Grand Prior of France, and legitimized son of Henry II. This nobleman had a dispute with the Baron de Castillane, and in a moment of passion ran him through with his sword. The Italian fell to the ground, but before he expired succeeded in stabbing the Prior with his poniard in the lower part of the abdomen : death ensued in a few hours. The now vacant government of Provence was therefore bestowed on the Duke of Epernon, who, appointing his brother La Valette to be his Lieutenant-General, in a few weeks pacified the district, and then returned to the more genial atmosphere of the court. Lesdiguières, who had succeeded to the command of the Huguenots on the death of the unfortunate Montbrun, though distinguished rather for his abilities than his birth, had recently defeated the leaguers under De Vins, but being unable or unwilling to cope with the royalists, now retired into Dauphiny. The Duke of Joyeuse

* Anne d'Este was the daughter of Hercules, Duke of Ferrara, and Rénée, the wise daughter of Louis XII. She was married first to Francis of Lorraine, the great Duke of Guise, killed by Poltrot at the siege of Orleans in 1562. She afterwards married James de Savoie, Duke of Nemours, who for this purpose obtained a divorce from his wife Frances de Rohan on the ground of her being a heretic. This unhappy lady was afterwards known only as the Dame de la Ganache, or the Duchess of Londunois. For this reason the Protestants affected to call the young Duke of Nemours *frerè adulterin*, instead of *frerè uterin*, of Mayenne and the Guises. By her first marriage Anne d'Este had three sons, the Duke and the Cardinal of Guise, and the Marquis, afterwards the Duke of Mayenne. By her second marriage she became the mother of the Duke of Nemours, who so gallantly defended Paris against Henry IV.

The Duke of Mayenne married Henrie de Savoie, daughter of Villars, Admiral of France, and widow of Melchior des Prez, lord of Montpezat.

also obtained some successes in Languedoc, after which he ostentatiously reviewed his forces under the walls of Toulouse, which was governed by his father Viscount Joyeuse, as Lieut.-General of the province. Nor was Henry of Guise less diligent on his part. After surprising Donzy in the Duchy of Bouillon, he suddenly passed into Burgundy and laid siege to Auxonne. After an heroic resistance the garrison capitulated on honorable terms, and Baron de Sennecy was appointed governor. Guise then proceeded through Champagne to Soissons, where an assembly of the League Princes was held and was formally declared against the Duke of Bouillon. In consequence, he again collected some troops, and seizing upon Rocroy, encamped at Mouzon, near Sedan.

The affairs of the Huguenots had appeared so desperate at the close of the year 1585, that the Protestant Princes of Germany deemed it their bounden duty, as well as sound policy, to intercede in their favour. An august embassy was accordingly appointed to implore the King to relax his severity, and to grant freedom of conscience to so large and deserving a portion of his subjects. Henry III. was greatly embarrassed what course to pursue, as it appeared inevitable that he must give offence either to the Princes or to the League. He therefore adopted a middle course with the success such measures usually obtain. As soon as he heard of the approach of the ambassadors, he set out for Lyons, leaving a message of regret that affairs of urgency would not permit him to return to Paris before the autumn. The insult was duly appreciated, and the Counts of Isemberg and Montbeliard, the chiefs of the deputation returned to their own country. The others however resolved to remain; until the King, finding that he could not exhaust their patience, returned to St. Germain, and reluctantly accorded them an audience. But they imprudently took upon themselves to censure his conduct in no measured terms, and upbraided him with his breach of faith in revoking the Edicts of Pacification. Henry the Third's naturally hasty temper was roused by this disrespectful address, and he haughtily replied that he was answerable for his acts to God alone, and that as he had always carefully abstained from any interference with the affairs of his neighbours, he was entitled to expect similar forbearance on their part. Then retiring into his cabinet, he penned a few lines, in which he gave the lie direct to all who accused him of violating his faith, and informed the Envoys they were at liberty to depart when they pleased, as they had received his answer. This unbecoming treatment of their deputation, combined with the eloquent exhortations of the venerable Theodore Beza, determined the German Princes to aid their Protestant brethren with an efficient force, and by means of English subsidies a powerful Army was set on foot.

Henry III. had fallen yet lower, were that possible, in the estimation of his people. The Pulpits resounded with denunciations of his perfidy, and it was asserted that he was still laboring to secure the succession to Navarre, and to obtain for the here-

tics unrestricted freedom of public worship. His bigotry, however, is unquestionable, and nothing but the frenzy of faction could have blinded the people to a disbelief of his sincere attachment to the superstitious practices of the church of Rome. He again made processions through the streets of Paris, accompanied by his courtiers, all alike enveloped in long white linen dresses in the shape of a sack, wide, and reaching to the feet, with long sleeves and a pointed hood, having in front two holes for the eyes, and descending in a point to the girdle, which was formed of fine linen-thread woven into a cord with knots at regular intervals, and hanging down below the knee. A linen scourge, guiltless of human blood, was suspended from the waist, and on the left shoulder appeared a white satin cross, on a circular ground of dark-colored velvet. In this masquerade attire the King went from the monastery of the Chartreux to Our Lady of Chartres and back again, in two days. All right-thinking and sensible men were justly shocked and grieved by these scandalous exhibitions, while the lower orders and the factious turned them into open ridicule. The lackies of the courtiers who took part in these processions, affected in derision to scourge themselves in like manner while waiting for their masters in the court of the Louvre. The King happened one day to come upon them while thus employed, and commanded eighty of them to be led into the court of the kitchen, where they received a sound flogging, and a severe caution as to their future good behaviour. Indeed, his severity on some occasions was only equalled by his indulgence on others. Doctor Poncet, Curate of St. Pierre des Arcis, having uttered many insolent libels against the King in the course of a sermon, escaped with a few days' imprisonment, though he is said to have died of fright shortly afterwards on learning the cruel fate of a crack-brained advocate of Poitiers, named Le Breton. This unfortunate man having lost the cause of a poor client became greatly excited, and never ceased to declaim against the oppressive conduct of the rich and powerful. Mayenne was at that time at Bordeaux, recovering from an illness induced by exposure to the heavy spring rains. To him Le Breton hastened to state his grievances, and to solicit the Duke's protection. Either to free himself from the importunities of a man who was evidently deranged in intellect, or with the idea of turning his frenzy to account, Mayenne gave him a small sum of money and many fair promises. On his return to Paris, the poor advocate became more violent than before, and published a most libellous pamphlet, which was immediately seized, and its author condemned to death, though his insanity was proved beyond a doubt. The book was burned by the hands of the common hangman, the printers were flogged and banished the kingdom, and Le Breton himself underwent his unjust sentence within the court of the Palace of Justice for fear of a rescue on the part of the mob.

About the same time there appeared several pamphlets directed against the League and its

chief supporters. Of these, three were from the experienced pen of Duplessis-Mornay, and were intended to refute the sophisms and mis-statements of Louis d'Orleans in his paper entitled *Le Catholique Anglais*; nor were the futile operations of the Duke of Mayenne treated with more tenderness and respect. The *Anti-Guisart* also assailed the conduct and motives of the Guise family, whose elevation it traced from the comparatively humble office of Grand Huntsman of Francis I., to the possession of the highest dignities of the realm. It professed to unveil the real purposes of the League, and to prove that the Protestants were not heretics, but at the worst only dissenters, and inveighed against the tyrannical usurpations of the See of Rome, while it strenuously upheld the laws of hereditary succession and the independence of the French Crown. It is, in short, an extremely erudite, closely-argued, and well-written paper, abounding with references to history, but, like all the controversial memoirs of those times, somewhat tedious and pedantic.

There is reason to believe that at one time the King ran very considerable risk from a confederacy formed to dethrone him, and of which Mayenne was at least the nominal chief. The disclosures of the same Nicolas Poulain, to whom allusion has already been made, placed the King on his guard, and the Bastille and other strong posts in and about Paris were secured with trustworthy troops. The Duke soon afterwards solicited an audience of leave, when Henry III. by his raillery gave him to understand, that he was perfectly aware of the plot that had been concerted.

The fear of the German confederacy strongly disposed Henry III. to conclude a peace with the King of Navarre, and he even proposed that if that Prince would abjure Calvinism, he should obtain a divorce from Margaret of Valois, and marry Christine, daughter of the Duke of Lorraine.*

The Queen-mother undertook the mission, but to avert the clamours of the Leaguers, the King gave out that his only object was to retard the march of the Germans, and as this explanation became public, Navarre refused to entertain the proposition. Towards the close of the year another attempt was made at negociation, and Catherine proceeded to Champigny with her customary train of syrens, who failed however in this instance to shake the constancy of the Huguenots. Great difficulties arose at the outset as to the place and manner of the interview, for both parties mutually distrusted each other: but at last, through the exertions of the Duke of Montpensier, it was agreed to be held at St. Bois near Cognac, on the 14th of December. Catherine was very anxious, as a preliminary measure, that a truce should be proclaimed, but this the Protestants prudently refused, being well aware that her design was thereby to check the advance of the Germans. The first and second conferences passed over in mutual recrimination, and when Navarre entered the Queen's

* Christine was daughter of the Duke of Lorraine and Claude of France, sister of Henry III. She was subsequently married to Ferdinand, Duke of Tuscany, who had previously been a Cardinal, but had obtained a dispensation for this purpose.

apartment, Condé and Turenne kept guard at the door. Catherine next attempted to set Navarre against his own party, and taunted him with the little influence he possessed even in La Rochelle. But he carefully guarded against her wiles, and calmly replied that he had sufficient power to do whatever was right. She then told him that the King would never consent to a lasting peace unless he renounced his heretical opinions, and dwelt forcibly on all the advantages he could thence acquire. To these specious suggestions the Prince replied that he could not consent for mere worldly reasons to compromise his conscience and his honour, but that he was still willing to abide by the decrees of a free Council. A subsequent interview took place at Fontenay, when Catherine at length lost her habitual command of temper, and haughtily declared that the King was resolved to be master in his own kingdom, and would henceforth permit the exercise of only one religion. "Be it so, Madame," replied Turenne, with a scornful smile, "such also is our wish, provided that it be our own : otherwise, we will fight hard first." So saying he made her a low bow, and retired from her presence. Having thus failed in her attempts to beguile the Huguenots into a deceitful peace, Catherine returned to Paris, where she found matters in a most unsettled and unsatisfactory state.

1587.—Though the King had at first felt uneasy and disquieted about the conspiracy that had lately been revealed to him, his fears were soon dissipated, and the winter was passed in as much festivity as if there had been no troubles in the kingdom, and no responsibility attached to himself. Balls, masquerades, banquets, and penitential processions followed each other in rapid alternation. On the first day of the new year he took a solemn oath to permit only one religion in France, but few persons placed any reliance on his professions, which were liable to change with every new event. The fury of the bigoted Catholics received a fresh stimulus this spring by the execution, February 18th, of Mary Queen of Scots, and the priests declared not only from the pulpits, but in the confessionals, that in like manner would Navarre deal with the faithful, should he ever ascend the throne. The Lorraine princes vehemently denounced the treachery and cruelty of Elizabeth, and vowed eternal vengeance against the Protestants. The obsequies of the unfortunate princess were celebrated with great pomp in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame, and the King and Queen, attended by the principal courtiers, assisted at the ceremony. It was on this occasion that the Archbishop of Bourges gave great offence to the King, by speaking of the late and the present Duke of Guise as "two thunderbolts of war," which exceptionable phrase was accordingly omitted in the printed version of his funeral sermon.

Hostilities had continued with doubtful, though insignificant success in the Duchy of Bouillon, but in the month of May the Duke of Guise proceeded to Meaux to convince the King that some vigorous steps must be taken to oppose the formidable army that was assembling in Germany. He complained at the same time of the lukewarm manner in which

the war had hitherto been conducted, of the neglect shewn to all those who were attached to himself; and of the frequent infractions of the Treaty of Nemours. Henry III. submitted with patience to the upbraidings of his haughty subject to whom he offered the most advantageous terms, as the condition of his reconciliation with the King of Navarre. But Guise was too wary to be thus cajoled. He had insulted and deeply offended his sovereign, and he well knew that his only chance of personal security was in keeping up the League. Henry therefore came to the resolution of annihilating both parties, and with that view issued orders for levying three distinct armies. He proposed to send a powerful force under the Duke of Joyeuse to overwhelm Navarre. He destined Guise to oppose the Germans, taking care to insure his defeat by withholding from him sufficient reinforcements. While he himself, at the head of the third army, formed of the choicest troops in the kingdom, held himself in readiness to fall upon the victorious Germans, and thus terminate the war by the destruction of all his enemies. The event however disappointed his calculations, and redounded to the greater glory of the rival leaders of faction.

Navarre had already taken the field, and early in March made himself master of Chizay and Fontenay by capitulation: Mauleon was surprised, and Sassay and St. Maixent carried by storm. On hearing of the advance of Joyeuse's vastly superior force he retired to La Rochelle, and dispersed his troops in garrisons. Two regiments had been stationed at St. Eloi, but being surrounded by the royalists, they surrendered, on condition that their lives should be spared. Joyeuse, however, commanded them to be butchered in cold blood, because, says D'Aubigné, this was the only way to extort applause from the pulpits of Paris. The town of St. Maixent soon afterwards capitulated after an honorable resistance, but it was nevertheless given up to be pillaged, and the Protestant Minister condemned to be hanged, because his name had not been expressly mentioned in the terms of capitulation. The royalist forces then threatened Marans, but at the request of St. Luc, turned aside and took Tonnay-Charente, which was almost immediately recovered by the Prince of Condé, and again, in a few days, retaken by the Duke of Joyeuse. The desolation of the country, and the misery of its wretched inhabitants, may thence be well imagined. But the booty his men acquired in sacking the rich Abbey of Maillezais led to many desertions, and his ranks were besides so thinned by sickness, that Joyeuse found himself under the necessity of returning to Paris to obtain reinforcements. In his absence, he entrusted the command of his remaining troops to his Camp-Marshal John de Beaumanoir, Marquis of Laverdin, a brave and experienced General, whom Catherine de Medicis had seduced from the party of the King of Navarre, during her visit to Nerac.

On his arrival at court, Joyeuse found his influence greatly on the wane, while that of his rival Epernon daily increased. His brother, the Count de Bou-

chage, had recently lost his wife, Epernon's sister, in consequence of her devout vigils and excessive abstinence. This calamity had such an effect upon the Count, that he resolved to renounce the world, and entering the order of Capuchins, he assumed the name of Brother Angelus, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the King and Court. About the same time Epernon espoused the wealthy Countess de Candalet, on which occasion Henry III. with his usual indifference to the future, lavished the most sumptuous presents on both the bride and bridegroom.* It is said that the successful favorite had also won the volatile affections of Joyeuse's mistress, Mademoiselle de Vitry, Maid of Honour to the Queen, and it was expected, that according to the custom of the times, the two rivals would have adjusted this difference with the sword. Joyeuse, however, wisely took no notice of the fickleness of the lady, but on requesting the King's permission to give battle to Navarre, Henry in according it, added, that the Court looked upon him as a poltroon, and that he would have some difficulty to convince them of the contrary. But no sooner was it known that a battle was about to be fought than the young and gallant nobles flocked to his standard, for he was generally preferred to all the royal favorites, on account of his warm, frank, and generous disposition.

During his absence Navarre had issued forth from La Rochelle, and gained some trifling advantages over the Marquis of Laverdin. He had also received a reinforcement of 600 cavalry and 2000 musketeers under Turenne, from Perigord and the Limousin, together with the principal nobility of Saintonge under Condé. That Prince's brothers, Count de Soissons and the Prince of Conty, though Catholics, now declared for Navarre—the former having formed a project of marrying his sister Catherine. Navarre therefore advanced as far as Montsoreau to effect a junction with Soissons, who brought him 300 men-at-arms and 500 dragoons†—while the younger brother proceeded to take the command of the German auxiliaries, who had now entered the French territories. The King of Navarre had expected to fall in with them somewhere near La Charité, about eighty leagues distant from his present position, but he was not then aware that three Royalist armies interposed between him and his allies. As soon as he became acquainted with the actual state of affairs, he resolved to fall back upon the basin of the Dordogne, and then make a long circuit by Roanne, on the Upper Loire, into Burgundy, where he would encounter no obstacles to his junction with the Germans. But Joyeuse divined his intention, and, keeping a little more to the East, arrived at Chalais, on the 18th of October, on the same day that Navarré, who had passed more to the right by Taillebourg, encamped at Monlieu. Near this spot the little river Drogne joins the Isle, and their united streams fall into the Dordogne a few leagues lower down, near Libourne. Below the junction of these two

* The marriage was conducted quietly and without extravagance, but the King presented Epernon with 400,000 crowns.

† Arquebusiers à cheval.

little streams was the hamlet of Guintre, and in the fork formed by their confluence stood the small town and castle of Coutras. As Navarre must inevitably pass by these two places on his march into Guyenne, Marshal Matignon wrote to Joyeuse to push forward and entrench himself there, while he would undertake to be at Libourne on the 22nd of the month, with whatever troops he could collect in Gascony and the adjoining districts. The Protestants would thus have been placed between the two armies, and their utter destruction must necessarily have followed. But the activity of the one, and the presumption of the other General, defeated this prudent plan of operations. On the 19th, indeed Laverdin was sent forward to occupy Coutras, but finding it already in the hands of La Tremouille, he returned to Joyeuse, who crossed the Orogne the same day at Laroche-Chalais, while Navarre passed over by the ford at Coutras. Thus the two armies debouched upon the narrow plain lying between the two streams, separated by an interval of only a few miles. The army of Joyeuse was greatly superior in numbers, but vastly inferior in discipline to that of the Huguenots, and there can be no doubt that his proper course would have been to have awaited the arrival of Matignon, when victory could not have wavered for an instant. The young nobles, however, were eager for an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and when he declared that Navarre was at last within their power, and could not possibly escape, they loudly applauded and shouted "Bataille! Bataille!" Their enthusiasm carried away the more cautious, and orders were immediately issued for a night march, in the hope of surprising the enemy. But the veteran Huguenots were on their guard, and the approach of the royalists was duly notified by the advanced posts of light cavalry. As retreat was impossible, a little before daybreak Navarre drew up his men, consisting of from four to five thousand foot and 2,500 horse, in a small plain about half a league in front of Coutras, where he had deposited his baggage. On his left he had the river Drogne, while his right was protected by a warren, a young copse, and a field, inclosed with a hedge and ditch, that inclined a little towards the enemy. Behind him was a small grove and the town of Coutras. On the extreme right he placed two strong battalions of infantry, supported on their left by the light cavalry under La Tremouille, while 120 musketeers skirmished in front as *enfants perdus*. In the centre was posted the Gendarmerie, on whom usually depended the fate of the day. Next to Tremouille's light division came Turenne's squadron of two hundred Gascon gentlemen, and sixty paces to their left Condé's company of 250 men-at-arms. After a second interval of 150 paces appeared Navarre's squadron, 300 strong, and then the Count de Soissons with 200 horse. On the left wing was posted the remainder of the infantry. The line was of considerable extent, but of no great depth, and the wings were a little advanced, so as to form the horns of a crescent, and to fire on the flanks of the enemy as they charged. Interspersed with the cavalry were small detachments of musketeers, after the plan introduced by Coligny, who

were ranged in four ranks of five men each. The first couched on the ground, the second dropped on one knee, the third stooped, and the fourth stood erect. They were ordered to reserve their fire till the foe was within twenty yards, and then to pour in a simultaneous volley. The artillery under the Grand Master Clermont d'Amboise, was placed on a gentle eminence to the right of the Count de Soissons. These preparations were hardly completed, when the royalists issued into the plain in some disorder, owing to their impetuosity and eagerness to advance. Laverdin arranged their order of battle. In the left wing he posted 1,800 musketeers, and, to support them, a little to the right stood the Light Horse and the Albanian troopers under their captain, Mercury Buat, and a squadron of 400 lances under Laverdin in person.*

Opposite Turenne were placed 500 lances under Montigny, and in the centre was drawn up, as it were a hedge, a gallant array of 1,200 lances, the noblest and bravest of the land, headed by Joyeuse, his brother the Marquis of St. Sauveur, St. Luc, and other gentlemen of repute. On the right wing was placed the remainder of the infantry about 3,000 in number, supported by seven Cornets of dragoons. The feeble park of artillery was ranged between Joyeuse and Montigny. For nearly one whole hour the two armies remained in presence without advancing a single step, for it would have been contrary to the chivalrous notions of the day to have attacked the royalists before they had recovered their order. "On one side"—says an historian of the League—"were to be seen only gilded armour superbly inlaid with gold, and gleaming in the sun, lances painted, and decorated with ribbons, their pennons fluttering in the breeze, rich surcoats of velvet ornamented with broad gold and silver lace, each company differently arrayed according to the colours of its captain, large and magnificent plumes fiercely nodding on their helmets, handsomely embroidered scarves with deep gold fringes, and all these young cavaliers wearing the ciphers and colours of their mistresses, and attired as if they were going to a banquet rather than a battle. One would have thought it was an army equipped in the ancient Persian style, such a display was there of pomp and luxury, of gold and silk, on both horses and men. But on the other side were to be seen only veteran soldiers, regardless of toil and privation, of a fierce and menacing aspect, uncombed, ill-clothed, with their filthy leathern doublets over their coarse and shabby woollen garments, their only ornament plain iron and useful arms, mounted on horses inured to fatigue, without housings, or caparisons, or any other finery. In short, it was a second army of

* The Albanians, sometimes called Epirotes, Estradiots, or Stradiots—probably a corruption of Stratiotes—were light Greek horsemen. Besides sword and club, they carried an arzegay, or pole 10 or 12 feet long, shod with iron at both ends, which they wielded with both hands and did great execution both on horseback and on foot. Their standard was a long pennon attached to the head of a spear. The French light cavalry, or Argoulets, exchanged the blunderbuss for the carbine under Henry III., and were thence called Carbineers. Their principal duty was skirmishing, but in battle they rendered great service by picking off the lance-bearing Gendarmerie. They would gallop up tolerably close, fire off their pieces, wheel round, gallop behind their own heavy squadrons, reload, and again dash forward. They usually fired rank after rank.

Alexander against a second Darius." Navarre himself wore plain armour without any device, his vizor up, and a simple *salade*, or round helmet, on the head. About nine o'clock he made his army kneel down, and offer a fervent prayer to the God of battles. He then protested that he was no rebel to the King, but the enemy of those who wished to deprive his Majesty of his regal power and prerogatives. He further bade them be of good cheer, and quit them like men. They answered by chaunting Marot's version of the 18th Psalm :

Voici l'heureuse journée
Où Dieu couronne sesélus.

The thoughtless young nobles laughed and jeered when they saw the Huguenots kneeling on the field of battle, and exclaimed, "We have them! we have them! see how the poltroons tremble!" "No," replied a veteran officer, who knew them of old, "if they tremble before their God, they will presently fight with their fellow-men, like lions."

The Protestants commenced the engagement by a discharge of artillery. The Cornette Blanche was the first to fall, and the infantry on the left was thrown into disorder. The royalist artillery on the other hand was badly served, and killed only one horse, owing to the guns not being sufficiently elevated to clear a slight eminence in front of Condé's division, so that the balls buried themselves in the earth. To restore the confidence of his troops Laverdin charged at the head of his division, and broke through the light cavalry opposed to him, unhorsing and wounding their officers. But he was unable to control his own men, and bring them back to the field, for they pressed onward to Coutras, and plundered the enemy's baggage. The gallant Montigny, perceiving that the flank of Turenne's squadron was thus exposed, charged furiously upon his Gascons, who were seized with a sudden panic, and fled from the field in wild disorder. The Huguenot infantry however steadily advanced on the left, and seeing the confusion of their right pushed on the more rapidly, as if all now depended on themselves. Reserving their fire till they were close at hand, they poured in a deadly volley, and then charged sword in hand, cutting down all before them. The Duke of Joyeuse now deemed it time to partake of the labours and glory of the field, and galloping to the front, waved forward his gallant hand. Clapping spurs to their chargers they dashed onward at full speed, though at least four hundred paces from the hostile ranks, so that when they came down upon them, their horses were blown and their line disordered, thus greatly weakening the effect of the shock. The Huguenot cavalry on the other hand slowly advanced about ten paces, and when the enemy was within a few spear-lengths, fired into them with terrible effect. The musketeers also thinned their ranks as they advanced, and in the next instant their line was broken, their horses borne down, the cavaliers overthrown or shot down, and a frightful slaughter commenced.

The King of Navarre was conspicuous in the thickest of the fight, and bore himself like a valiant knight. Rushing on one of the enemy, he shouted, "Rends toi,

Philistin!" His comrades took up the word, and the field re-echoed with the oft-repeated summons. In less than an hour this gallant array had ceased to exist. The proud-spirited young nobles refused to give or accept quarter, and fell fighting to the last. The infantry at the same time made a frightful carnage to avenge the cruelty of the royalists at St. Eloi and St. Maixent. Joyeuse himself hastened to his artillery to make a last desperate stand. St. Luc asked him what he proposed to do. "To live no longer, Monsieur de St. Luc, but die generously after my disaster." He was almost immediately afterwards made prisoner by two captains, to whom he was offering a ransom of 100,000 crowns, when two others came up, and moved by envy or malice, shot him through the head. On this St. Luc charged impetuously upon Condé and unhorsed him. He then dismounted, and assisting the prince to rise, with every mark of respect, begged him to receive him as his prisoner. Condé warmly embraced him and complimented him on his valour. Colours, artillery, baggage, every thing, fell into the hands of the victors. The booty was immense. Above four hundred gentlemen, and more than four thousand soldiers, perished in the action. Among the slain were Joyeuse, his brother the Marquis of St. Sauveur, Counts de la Suze D'Avangour, D'Aubijoux, and many others of the highest and oldest families in the kingdom. The Albanians who had been engaged during the fiercest part of the struggle in plundering Navarre's baggage now fled precipitately from Coutras, and made their escape. Laverdin, after vainly striving to rally the fugitives, reached Laroche-Chalais almost alone, with a colour he had saved from the regiment of Picardy. On the part of the Huguenots the loss was almost miraculously small, for only five or six gentlemen, and about a hundred and twenty common soldiers were slain. After distinguishing himself by his intrepidity in the fight, Navarre exhibited true magnanimity in the hour of victory. He intreated his followers to be content with a moderate ransom from their fellow-countrymen. He complimented many of the prisoners on their gallantry, and restored, his banner to Montigny. Many of those of high rank he at once released, and sent the dead body of Joyeuse to the King, who bestowed on it a magnificent funeral. A canticle of praise and thanksgiving was composed for the occasion by the minister Chandieu, who had offered up public prayers for success previous to the engagement, and some of the stanzas are as creditable to his talent for versification as to his pious gratitude. Every attention was paid to the wounded of both sides, and the Huguenots again kneeling on the field of battle among the dying and the dead, ascribed to the Creator and Father of mankind the glory of their own preservation and of the slaughter of their fellow-creatures. In a calmer moment the King of Navarre addressed the following laconic epistle to Henry III. "Sire, my lord and brother, return thanks to God. I have beaten your enemies and your army." Never was a victory more complete, or attended with fewer

results. Marshal Matignon, indeed, retired to Bordeaux, but the Huguenot forces entirely dispersed, instead of pushing forward to join the Germans. Enriched with the plunder, they hastily returned to their homes, and the Prince of Condé after vainly urging the advance, withdrew to La Rochelle. Count de Soissons, it is said, was moved with jealousy, and so in part occasioned a dissension, while Navarre himself was perhaps desirous to lay his spoils at the feet of the beautiful Corisanda,* the favorite of the day. The Germans were thus abandoned to their fate, and the star of Guise still shone brilliantly above the horizon.

The army of German auxiliaries was the most numerous that had yet appeared during the civil wars, and consisted of 12,000 Reiters, 4,000 Lansquenets, and 16,000 Swiss Infantry. The command had been assigned to Baron Donau, a Prussian nobleman of good family, and by no means destitute of either valour or ability, though far too inexperienced to conduct an enterprise of this nature. On crossing the Rhine at Strasbourg, he was joined by the Duke of Bouillon, and his brother Count de la March, with 2,000 foot and 300 horse; and also by DeMony with 200 cavaliers and 800 foot soldiers from Geneva. This formidable force, accompanied with 18 or 20 pieces of artillery, crossed the Vosges mountains without opposition, and entered the territory of Lorraine towards the latter end of August. But unfortunately for their hopes of success, their leaders entertained different opinions as to the plan of the campaign. After the junction of the native and foreign troops, the chief command devolved on the young Duke of Bouillon, while the Baron retained that of the Reiters with the Baron de Bouc for Lieutenant-General. Bouillon was desirous to confine the war to Lorraine, and to secure his own towns of Sedan and Jametz; nor were the Germans well disposed to penetrate to a distance from their own frontiers, but Donau and most of the French officers insisted on the necessity of marching onward to join the King of Navarre. This last plan of operations was finally adopted with the resolution of devastating Lorraine as they advanced, that being the peculiar territory and main stay of the House of Guise.

On the other hand Henry III. had failed to perform any of his promises to Guise, and thus the Duke found himself compelled to commence hostilities with an insignificant force of 2,000 foot soldiers, 600 cuirassiers—but all men of gentle blood—and 600 light horse, and Albanians sent to him by Balagny and the Prince of Parma. The Duke of Lorraine however had raised a body of 7,000 foot and 2,000 horse, including 2,000 Walloons and a corps of light Flemish cavalry, 800 strong: but the greater part of these he distributed in garrison at Nancy and other important places. Guise proposed therefore to lay waste the open fields, to receive the peasants with

* Corisanda D'Ardouins,—the Corisanda of *Les Amours du Grand Alcandre*—was the widow of the Count de Grammont, slain at the siege of La Fére by Matignon in 1580. Notwithstanding the great sacrifices she made to supply Navarre with funds for his military operations, she was ere long forsaken for the Marchioness de Guiercheville.

their moveable effects into the towns, and to harass the Germans in the difficult country they would have to traverse. The Duke of Lorraine in part adopted this prudent advice, but he objected to coming to an engagement with the enemy, and was more anxious to protect his own domains than to oppose the march of the foreigners into France. As head of the family, he consequently assumed the chief command in person, and committed only the vanguard to his more enterprizing and patriotic kinsman. The advance of the Germans was attended with many horrors. The mills and ovens had already been destroyed, and few supplies of any kind were to be obtained. This exasperated the fierce half disciplined soldiery, and they consigned to the flames whatever they were unable to carry off. On the 18th of September they crossed the French frontier near Urbain, which they burned to the ground, and were soon afterwards joined by Francis de Châtillon with nearly a thousand horse, whom he had conducted with admirable ability through Languedoc and Dauphiny, and along the skirts of Savoy. Beyond this point the Duke of Lorraine could not be persuaded to lead his troops, alleging that he dare not enter the French dominions without the King's permission and express command. Nothing discouraged, Henry of Guise continued to fulfil his noble mission, and hanging on the flank of the invaders, allowed them no repose by day or night. At Auxerre he received reinforcements under the Dukes of Mayenne, Aumale, and Elbœuf, and the Count de Brissac, that raised his force to 6,000 infantry and 1,800 horse. Harassed by Guise, the roads almost impassible from the incessant rains, and debilitated by the consequences of their excessive indulgence in the new wine of the season, the Germans at length crossed the Seine near Châtillon, and the Yonne at Mailly-la-Ville. They then directed their course towards La Charité, though Navarre had earnestly recommended them to effect the passage of the Loire nearer to its source. But the allies had now completely abandoned all idea of discipline, and refused to turn aside from the fertile provinces in which they were enabled to gratify, without restraint, their animal appetites and desires. They had also been disappointed by the manner in which the war had been carried on. They expected to have been joined by Navarre or Condé on their entering the kingdom, and they had been assured that Henry III. approved of their invasion, which was designed to rescue him from the thraldom of the League. But on their arrival at La Charité, on the 15th of October, they found the King in person occupying the opposite bank, and prepared to dispute the passage of the river.

The insults of the Parisian populace and the violent invectives of the preachers had convinced Henry that his only chance of obtaining tranquillity was to take an active part in public affairs. The curate of St. Sëverin, having indulged in more furious vituperation than usual, and having publicly accused the King of sending for the Reiters in order to intimidate the true believers, was summoned to appear at the Louvre, and give an account of his conduct. A report was instantly circulated that all the preachers

were to be arrested, and John Boucher, priest of St. Benoît, sounded the tocsin to call the people to arms. Bussy le Clerc and Crucé, having collected a number of students and some of the lowest rabble, even ventured to attack the officers of justice and drove them across the bridges. The Duke of Epernon strongly advised the King to send a sufficient force to suppress the sedition and arrest the ringleaders, but he was dissuaded by the deceitful counsels of Villequier, and the populace designated this insolent riot, which occurred on the 3rd of September, as the "heureuse journée de St. Sévérin." On another occasion Epernon was dispatched in person to quell a disturbance that had broken out in the Faubourg St. Germain, but narrowly escaped assassination while crossing the bridge of Nôtre Dame.

The King dissembled for the time his anger at these repeated outrages and proceeded to Etampes to take the command of his army. Here he suddenly resumed the manly vigour and military bearing of which his early youth had given such fallacious promise. Patient of fatigue, he was on the saddle with the break of day, encouraging his troops and examining into the minutest details. He had assembled an imposing force of 8,000 Swiss, 4,000 Reiters, and 10,000 French infantry, besides most of the Compagnies d'Ordonnance, composed of the first gentlemen of the land. To cross the Loire in the face of such an enemy was manifestly impracticable, and all the fords between Gien and Nevers had been destroyed. The Germans therefore turned aside towards Neuvy as if intending to march upon Paris, which was totally uncovered. But the abundance that prevailed in the domains of Châtillon detained them until the Duke of Guise had time to post himself at Courtenay, and so intercept their farther progress in that direction. Their real object was probably only to pass into Beaune by the rich and open country that lies between Orleans and Montargis. On the 26th of October the Duke was at table with several princes of his family, when intelligence reached him that a large body of Reiters had taken up their quarters in the hamlet of Vimory, not quite two leagues distant. He instantly resolved to attack them, although utterly ignorant of their numbers, and on Mayenne observing that some deliberation was necessary before undertaking such an enterprise, he replied that if he were to think all his life time, he never could come to a better resolution than he was able to form in a quarter of an hour. Preparations were accordingly made with secresy and dispatch, and, favoured by the darkness of the night, and the presumptuous security of the enemy, his troops had commenced the work of slaughter before their approach was suspected. The Reiters however defended themselves gallantly, and slew not a few of the assailants. The Baron Donau charging at random down a bye-street, encountered the Duke of Mayenne, and blows were exchanged between the two commanders, but the conflict terminated by the Baron forcing his way into the open country. The loss of the Germans was very great. One thousand are said to have perished, and above 1,200 horses were taken, with all their

baggage and accumulated plunder, besides two camels intended as presents for the King of Navarre. The loss of their property occasioned a mutiny among these foreigners, and they loudly demanded the arrears of their pay, while the Swiss even offered to treat with the King. The conditions of their submission were already agreed upon, when the Prince of Conty arrived with the joyful tidings of Navarre's victory at Coutras. The treaty was at once broken off, and high hopes and expectations were entertained by all. As the King had taken up a position at Bonneval to prevent their advance to the Loire through the Vendômois, they resolved to ascend the river once more, but lingered a few fatal days in their bountiful quarters near Chartres.

After the surprise of Vimory, Guise had retired to Montereau-Faut-Yonne to refresh his exhausted troops. He thence dispatched Mayenne and Aumale into Picardy, and after reposing ten or twelve days prepared to pursue the enemy with 3,000 or 4,000 foot and 1,200 horse. On the 18th of November he arrived at Etampes, and sent forward La Châtre with the light cavalry to Dourdan. From information gathered from his prisoners he learned that the Germans were scattered over several large villages, but that their head-quarters were at the small town of Auneau. Having offered up fervent prayers for success, besides enjoining the celebration of three masses during the night, though it was contrary to the rules of the Church of Rome, he set out late in the evening of the 24th, and again succeeded in surprising them, after having posted cavalry to guard all the issues into the fields. As the Germans had intended to start early on the following morning for the sources of the Loire, the streets were encumbered with baggage waggons, so that the half awakened Reiters could make no use of their horses when they had contrived to mount them. The slaughter was fearful, and many perished in the flames of the burning houses, or were suffocated by the smoke, while they attempted to conceal themselves in the cellars. Above 400 prisoners were made, and probably as many more fell by the sword or the flames. This disaster completed the discomfiture of the hopeless invaders. The Swiss hastened to accept the terms already offered them by the King, and on the 6th of December the Germans, utterly disheartened and despairing of their lives, entered into a negociation with Epernon, who commanded the advanced guard, and had been deputed by Henry III. to treat with them, in order to deprive Guise of the glory of terminating the campaign. The foreigners, it was agreed, were to be conducted in safety to the nearest point on the frontiers, on their engaging not to commit any acts of violence on the march, and never again to enter the French territory except with the King's consent. The French rebels were required to give up their colours : if willing to obey the Edicts of July and October, 1585, their property was to be restored to them, with permission to return home on signing a written engagement never again to bear arms against their sovereign. Those who gave this undertaking, but declined to obey the Edicts, were to be conducted to the frontiers, though

their property should be secured to them. While those who refused to do the one or the other, were equally to be protected as far as the frontiers, but their goods were to be confiscated.

The French nobles in vain strove to divert their allies from this desperate measure. The Germans, so far from listening to them, proposed to seize them as hostages for the payment of their heavy arrears. Their intention having become known or suspected, the French consulted their safety by flight, and dispersed in different directions. The Prince of Conty with only fourteen companions escaped into Maine. The Duke of Bouillon at the head of a considerable body of horse forced his way through the Lyonnais to Geneva, where he shortly afterwards died from the effects of excessive anxiety and fatigue, on his 25th birthday; having already lost his younger brother Count de la March, from the same cause. Châtillon alone, animated by the spirit of his father, refused either to quit the kingdom or to surrender his standard to any but the King of Navarre. With one hundred cuirassiers and two hundred dragoons he fought his way through every obstacle, the tocsin sounding along his line of march, until he finally arrived in Languedoc.

A wretched fate awaited the unfortunate auxiliaries. The Swiss having turned to the southward towards Sarry, were attacked by La Valette, Epernon's brother, and totally routed. The survivors, attempting to join Lesdiguières, the Protestant General in those parts, were overtaken and cut to pieces. Of the Germans scarcely 4,000, worn out by disease and suffering, reached their native land. Guise, affecting to believe that Epernon had exceeded his authority in granting such favorable terms, closely pursued the miserable fugitives, allowing them no repose, and showing them no mercy. He even invaded the territory of Montbéliard, and exercised the most horrible and revolting cruelties on the innocent and defenceless peasantry, because their Count had been one of the chief authors of the war. The cattle and all things portable were carried off and sold to the Burgundians for a mere nominal price: the fruit trees were cut down: the wells filled up: the villages burned to the ground: and frightful tortures were used to force the peasants to confess where they had concealed their property. Dogs were employed to track out the hiding places of the fugitives, and even little children were compelled to call their parents' names to allure them from their retreats. Humanity shudders at the recital of the infamous means devised by these monsters to torment their victims; but at length the German Princes having threatened again to invade the French dominions, the marauders prudently returned into Lorraine.

On the conclusion of this eventful campaign Henry's love of parade induced him to enter his capital in triumph, on the 23rd of Dec., as if it were by his prowess that the enemy had been destroyed. The Parisians, however, treated him with the most marked contempt, and shouted before him, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands." Indeed their adulation of the heroic Guise knew no bounds, and his absence contrasted well with

the King's ill-judged ovation. They compared him to Moses and to Gideon ; while only a week before, the Doctors of the Sorbonne had passed a resolution, to the effect that a King might legally be deprived of his crown on the same principle that an unjust or imbecile guardian is not allowed to retain the direction of the property of a minor. But instead of punishing this insolence with suitable severity, Henry merely sent for John Boucher, one of the most violent members of that body, and remonstrated with him on the impropriety of distorting Holy Writ to justify the disobedience of subjects to their sovereign. He further warned him that he incurred the risk of eternal damnation by such libels, and by converting the chair of Truth into a pestilential chair of Falsehood and Calumny. He then added that if such conduct were repeated, he should imitate the example of Sixtus V., who had sent some monks to the galleys for speaking ill of him in their sermons. A book was also cried about the streets, purporting to be a narrative of the exploits of the Duke of Epernon against the heretics, but within appeared in capital letters the solitary word Nihil. But even at such a moment Henry III. ventured still further to outrage public feeling, by refusing Guise's request that the vacant charge of Admiral should be conferred on Count Brissac, in order to bestow it, together with the governments of Normandy, Angoulême, and Saintonge, vacant by the death of Joyeuse, on his pampered favorite, the Duke of Epernon. The Pope however presented Guise with a consecrated sword, with flames represented on it, and at the same time compared him to the Macabees, while the Prince of Parma, in the spirit of ancient chivalry, sent him his own armour, as if recognizing him for his master in the military art, and consequently the greatest captain of the age.

On Epernon's reception at Court after the bestowal of these accumulated honours, the Advocate General delivered a long harangue, in which he eulogized the discernment of Henry III. in making such a felicitous choice, for which he was as worthy of canonization as Louis IX., for that the new Admiral would repair the faults of Coligny and the Catholic religion would once more flourish throughout the realm. This fulsome discourse subjected both the King and the orator to much ridicule, and it was jocosely remarked that his Majesty's pretensions to canonization could hardly be denied, for he had already commenced the working of miracles, in that he had converted a little valley—La Valette—into a very mountain: Qui fecit montem, qui modo vallis erat.

(To be Continued.)

THE CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT DREAM.*

"It may be a vision, a dream; I hold peculiar opinions founded on my own feelings." Such are the words used by the author of the three articles on the Canterbury Settlement in the April, May and June, 1852, numbers of *Saunders' Magazine*—articles (one might almost be led to imagine, judging from the picture of the numerous advantages held out to colonists) emanating from one of the members of the Association themselves. It is to be hoped, however, none have been deluded by such fictitious prospects to spend their probably hard-earned savings and final days in the Canterbury settlement. It is no longer a *may-be* vision or dream, it *is* a vision and a dream, as the following faithful picture will demonstrate, and which intending colonists had better be warned by. The *Evening Mail* in a recent number observes: "Our readers well remember that on more than one occasion we have, though we fear in vain, emphatically warned intending emigrants against the manifold delusions and absurdities of the Canterbury settlement system. We fear that we warned in vain, for religious enthusiasm picturing to herself the revival in the nineteenth century of the manners and usages of primitive christianity, and the love of good society captivated by the prospect of a colony in which all the refinements of an old country were to be associated with all the freshness and abundance of a new one, determined to be genteel or die, irresistibly pleaded against us. English gentlemen, such as they were in the happy merry days of the Stuarts and Tudors, and a church pure and merciful as the hierarchy over which Laud presided, were to render the fern clad mountains and swampy plains of New Zealand an earthly elysium. Purified from the dross of modern liberalism, uncontaminated by the slightest vestige of the commercial spirit, the English character was to regain all that two busy centuries have stolen from it. Stately cavaliers were to bow to the toilsome but not ignoble labour of agriculture, and lovely dames condescend to a supervision, such as their great grandmothers might have practised, of the details of domestic economy. Imported bees were to buzz in the tangled forests, real British trout of the purest breed were to dart athwart the mountain torrents, the genuine British thrush and robin redbreast were to enliven the woods with their well known notes, and everything under a brighter sky and purer air was to recall the image of England, not as now stifled by steam and besmirched with smoke, whirling with locomotives and clattering with the sounds of innumerable factories, but such as she was in the glorious middle ages, when our old nobility was intact, and arts and commerce could not die because they had never begun to live. There is unhappily no reasoning with the imagination. Persons possessed

* We have inserted this article on the principle of hearing both sides, but we expect to have further information soon from the writer of the articles that are now animadverted upon.—Ed. S. M.

with these beatific visions, were raised far above the considerations which affect ordinary mortals. And to this, rather than any defect in our own logic, we are self-satisfied enough to attribute our total inability to make any impression on those sentimental pilgrims. The basis of the whole speculation we shewed was the possibility of selling land for three pounds an acre, while land of equally good quality could be obtained for a tenth part of the price. We showed that land at such a price could never be sold, and that the purposes to which the land fund was to be appropriated were found by experience in no degree to affect the value of land. We further pointed out that the site was in many respects ill chosen, being separated from the sea by a high mountain, and consisting of land which in rainy seasons is little better than a morass. Further we showed that the agricultural pursuits on which the colony relied must be crippled for want of labor, which was sure to be attracted by the higher wages obtainable on the continent of Australia. We went further and accused the Association, composed as it is undoubtedly of persons of the highest character and most elevated station, of having misappropriated the funds placed at its disposal, and that in a manner more than ordinarily discreditable. The leading feature of the Canterbury plan was undoubtedly the religious one. A third of the land fund was to be appropriated to the purposes of education and religion; deans and chapters, Greek iambics, choirs, choristers, organs, carved screens, and other ecclesiastical luxuries danced before the vision of the enraptured land purchaser. We accused the Canterbury Association of failing in this, the most vital point, of laying their hands on the money devoted to ecclesiastical purposes, of misappropriating it to secular objects in direct violation of their duty, and of concealing this fraud on the sanctuary by a nominal sale to the church of their own unsaleable land at its imaginary price." How true this picture is! How people have been deluded by the Association under the garb of religion and education it will be my endeavour to demonstrate.

A family having purchased 700 acres of land, became entitled to $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land in the town of Christ-Church, as every purchaser of land belonging to the first body of settlers is entitled to $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre of land in the town for every 100 acres bought in the country. Instead of all the land being of any advantage to them, it has literally brought them to the verge of ruin, not the slightest remuneration does it afford for any capital laid out upon it. Instead of being beautiful land fit for the plough *immediately*, as was represented by the Association in London, it consists chiefly of swamp, flax plant, rushes, and "tutee," a kind of shrub which is dangerous for cattle to eat when they are first imported. It is only by degrees they become accustomed to it; many imported cattle have died from the effects of this pernicious shrub.

In addition to this shrub there is a long tufty grass of a light brown color, which is perfectly useless for grazing purposes, as all animals invariably refuse to touch it. At the end of the rainy season the whole coun-

try around Christ-Church appears one mass of swamp, though higher up the country it is dry and good for grazing purposes. No scenery can be conceived more unprepossessing than the Canterbury plains, a dead flat extending for miles and miles covered with rushy swamps, and the ugly brown looking long grass, tutee (pronounced toot) fern, and what is termed cabbage tree, a most dreary looking weed about three feet high, with a kind of flower growing on the top of it, resembling a cabbage, not a single high tree is to be seen on the plains, except two patches of bush, about two miles distant from each other, one called Riccarton Bush, the other Vapanni Bush. These bushes are about two miles from Christ-Church; the trees which form them are all indigenous, tall and without thick branches, the leaves small and shiny like evergreens; when close to them they are pretty, but from a distance look like a row of hearses they are so black, and they all grow in a straight line and are mostly of a height so that you may also fancy them like two huge hedges stuck upon the plains. The plains are bounded with an horizon of a fine ridge of very high snowy mountains, but these mountains are too far distant to relieve the monotony of the immense expanse of dead flat wholly destitute of trees (with the exception of the above bushes) and very frequently they are quite invisible owing to the mists that hang over them. At sunrise and sunset however the mountains sometimes look very fine, the tints upon the snow cast by the sun are beautiful, some of the mountains have perpetual snow on their summits, others only during the winter. There are two good rivers running through the town of Christ-Church, one navigable for small craft to within two miles of the town. The water is very good for drinking, which is fortunate as spring water is scarce. Wells have been sunk in various places, but the water is invariably tainted with sulphate of iron, and is somewhat similar to Harrowgate water in taste. The consequence is the residents are forced to send to the river for water, and as some of the houses are upwards of half a mile distant from the stream, the inconvenience is great. Labor is most expensive, 4*s.* 6*d.* a day per man, who according to colonial custom is only allowed to work eight hours, viz. from 8 to 12, and from 1 to 5 P. M. The colonists who purchased the 700 acres previously alluded to, resolved to plant 5 acres with potatoes. They entered into a contract with two men to dig the ground on the condition of receiving half the crop. The seed alone cost them £40, which amount was, as it were, tossed into the mud, for the potatoe crop was a complete failure, when taken up they were not much larger than peas. The 700 acres have hitherto been perfectly uselsse, and there is no prospect of letting them, as the colony is daily diminishing in consequence of the discovery of gold at Melbourne, which has done the settlement much injury by re-emigration. Every vessel that arrives in Port Lyttleton, and is bound for Australia, takes away a large cargo of passengers for the diggings. Colonists on first landing generally reside at an inn in Port Lyttleton, the expenses of which for a small family are rarely less than

£10 per week, and should the matter be unfavourable, they have frequently to remain at this Inn for a fortnight or three weeks, before their packages and luggage can be transported to the plains at Christ-Church. Port Lyttleton is only 9 miles from Christ-Church, but the only means of communication between the two places is across a *very* steep ridge of mountains which must be ascended by a bridle path. All heavy goods are obliged to be brought by water, and there is a very dangerous bar which must be crossed before the vessels can come up the Christ-Church river. The goods are landed at a quay about a mile from the town. In bad weather vessels are unable to get over the bar, so very frequently the stores at Christ-Church are almost cleared out without any possibility of procuring fresh supplies, and poor unfortunates arrive from England, and intending to settle on the plains, have to wait days and days before they can get their baggage, &c. &c. round. The Association in London promised that a road should be made from the Port to Christ-Church, and such a road was indeed begun, but the expense of constructing it across the steep mountain ridge and the high price of labor was found to be so very much greater than was anticipated, that after two miles were finished, the project was abandoned, and is unlikely to be again undertaken by the Association. The bridle path over the hill is very steep, and in wet weather becomes a mass of mud and mire, rendering any attempt to travel on it extremely precarious. Some emigrants in more affluent circumstances have brought out servants with them, but they rapidly discover their mistake, for in such an expensive country servants are ruinous, and few, if any of the colonists keep more than one, and indeed many have been obliged to give up servants altogether, and wait entirely upon themselves. In short, it is only the chief agent of the Association who receives £800 per annum, and the Resident Magistrate of the Settlement, who can afford to keep enough servants to do their work. Firewood is a most expensive item in the household arrangements. It has all to be chopped up before it can be used, and this chopping is a most tedious and expensive process, taking a man upwards of two hours per diem to supply one fire with wood. It is sold at 27*s*. the cord, which measures 4 feet high and 4 feet wide. All the wood is brought at present from Riccaton and Vapanni bushes; when they are both consumed, the colonists will have great difficulty in procuring fuel at all. Bank's Peninsular opposite the port is well wooded, and if it comes to the worst, firewood must be sent round to the plains by water. There is no coal at present in use, though some has been discovered 40 miles up the country; but there is so much difficulty in transporting it, that it is not anticipated the colonists will ever be able to derive any benefit from the discovery at a reasonable price. Port Lyttleton is pretty as regards scenery, but it is a vile place to live in, so very much confined by the high hills which surround it on three sides, the harbour forming the fourth. It is also remarkably hot in the summer months, and there is a great want of fresh water. Most of the colonists have settled on the

plains. The Port is inhabited principally by storekeepers and seamen, and there is much drunkenness owing to the constant egress and ingress of sailors. The following is a description of a house which cost £400 to erect at Christ-Church. It is built entirely of wood, the outside weather-boarded, and the inside all lined with boards planed and tongued. It consists of a sitting room 20 feet by 18, with two large French windows opening on a verandah which runs the whole length of the house on one side. Four bed rooms, 12 feet square and 10 feet high, all on the ground floor, and a kitchen which opens into the sitting room, and two of the bed rooms open into the kitchen, and two into the sitting room, so that there are no passages in the house. There is a porch, with two doors in it, which prevents the sitting room from opening direct upon the outer air. There is a loft running the whole length of the house, which may at any time be converted into bed rooms with Dormer windows in the roof. A staircase leads from the kitchen up into the loft, which is most useful as a store room. Building is very dear. Carpenters receive 1*s.* per hour. The climate, which is represented in England as most transcendantly delightful, is perhaps the greatest take-in of the whole. The winter is as cold, if not colder, than England, and of an interminable length, with a great deal of very heavy rain, frequently lasting for two or three days without intermission. No spring weather, but summer coming as it were suddenly, with all its heat, which is at times great, but never oppressive. The dust and glare is however most disagreeable, as there is no shade to protect one—there being no trees. There is an immense deal of very strong wind blowing almost constantly during the summer months. The south-west wind is the strongest, but it is a cooling wind. The north-west breezes are hot, drying blasts, but fortunately they are not so frequent as the others. Nothing in the way of flowers grows well in the country, owing to these severe winds, and the total absence of shelter on the plains renders the rearing of trees a difficult matter. But almost all kinds of vegetables grow well. There is a total want of game in the colony, the absence of animal life on the plains is quite remarkable ; there is not a single live thing indigenous to the country, except the rat. There are however wild pigs up the country, which are pursued by sportsmen, brought to bay with dogs, and then stuck with large knives. Their flesh is not eatable. Pigs kept in sties fatten well. There are wild ducks on the rivers, but not any other birds, and positively not a single fish but eels, and a very small kind of minnow not fit to eat. The colonists live entirely on beef and mutton, and occasionally pork. Meat is dear, 8½*d.* per lb. ; all provisions are high. Porter 2*s.* per bottle, fresh butter 2*s.* per lb., eggs *threepence* each. At Christ-Church stores are higher, owing to the freightage round from the Port. There are but few natives, Maoris, in the settlement. The North Island abounds with them, but in the Middle Island they are daily decreasing. They are remarkably plain, especially the

women, and have nought interesting or attractive about them; they are harmless and inoffensive; their chief object appears to be to get money out of the settlers, and they generally contrive to make good bargains for themselves. All the fine promises held out by the Canterbury Association about ecclesiastical and educational advantages to the purchasers of land in the settlement have turned out a complete failure. The money reserved for the above purposes is not forthcoming, and nobody seems to know how it has been spent. There is neither Church nor College, nor does there appear to be any probability of either being established. It is very hard upon land purchasers who paid £3 per acre for their land, with the understanding that £1 was to be set aside for education and ecclesiastical purposes. The Church service is at present performed on Sundays in a temporary building, used on week days as a school-room for children of the lower class. There is also a Grammar school for gentlemen's sons, £10 a year for day scholars. The master is an Oxford first-class man. There are a great many nice families settled in the colony, but no one likes the place. Balls are occasionally given at Port Lyttleton, to which the young men from up country sheep runs come down.

There is a talk of a new constitution for New Zealand, which is to give the settlers a certain number of members for a Provincial Council, elected by the people according to a rule of franchise, with a Superintendent over the province on a handsome salary.

Such is a cursory glance at the chief features of domestic life in the colony. The picture may be relied upon as a faithful representation, divested of all gaudy coloring, and should it be the means of making intending colonists think again before they take the fatal leap, the writer will have accomplished all that he desired.

BEWARE.

☞ WE know not how to reconcile the discrepancies which we find in various writers as to the climate of this portion of New Zealand. The author of "A Spring in the Canterbury Settlement" admits much of which the present writer complains, and is especially severe on the mismanagement that has taken place in the appropriation of the funds set aside for ecclesiastical and educational purposes. Yet he says:—

"The climate alone presents a temptation to the emigrant of no ordinary character. It is difficult to describe its peculiarity and charm. It resembles, in many respects, the best parts of the climate of England. Indeed the colonists speak of it as the English climate with all "the bad parts taken out." The air is always pure, fresh, and bracing, resembling the air of our English downs on a bright clear summer morning; and although the climate is changeable, the air is always free from the heavy, oppressive qualities which the invalid in England so bitterly feels."

He also says, and it may not be without its warning:—

"That every adventurer in a young colony must prepare himself to encounter difficulties and hardships seems a self-evident truth, but the vague ideas upon these points with which many settlers leave their comfortable English homes are most surprising. One of my fellow-voyagers took with him two carriages: many of the gentlemen were possessed of handsome and well-furnished gun and dressing cases; and some of the ladies had not forgotten a full supply of kid gloves and evening dresses. Now, if they expected to continue the habits of the old country in the new colony, these adjuncts would be appropriate; but it is difficult, with such views, to comprehend the object for which they quitted England. An English life is fully as expensive in a colony as in the mother country; and it is only by conforming to colonial habits that expense can be lessened or wealth increased."—*Ed. S. M.*

SENT OUT TO INDIA.

A TALE.

(By the Author of "My Uncle Ben's Courtships.")

Chapter X.

PROMISE OF WAR.

Brigadier Oldbuffer was a gentleman of about three-score years of age, five feet five inches in height, and eighteen stone in weight. Being somewhat gouty and rheumatic, with a dropsical tendency, and suffering from the hand of Time as well as from superabundance of flesh, it is not wonderful that he found the performance of the duties of his profession painful and fatiguing, and got through them as much as possible by deputy. To put on his full dress uniform had become with him the sorest of inflictions, and to transfer himself from *terra firma* to the back of his horse had long been a feat which he could only accomplish with the aid of a chair and a couple of *ghorawallas*. Unsophisticated youths wondered why he remained in the country; cynical men made scornful jokes about him; several of his juniors undisguisedly wished him dead; and His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief wished him—we should be ashamed to say where. The fact was that Oldbuffer was passionately fond of money, and his wife having an inclination the same way, the happy pair had determined to "hold on" as long as possible, however the character of the army might suffer from his shortcomings. Thus the unwieldy Brigadier was at this time in command of the considerable station of Kilgaum; and when the Lalpugree brothers created a disturbance across the border, and one of them dared to seize a fort belonging to a friendly chief, whom he suspected of having assisted his adversary, it became the duty of Mr. Sternhold to call upon Oldbuffer to make the necessary military arrangements, alike for the efficient defence of Dust-i-nuggur (which was in a peculiarly exposed position,) and for the condign punishment of the audacious individual, who had presumed to invade the territory of our ally. On the night of Mrs. Flirter's ball, the Political Agent had received tidings of the march of the impudent conqueror against another fort in the same quarter, which would probably be evacuated on his approach; and Mr. Sternhold, therefore, thought it incumbent on him to request the Brigadier to move up instantly to Dust-i-nuggur, with all the troops he could muster, leaving behind him only a sufficient force for the protection of Kilgaum. To a Clive or a Wellesley such a missive would have been the signal for prompt resolve and vigorous action; but to Oldbuffer it was a most painful, and perplexing, and confounding summons,—it threw him into a fidget, took away his appetite, and made him so far forget his manners as to wish the Lalpugree brothers, and

all their relations, male and female alike, at the devil.

He was at tiffin when the despatch reached him; and the Brigadier's tiffin, you must understand, was none of your miserable snacks of bread and cheese, or grilled chicken, or cold mutton; it consisted of a most substantial beefsteak dressed with onions, a kid *pilau*, some devilled kidneys, and a heap of rice and curry, together with a fair supply of Allsopps' beer, a bottle of Madeira, and some Manilla cheroots,—a meal perhaps rather conducive to slumber than provocative of valour! His friend Lieut. Shoeflower was with him; a plump little fellow, with a small comical eye, and who looked like what the Brigadier himself might have been thirty years previously. Shoeflower was handy and useful to Oldbuffer, and consequently often had the honor of being consulted by him, and received numerous invitations of tiffin and dinner, where the good things of this world were always found spread with an unsparing hand.

"Take another kidney," said Shoeflower, persuasively, "now *do*."

"Can't eat any more," grunted Oldbuffer. "The d—d rascals! And it's just like Sternhold, too,—always in such a deuce of a hurry. Here, boy! give me a glass of beer; good beer, this, eh, Shoeflower? Paid seven rupees a dozen for it. A nice, creamy kind of beer. Why can't these Politicals give us a little more time, instead of doing things in such hot haste, with 'immediate' and 'emergent' always at the tip of their tongues and the points of their pens? If they had to do the fighting instead of the writing, I'll be bound they'd take matters more easy. Ah! that's nice beer! Come, Shoeflower, take some curry; don't get off *your* feed, my boy! After tiffin, we'll see what's to be done. I say, isn't it a confounded shame that a Political Agent should be allowed to dictate to a Military man as Sternhold does to me in this infernal despatch? 'You will march,' says he, 'to Dust-i-nuggur, without loss of time, the necessity for your presence there with an imposing force being most urgent.' Devilish cool! Why couldn't he state the circumstances, and leave *me* to judge of the necessity? Ten to one I'd have taken a different view of it. But these Civilians are fond of harassing troops, and marching them hither and thither in all directions. Then Government (which is generally between you and me, Shoeflower, a great goose) praises them for their energy, and promptitude, and attention to British interests, and all that fol-de-rol. Something rotten in the state of Denmark, isn't there?"

Shoeflower bowed deferentially to the superior wisdom of the Brigadier, who had sent off his plate, and was puffing away at a cheroot, resting his legs upon a chair near him.

"Tell you what it is, Shoeflower," continued Oldbuffer, "we want reform: and the first thing we ought to do is to abolish the Civil Service. One half lazy—t'other half proud and pretentious. I'd do up the whole concern, and give the appointments to the Military. Now there's Sternhold, who is not a bad fellow in his way: the best specimen we have, perhaps, of the class, on this side of India. No ridiculous humbug about him. Yet how knowing he

fancies himself; and how close he is on all official matters; and how imperiously he issues his mandates. Damme! the Czar of Russia couldn't well write a more autocratic despatch than this! Of course I shan't demur; indeed I'm too glad of the opportunity we shall all have of distinguishing ourselves. Only, if the Lalpugree blackguards had declared war in a civil and Christian manner, and thus allowed us time to make our preparations, I really think it would have been very much better. Pass the Madeira, Shoeflower. Not bad wine this?"

"Shall I go over to the Brigade Major's, sir," said Shoeflower, "and tell him the news, so that he may be getting the orders ready?"

"Just finish your pipe, Shoeflower: there will be plenty of time. No fear of Dust-i-nuggur being besieged. Egad! my own wife and daughter are over there, and if there was any real cause for alarm, I'd be off in a jiffy. I know a little of the native character, and I'm quite sure that we shall have the Lalpugree-wallahs suing for mercy as soon as they hear we've taken the field. It's some twenty years since I was in action, and I'd give a trifle to have a brush with these fellows. But they won't fight. Rely upon it they won't fight. They haven't it in them, Shoeflower!"

Thus was received and discussed the highly important requisition which Mr. Sternhold sent off to Brigadier Oldbuffer. When and how that distinguished officer carried out the instructions of the Political Agent, it is quite unnecessary for us to detail, since full particulars of the business are to be found in a despatch of seventy-five foolscap pages, which was afterwards composed by the Brigadier and his friends, and which may be found at page 1251 of the Lalpugree Blue Book. It is a perfect masterpiece of the art of saying a few things in a great many words, and may consequently be recommended to the notice of military commanders all over the world.

In the meantime there was a prodigious stir at Dust-i-nuggur. Long ere the "ladies fair," who had danced, the night through, at Mrs. Flirter's ball, opened their eyes to the light of the morning sun, officers were galloping about, and troops being paraded, and all sorts of hurried arrangements being made, in case the enemy should come down and attempt to *loot* the place. For it appears, from the records of that eventful time, to have been a distinguishing characteristic of the Lalpugree leader to seize whatever fort, or village, or property, he could lay his hands on, without troubling himself in the least with questions of ownership. Unprovided with the sinews of war, he found it necessary to levy contributions as he went: otherwise, his followers would probably have deserted his standard, and got up a little fighting and plunder on their own account. The Major's family breakfasted late that morning. About nine o'clock, when Miriam and Louise were dressing, Mrs. Comfit came hurriedly into their room, and throwing herself down in a chair without the slighest ceremony, cried:

"Oh! my dear young ladies, such news! The wars have come at last! We've been mercifully spared hitherto from the climate

and the wild beasts, but now the Philistines, or Affghans, or whatever they call them, are on our track, and we shall soon be in the thick of the battle. The Major has been out since six o'clock on horseback, and they say has bawled himself hoarse; and just now I saw Ensign Prettyman, with my own eyes, marching past with his naked sword in his hand, at the head of a squadron of three sepoys. Oh! dear, dear. Fighting was always my abomination; and I never could look at a picture of the Battle of Waterloo without feeling a geomatric shock. What *will* become of us?"

"How alarmingly you talk," said Louise, turning pale, herself, at the terror of the Housekeeper.

"There cannot be any real danger," observed Miriam, "but of course it is well that proper means of defence should be adopted. I had the benefit of Captain Granton's opinion, last night, on the nature of the recent disturbances, and I assure you he makes quite light of them."

"Oh! soldiers always do," returned Louise.

"They say, Miss Louise," continued Mrs. Comfit, "that the Chief who is at the head of the rebellion is a most hawful barbarian. He has eyes like a wolf, long wild hair, a beard like a door-mat, and nails long and pointed. He has three wives, which he carries about with him in a harum on the back of an elephant, and his chief amusement is in spearing little children, who are bought at three rupees each from wandering tribes for the purpose. When any body offends him, he orders the wretch to be skinned alive, and sits smoking his hookah while the Court barber performs the hope-ration."

"Oh what tales!" cried Miriam.

"And they say," Mrs. Comfit went on, "that he has ten thousand men under him, some horse and some foot, with all sorts of guns and infernal machines, and that he keeps a large iron cage to put *Europeans* in when he takes them prisoner. At the siege of Bunderthunderabad, the other day, he caught a man who had been firing at him from one of the loop holes of the fort, and what do you think he did to him, my dear young ladies? Why, he had him put into a large cannon (or mortar, I think they call it, though I never saw one half so big at the Apothecary's) and fired him off, straight into the air, with a terrific explosion, while the Band played the Dead March in Saul. The next morning the poor fellow was found seated in a tree, with his face and clothes all blackened by the gunpowder,—stone dead, of course!"

"Where have you heard all this?" said Louise. "You quite make one's blood run cold."

"Oh! it's the talk of the whole camp; and now this ferocious Beloochee (as I suppose he is) is coming down to attack us all here; and maybe I'll see that dear young gentleman, Ensign Prettyman, decimated before my very eyes! I don't care for myself. I'm resigned. He may have me trampled under foot by a live elephant if he likes, or blown up by a voltaic battery. My life has become a thorny waste, and I can give it up without a groan. As if boils and musquitoes in the torrid zone was not a sufficient

trial, I'm subjected to all the genuflections of Mrs. Devigne's temper, which is hotter than the climate itself, sometimes. Oh yes! I can die contented. But you, my dear young ladies, how is it possible for me to bear the thought of seeing you torn limb from limb, and all your beautiful dresses worn by a parcel of she-barbarians?"

At this doleful picture, Mrs. Comfit, who had worked herself up into a state of intense emotion, shed some real tears. She then began to talk of Elfwood and Mr. Devigne, and gave utterance to so many earnest wishes that her dear girls were safe again under the paternal roof, that she made Miriam and Louise feel nearly as melancholy as herself.

Mrs. Major Devigne did not breakfast with the family that morning. She had a headache, as was natural enough after a ball; and she felt out of humour,—as was not unnatural, either,—at the preference which the highly eligible Mr. Sternhold had shown to Miriam over her own handsomely arrayed and carefully tutored daughters. As to the danger Dust-i-nuggur was supposed to be in, she thought very little about *that*, for in the course of her Indian career, she had passed through so many periods of alarm and excitement, as to have at length got quite used to them, and she felt confident that notwithstanding all the din and bustle of preparation, not a single hostile native would show himself within a mile of our outposts.

About mid-day, the Major and Captain Granton came in, both of them apparently in very good spirits.

"Well, my dears," said the Major to the young ladies, who were all assembled in the drawing-room, and unbuckling his sword as he spoke, "all alive yet, you see. You haven't been alarmed I hope? There is not a bit of fear. Oldbuffer has no occasion to hurry himself, for we could defend the place perfectly well without his assistance, and indeed I rather wish some of the rascals would show their noses, in order that we might give them a taste of cold steel before his arrival."

"How you make me shudder, papa," said Fanny, who had Byron half asleep on her knees.

"There is Mrs. Comfit has been telling us *such* stories, uncle," observed Louise, "about the leader of the insurgent army, that we really half fancied, at first, we had no chance of seeing to-morrow's sun rise."

"Foolish woman, foolish woman," said the Major. "What do *you* think, Granton? Aren't we pretty well prepared for them? Don't you think they would be mad to dream of approaching our lines?"

"It is my opinion," replied Captain Granton, "that if any of the Lalpugree ragamuffins were to attack us, we should not allow one of them to return to carry home the tidings of their defeat. We soldiers, Miss Miriam, often despise our enemies when it is perhaps imprudent to do so, but in the present case, I really do think the contempt is quite merited. Why, there has not been anything like a fight yet. The rabble have overrun the country to some extent, it is true, and they have even contrived to take a couple of forts; but it is easy to gain victories over unarmed

villagers, and to seize strongholds, the defenders of which run away as soon as they are menaced with attack. I'll be bound that Shel Lak Khan, of whom such shocking stories are told, is a very vulgar sort of bandit, after all. I'd almost match the Rajah of Dust-i-nuggur against him."

"I am not afraid," said Miriam.

"Poor Byron!" cried Fanny, stroking the sleek coat of her favorite; "if they were to blow *you* from the mouth of a cannon, you'd never wag your dear little tail again."

"Is it true that he has three wives?" enquired Betsey.

"Possibly half-a-dozen," said the Major, laughing, "but that doesn't make him a bit more formidable."

"Rather takes from his strength I should think," added Granton, with a smile.

"I wish you gentlemen could utter some words of comfort to poor Mrs. Comfit," said Miriam, for she has been half crazed with apprehension ever since the morning, and declares she feels certain she is to be scalped, and made a *sooty* of (as she calls it)."

"Well, I'm going in to see Mrs. Devigne," said the Major, "and as I come back, I'll say a word to the old lady, and endeavour to pacify her. Don't go away, Granton, but stay and take some tiffin."

The Major went away, and was absent at least an hour, which time his friend employed very agreeably in chattering with the young ladies. When he came back, Mrs. Devigne was hanging on his arm, looking very languid and low-spirited.

"Ah! Captain Granton," she said, "I've such a headache, it must have been the glare of the lamps, I think; for Mrs. Flirter *will* light up her house so unreasonably, in defiance of all taste. Ah me! Put me on the couch, Major; and Betsey, my dear, give me that damask cushion to rest my head against. So we are going to have a war? The Eau-de-Cologne, Fanny. And my cambric handkerchief, please. What an annoying thing war is!"

Chapter XI.

A COUPLE OF FAILURES.

In process of time,—and after the receipt of one or two communications from the Political Agent, which, although termed "refreshers," were anything but refreshing to Oldbuffer's spirit,—the Brigadier contrived to reach Dust-i-nuggur, at the head of a considerable force; and having made such arrangements as his advisers suggested for the protection of the Station, took the field in person against the enemy. Mrs. Comfit lay, as she asseverated, in a "cold bath" for three nights running, listening for the war-whoop of Shel Lak Khan, and his fiendish followers; and upon one memorable occasion, when Byron, having been overfed at bed-time, suffered from a midnight attack of indigestion, and howled dreadfully in the verandah, the worthy woman felt so thoroughly convinced of the near approach of the "insolent foe," that she even went so far as to call up the Major in his sleeping drawers to

repel the expected attack. But the Station escaped unharmed, and Mrs. Comfit was not subjected to the martyrdom she had anticipated. So, after a few days, she grew calmer; and the good folks of Dust-i-nuggur, relying partly upon the aggressive operations of the gallant Brigadier, and partly upon the defensive measures which had been adopted prior to his departure—soon banished the idea of danger, and resumed their wonted cheerfulness and quiety.

The troops had been gone about a week, when the first tidings of importance respecting them reached the Station. It was early in the forenoon, and Captain Granton was taking his breakfast at home, with Ensign Prettyman as his guest. Granton had a small, neat bungalow, very plainly furnished, and exhibiting (as the Major used to tell him) a larger assortment of book-cases than of chairs, and a better supply of pictures than of plates and dishes. One little room, which he used as a kind of study, was perhaps a little untidy—but it was here that he wrote, read, sketched, copied music, and practised on the guitar, as well as took his morning cup of tea, and smoked his evening cheroot, so that there was no wonder that it was sometimes not exactly in apple-pie order. His bed-room was opposite; the central apartment was used as a sort of drawing room; and breakfast was prepared in the verandah. Prettyman's pale face looked more than usually elongated, as he put spoonful after spoonful of rice and fish into his mouth, with the object, apparently, of impressing Granton with the idea that he had a prodigious appetite.

"Now take an egg or two," said the Captain, "I'm glad to see you eat. The Doctors tell us to starve a fever, but such a fever as yours, Prettyman, ought to be fed, not starved. Byron, I think, tells us of an Irish gentleman who died of love through drink, but you never heard of any body dying of it through eating."

"If I thought there was no chance," returned Prettyman, cracking an egg quite ferociously, "I wouldn't either eat or drink for a fortnight. It's just the hope keeps me up, and by Jove! I didn't see the kidneys. Give me a kidney, Granton." And the Ensign pushed away his egg, and stretched out his arm for a plate of stewed kidneys, which his host handed to him.

"I am sorry to throw cold water on your hopes," said Granton, "but it strikes me you will have a very difficult person to deal with in Mrs. Devigne, as proud a woman as the sun ever rose upon, and whose whole hopes and efforts are directed to the one object of getting rich husbands for her daughters. Nothing less than a Civilian of ten years' standing, or a full Colonel, will suit her for Miss Elizabeth, depend on't."

"The Major has always been very kind to me," quoth Prettyman, bolting his last kidney, "and as for Elizabeth herself, why, as I before told you, there's no mistaking the language of her eyes."

"And suppose mama says *no*," Granton replied, "what will be the use of the Major's kindness, and what language will the fine eyes utter?"

"Surely it doesn't rest entirely with Mrs. Devigne."

"Ay, but you'll find it *does*. The Major would no more think of differing with his wife upon a matrimonial matter, than of calling out the Commander-in-Chief; and as for Miss Betsey, what could *she* do, my dear fellow, even supposing—of which you have no evidence—that she liked you ever so much? Could she send a page to tell you to be ready at her lattice with a rope ladder and a coal-black steed; or could she give you a sly hint that there was such a place in existence as Gretna Green? The days of romance are over, and India presents no facilities for elopements."

"I don't care," said the Ensign, recklessly. "I'm determined to know my fate. I haven't been myself for these ten days past. I've lost all inclination for *shikar*, and don't care a button for cheroots; and when a man does that, Granton, you may be sure there's something wrong. No, no! I can't draw back. If she accepts me,—how long soever she may make me wait—I shall be a happy man, gloriously happy! And if she rejects me, I'll be after every tiger in the district, jump every hedge and nullah, volunteer to join Brigadier Oldbuffer, fight sword-in-hand with Shel Lak Khan, kill rebels, seize booty, blow up forts, until at last I die a regular hero, and she——"

"Marries an old fellow of sixty," interrupted Granton, finishing the sentence, "and says to her husband, how shocking, dear: there's Ensign Prettyman killed: such a nice young man!"

"Ah! you may laugh, Granton, but it will be your turn some day."

Prettyman knew not that his friend's "turn" had come already!

"Well, well," said the Captain, "I must not be too hard upon you. You have asked my advice, and I have told you that in my opinion neither the match-making mother nor her daughter (I was going to call her a coquette, but I won't) will give you any encouragement when they understand that you are seriously bent on matrimony; so that your best policy would, I think, be to retire from the field, and avoid the humiliation of a defeat. But you value your chances more highly, and must therefore be permitted to undeceive yourself."

It was in vain that the Ensign pointed to the expectations he had from his relatives at home, and to the fact of his being Interpreter of the Regiment, as furnishing grounds for a more hopeful belief on the part of his friend. Granton shook his head, and said it was of no use. He knew Mrs. Devigne too well to misjudge her upon such an occasion as this. She had set her heart upon Miss Betsey's matrimonial success, and would utterly despise an offer from a Subaltern without money or interest.

So Prettyman rose and went his way, determined immediately to bring matters to a crisis.

"Poor fellow!" said Granton to himself, "he might as well ask the moon to give him the evening star to wife, as solicit Mrs. Devigne for the hand of her younger daughter. Yet, seeing all things *couleur de rose*, as love paints them, he will not be-

lieve but that he has a tolerable chance of attaining his object. The time may come when he will regard the failure now impending over him as a happy escape from danger. There are few illusions which dazzle and mislead us in youth that we carry with us to the grave. I wish I could have spared him the mortification of a rebuff from such a woman as Mrs. Devigne; but it can't be helped; he is young and wilful, and will have his eyes opened rudely, or not at all."

Granton ordered the breakfast things away; took a book, and tried to read; and then got up and paced quickly up and down the verandah.

"If," (thought he) "I were ten years younger, it is more than probable I should go and make a fool of myself like that good-hearted fellow, Prettyman. For Miriam's dark eyes and fascinating tones have made sad havoc with the barriers I had set up in my heart against woman's love. I thought them impregnable; and lo! they are melting away like the mist of the morning. A youth with my feelings would rush to throw himself at her feet, and pour forth to her the burning language of love and admiration. I thank Heaven for the prudence that restrains me; for with my difficulties and privations, it would be a positive injustice to beauty and worth to offer her my hand: and if passion impelled me to commit such a wrong, my pride (which I fear is as great as my poverty) would scarcely bear the shock of a refusal which experience tells me would be inevitable. She is a beautiful girl, and never have I seen one more suited to make a man happy. But truce to these thoughts. She is not for me."

Granton resumed his book,—turning over the pages mechanically, and thinking more of Miriam Devigne than of the heroine of the story, though the latter was represented as virtuous beyond compare, and beautiful exceedingly. While thus engaged, the noise of hoofs was heard, and a horseman galloped into the compound, and dismounted in a great hurry.

"Is that you, Major?" said Granton: "why, what's the matter?"

Major Devigne came in, took off his cap, and wiped his forehead, upon which the drops of perspiration stood thick. "There's the devil to pay, Granton," replied he. "That blockhead Oldbuffer has made a mess of the business he was sent upon. He has invested a fort—found himself unable to take it,—and sent here, post haste, for reinforcements. The enemy have made a sally, and not only cut up a party of sepoys, but got possession of a lot of cattle, which will enable them to hold out for a month. From what I can hear, he has been bungling most terribly. Sternhold's visage darkened like a thunderstorm when he read his despatch. They say that if he had acted promptly from the beginning, he might have captured the fort and razed it to the ground before the enemy got near it."

"A strong place, I suppose?" asked Granton.

"Oh! there's no telling. To hear Oldbuffer's account, you'd think he'd fallen in with a sort of Gibraltar in the desert. But

what can he know about such things?"

"And what are we to do, Major?"

"Oh! more guns are to be sent for immediately, but as the Brigadier says he hasn't troops enough, you'll have to march to his relief with the left wing of the ——th at daybreak to-morrow."

"Well, I'm glad of that at any rate. Is any body else to go?"

"Yes," answered the Major; "Oldbuffer thinks he wants cavalry to cut off the enemy in their retreat, in case they should try to escape when he has dislodged them, instead of giving themselves up peaceably. So Canter is to take a squadron of his Irregulars."

"I think you said we march at daybreak?"

"Yes."

"Good, Major; I'll be ready before."

Devigne shook Granton's hand cordially, mounted his horse, and galloped off again. It was surprising how animated and active he was when occasion arose for the display of professional energy. Only in his own house he seemed content to dream away existence, surrendering power for the sake of peace, and deeming avoidance of trouble almost synonymous with happiness.

The prospect of seeing a little active service made Granton's heart, too, leap high. He caught up the volume he had been reading, and threw it into his study—called out loudly for his horse, snatched his cap and riding whip, and sallied forth into the compound to hasten the movements of his *ghorawalla*, who could not saddle the noble animal under his charge fast enough for his impatient master. Then he vaulted into the saddle, pressed his heels to his horse's sides, and went off at a slapping pace to the regimental lines.

While he is issuing orders and making preparations, we must follow for a while the fortunes of Ensign Prettyman, who, having gone home and dressed very carefully, took his card-case and his last pair of white kid gloves, and bent his steps towards Mrs. Devigne's, with a resolute, uncompromising sort of air, regardless of the presence, or existence even, of his favorite dog, who followed him, and looked up into his face every now and then, as if wondering what dismal change had had come over his spirit. It was a singular chance,—but when he entered the drawing-room (having sent in his card in due form) he found the very persons there whom he wished to see, namely, Mrs. Major Devigne and his adored Elizabeth. His heart beat faster at once, but he made a gigantic effort to remain calm and unmoved. Mrs. Devigne was seated in an easy chair, with some *crochet* work in her hand, and looking proud and queenly as usual. Miss Betsey had evidently been reading to her mama, for she put down a book as he entered. Oh! what an arch smile she gave him, and what a glance from her bewildering eyes!

"Sit down, Mr. Prettyman," said Mrs. Devigne, motioning him to a chair in her customary stately way. "Oh! dear me, how tiresome. You've brought Toby in with you, and you know, if he sees Byron, we shall have *such* a

disturbance. Go out with you, Toby!"

Prettyman was taken by surprise: he had not thought at all of Toby, and would rather have cut off his ears, than have brought him to worry Byron at this conjuncture. So he called, and whistled, and scolded, and laid about him with the Major's riding-whip (which he found outside) until at last poor Toby ran away home, with his tail between his legs, in a state of distressing discomfiture. Then the Ensign resumed his seat very much heated; and Miss Betsey laughed outright, which did not at all contribute to re-assure him.

"We were reading such a beautiful book when you came in," said Elizabeth. "It is a translation from the French of Alexandre Dumas, and contains the history of two lovers—a medical student, and a young *Comtesse*—who, not being allowed to marry, agree to die together, and to suffocate themselves with the fumes of charcoal. But by some mistake or other, the door has not been properly fastened, and a servant comes in, and finds the gentleman dead, and the lady still alive. You may imagine the feelings of the latter when restored to consciousness. She gives up all her wealth, and becomes a Sister of Charity. Isn't it a charming book, dear mama?"

"Full of sentiment, my dear, as all Dumas's works are," replied Mrs. Devigne. "Do you like his writings, Mr. Prettyman?"

Prettyman had never read a word of them; but he had got half through the Mysteries of Paris, and fancying that one French book must be very much like another, he took a bold course, and replied:

"Oh! very much—they are first-rate, and the sentiment, as you say, is particularly fine. I am very fond of French novels."

"If one reads Dickens or Thackeray," said Mrs. Devigne, "one is sure to be reminded of persons and things which we see around us—mere vulgar, every-day matters—but the modern French writers are far more elevated in their ideas; they give us real fiction, and not a coarse copy of common life; they are the genuine professors of high art."

Prettyman assented. If Mrs. Devigne had alleged that the moon was made of green cheese, or the sea of melted butter, he would have acquiesced in the assertion at once.

"The French novelists are not restrained like the English," (Mrs. Devigne continued) "by the trammels of a so-called propriety, which is constantly asking itself what the world will think if a hero be made to say so-and-so, or a heroine to do such-a-thing. The course of genius is followed, even though error be the goal, and passion lead the way. An English writer now-a-days is always thinking of principles and rules, and his productions consequently have an artificial, conventional stamp about them: they look like coins that have been through a dozen different processes, instead of pure metal poured fresh from the mould. Give me natural feeling eloquently expressed: I ask no more."

Prettyman thought he could not take a better opportunity than the present of disclosing the object of his visit. Surely Granton must have done sad injustice

to this admirable woman; for he had never heard more liberal sentiments expressed by any lady, and no doubt her daughter was equally free from worldly prejudices. Therefore he spoke at once.

He had come, he said, to confer with Mrs. Devigne on rather a delicate subject. He was resolved she should know the state of his feelings, which he could no longer restrain. He wouldn't beat about the bush, but would confess at once that he was in love, and wished to be allowed to pay his addresses to Miss Elizabeth. Might he be permitted?

Having thus delivered himself, he sat gazing anxiously, first at the mother, and then at the daughter, watching for the effect of the great disclosure he had made. Betsey's eyes were on the carpet; her mother's were on her *crochet* work. After a moment's pause, Mrs. Devigne looked up, and said in a cutting, and painfully distinct, manner—

"I have never yet been so affronted in my own house, Mr. Prettyman. Really in my state of health it is too much for me. What a return to make for our hospitality and kindness to you! The Major is far too liberal in his attentions and invitations to young men of the *corps*; and this, I'm sure, is a proof of it. To think of your aspiring to *my* daughter! What will happen next? Betsey, my dear, run into my room, and get my smelling-bottle. It is in the right-hand drawer of my dressing-table." And Mrs. Devigne threw herself back in her chair, and looked at poor Prettyman as though his further presence there, after so daringly impudent an avowal, would be an offence to her.

Betsey ran off to get her mama's smelling-bottle, and as she closed the door after her, turned her head, and gave the Ensign a parting glance, half triumph, half commiseration.

Prettyman saw it was of no use saying more, or staying longer. He therefore stammered forth an apology for his temerity in venturing to speak to Mrs. Devigne on such a theme; and making a low bow, which was very coldly received, he quitted the apartment, with the painful consciousness in his mind of having committed a huge mistake, which it would be utterly impossible to repair.

As he reached his humble quarters, poor Toby, whom he had beaten out of the fine lady's house, came hesitatingly up to him, with a piteous look, and wagging his tail, as though deprecatory of further chastisement.

"'Pon my soul, Toby!" said he, patting the dog's head, "she hasn't treated me much better than I treated *you*."

Chapter XII.

RESULTS.

To have a proposal of marriage is a great event in the history of maiden life: to refuse one, is perhaps a greater event still. Miss Betsey, following the example of her sagacious mother, had regarded Ensign Prettyman (from a matrimonial point of

view) with a feeling of positive contempt; and though she had practised upon him, in the very wantonness of power, the arts of pleasing which she found that she possessed, the idea had not entered her head that her coquetry might be mistaken, and lead to so serious a result as an actual offer. We must do her the justice to say that the first emotion which rose in her breast when poor Prettyman made his unsuccessful avowal, was one of pity for the unfortunate young gentleman, mingled with a little transient regret that she should have given him, with her eyes, and sometimes also with her tongue, a degree of encouragement that could scarcely fail, sooner or later, to induce such an issue. Premature worldliness had not yet extinguished all the feelings of the child. But she soon recovered herself. Vanity whispered that it was her own charms and accomplishments that were to blame, and that if she gave way to sorrow upon every such occasion, she might find beauty and grace rather doubtful sources of happiness in this world below. Pride said, too, that the conquest even of an unlucky Ensign was something of a triumph for a young girl like her. So she ran into the little sitting room where her sister and cousins were, with the light of exultation in her eyes, determined to reveal the interesting news at once, and enjoy the victory she had achieved.

"Oh! Fanny," she said, "I've had an offer! Only think! Now guess who it was, and what answer we gave!"

"I saw Mr. Prettyman come in," replied Fanny. "Has he really proposed?"

"Oh! yes," cried Elizabeth, laughing. "He asked mama to allow him to pay his addresses to me, and you never saw such a long face as he put on, and how awfully pale he got. He didn't stammer, as I've heard gentlemen sometimes do under such circumstances, but spoke with a kind of cold-blooded desperation that put me in mind of Othello just before he murders his wife. Really, Miriam, I quite felt for him; yet he looked so comical, I could hardly help laughing."

"And what did mama say?" enquired Fanny.

"Oh! mama was very calm. Some mothers, I have no doubt, would have got in a passion at such presumption; but she merely said a few cruel things in her ordinary tone, and then sent me off for her smelling-bottle, and when I returned, my lover was gone!"

"It must have been soon over," remarked Fanny.

"Didn't last five minutes," said Betsey. "I was taken altogether by surprise; for you know I never thought Mr. Prettyman was serious in his attentions to *me*. I rather supposed he was courting Miss Meek."

Prettyman might have been courting Mrs. Devigne's picture, or the Brussels carpet in the drawing room, for aught of positive love-making there had ever been in any of his sayings or doings; but here Miss Betsey nevertheless told a fib, for she had observed many times the Ensign's apparent liking for her, and had been frequently guilty of encouraging him with a significant smile or a furtive glance of her expressive eyes.

"I am very sorry for what has happened," said Louise; "he seemed a good-hearted young man, though rather singular in always talking about hunting and shooting. It is a pity Aunt scolded him for thinking of you. He did no wrong, that I can see."

"Why, cousin Louise," exclaimed Betsey, tossing her head, "you must admit it was a *little* presumptuous in this young man, who has only been out two years, and can hardly support himself decently upon his pay, wishing to marry the daughter of a Major in the Army. If I were a plain girl, or had an indifferent education, it might alter the case. But I flatter myself I shall not have to put up with an *Ensign*. I am looking a little higher." And Miss Elizabeth paced proudly up and down, and gave a glance now and then at a little mirror hanging against the wall, as much as to say: "Throw *me* away upon an Ensign, indeed: I should like to see them attempt it."

"Don't be angry," said Louise, "I only thought, seeing how pleased you appeared at your conquest, that it was hardly right in your mama to have treated his pretensions so harshly and haughtily. If I were you, I should say nothing more about the matter. Don't let people know that you have been subjected to the affront of having to refuse the hand of the poor young officer."

"Oh! you quite misunderstand the thing, my dear," replied Betsey. "Of course I couldn't be expected to marry him, yet what possible harm can arise from people knowing that he wanted to have me? Do you think it will at all injure *me*, when the folks at the Station hear that he wished to be received as a suitor, and was rejected with disdain, without our even consulting papa? In my opinion, we shall be thought all the better of."

Louise did not pursue the argument further. Miss Betsey therefore took her sister's hand, and led her away, saying, "Come, Fanny, you and I will talk the matter over by ourselves, for it is evident Louise does not understand such affairs."

"Oh! what a country this is!" cried Louise to Miriam, as the two young girls left the room. "Betsey is completely spoilt, although so young. I am afraid she has not a particle of feeling."

"It is rather her mother's fault than that of the country," said Miriam. "Mrs. Devigne would spoil an angel. I feel very unhappy, and would give worlds to be back again at dear Elfwood. Ever since Mr. Sternhold noticed me at the ball, Louise, Aunt has been so cross and unkind that I could almost cry with vexation. Why should this be? It is not my fault that this gentleman pays me more attention than he does to Betsey or Fanny; and if I could transfer to either of our cousins the favor with which he apparently regards me, I would willingly do so, for the sake of kind words, bright looks, and a happy home."

"Aunt wishes all the world to be at her feet," observed Louise, with a smile, "and when she has it thus before her where to choose she would like to take an Emperor for Betsey and a Prince for Fanny, and *then* turn it over to us, to make *our* selection!"

"You are happy, Louise," returned Miriam, "in being able to laugh at Mrs. Devigne's ambitious ideas. But it is very painful to me, to find her taking vengeance upon us, as she so often does, for the want of success of her own daughters. If they could be Empresses or Princesses to-morrow, I'm sure I wouldn't envy them. There would be some excuse for Aunt if Mr. Sternhold had ever had any thought of Betsey or Fanny; but you know she told us herself, when we first met him, that he only regarded them as mere children."

"And I think Mr. Sternhold was perfectly right, dear Miriam," said Louise, running up to her sister, and kissing away the tears which she saw stealing down her cheeks. "Fanny ought to be in the nursery, and Elizabeth (though she has more of the woman about her) ought to be in a boarding-school. They have no right to husbands, being both 'ower young to marry yet,' as the song says; and I declare that if any handsome young Prince, or noble gallant Knight, were to come here to-morrow to woo, I should take a malicious pleasure in setting my cap at him, and winning him triumphantly, to the horror and dismay of my doll-cousins and my match-making Aunt."

"I will not submit any longer to Mrs. Devigne's unkindness," said Miriam. "If she treats me again as she has done recently, I will tell her in firm, though respectful, language, what I think of such conduct. Should she receive my remonstrances angrily, I will appeal to my uncle. He has always been good and kind, and although he exercises but little influence over his wife, he may be induced to interfere with her on our behalf, which may do *some* good. Our being made miserable makes no one happy, I'm sure."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Meek. She was evidently full of news.

"Of course you've heard all about Mr. Prettyman," she said, seating herself. "Such a shame, wasn't it? Poor young man! I do pity him from the bottom of my soul, that I do. I've known for a long time what has been going on; and more than once I've endeavored to give him a hint of the hopelessness of his cause, but without avail, for he never seemed to understand the drift of my remarks. If Miss Elizabeth had cared at all about field sports, perhaps she might have fallen in love too, for he was always talking on such subjects, but I never observed any such masculine tastes in her, and when he touched on his favorite themes, she scarcely so much as listened to him."

"He will soon get over it," suggested Louise, "and it will be better for him in the long run."

"Oh! he'll be sure to do something desperate," continued the Governess, "for of all the young men I ever knew, he is, except *one*, the most impetuous. Do you know that the Major has just come in, with news that the troops which went away the other day have met with a check from the enemy, and that reinforcements are to be sent off to Brigadier Oldbuffer without delay? And do you know that Captain Granton and Ensign Prettyman are both going? Now the Captain

has been in action before, and will know how to take care of himself, but I shall be surprised if Mr. Prettyman, with *his* feelings, does not rush into the very thick of the fight, and sacrifice himself in the bloom of youth, partly for love and partly for his country. As Byron says, he'll

" ——— look around,
And choose his ground,
And take his rest!"

"You fancy that every body must die of love," said Louise, who had turned a little pale at the last piece of intelligence. "But is it true that Captain Granton is going?"

"Yes, he takes command of the wing. Major Devigne says he never saw him in such high spirits at the prospect of fighting."

"It is always the case with military men," remarked Miriam. "What fills their friends and relatives with apprehension and dismay, inspires them with the most joyful anticipations. In olden times women shared the enthusiasm of the heroes whom they sent forth to battle; but now-a-days, I'm afraid that they only go to their chambers and weep, lest the star of glory, too rashly followed, should shine redly on the corse of the beloved one."

"Oh! don't talk so," cried Louise; "you quite make my blood run cold. When do the troops march, Miss Meek?"

"I think the Major said to-morrow morning, at gun-fire," answered the Governess.

While the girls were conversing in the way we have related, the discomfited Ensign, having reached home, and doffed his uniform, turned his steps again to the residence of his friend Granton, with the view of acquainting him with the result of his visit to the Major's. Captain Granton had returned; but was not alone. The exciting news of the morning had drawn together several Officers; and Prettyman saw, on entering, Canter, Lovelong, Slapdash, and Leechley, together with some others, whom we have not yet introduced to the reader. He was met, however, on the threshold by his friend, who said in a low tone:

"Ah! I see how it is. Don't say a word. She has *juwaubed* you, the little vixen. It is exactly what I expected; and if you are wise, you'll think no more about her, but devote yourself to a nobler object. Oldbuffer has found his adversary too strong for him, and has sent for reinforcements, so we are off to-morrow morning. May Mars show you more favor than Venus, my boy!"

A sudden gleam of delight shot across the youth's features. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it's just what I have been wishing for; and if I don't now show them that there's something in me, my name's not Prettyman! Don't we start before to-morrow? I could be off at once. How I long to be at the rascals. I feel as if I could tackle a dozen of them single-handed!"

"Gentlemen," said Granton, laughingly, as he caught Prettyman's arm, and pulled him into the room. "Here's our young friend won't wait till the morning, but wants to make a dash at the enemy to-night. When he does get at them, I'll be bound he'll show them no quarter:

There stood a young man—his hairs were brown,
And scarce on his lip was a trace of down;
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semi-circle lay."

"I've heard those lines before," said Lieut. Lovelong, with a languid smile, "so don't be attempting to impose on us, Granton. They're in the *Siege of Corinth;* and moreover, you've misquoted them."

"So I intended," cried Granton, gaily; "anybody with a good memory may quote correctly, but it requires a genius like myself to perpetrate a decent blunder. What do *you* think, Canter?"

"Think!" exclaimed the gallant officer addressed,—as though thinking was out of his line entirely—"Why, 'pon my word, I find the duties of my profession quite enough to occupy my time, without reading books of poetry. I shouldn't mind having a look at the official despatches regarding the Siege of Corinth, but to read a poem about it would be a great bore."

"I quite agree with Canter," said Slapdash, with a knowing wink, "and when we come back, after polishing off the Lalpugree blackguards, I'll look up the despatches about the Siege of Troy, which are infinitely more interesting, and lend them to him to read."

A general laugh followed this sally, which made Canter stare, as he could not for the life of him see any cause for merriment.

"And how is the peerless Elizabeth?" asked Slapdash, turning upon Prettyman the current of his raillery. "Hast thou seen her lately? and looks she still with an eye of favour upon her faithful Knight? I'll lay ten to one, gentlemen, he has got a *gage d'amour* from her to keep up his spirits during the campaign, and that he has hid it in the breast-pocket of his shooting jacket!"

"Come, Slapdash," said Granton, "I can't allow banter upon serious topics. You'll be stricken by the boy-god yourself some day."

"*He* stricken!" exclaimed Lovelong. "I should pity the lady of his choice! He'd go courting in mufti, with a cheroot in his mouth, and commence by whipping out his snuff-box, and asking her to take a pinch of snuff."

"That would be original at any rate," remarked Canter. "I should think courtship according to the ordinary mode must be damned fatiguing."

"It doesn't last long in India, that's one comfort," said Lovelong, smoothing his delicate moustache with the forefinger of his right hand.

"Well, now," returned Canter, "taking your own case as an example, I should say it was an awfully tedious business, and not an overpleasant one either."

"Quite agree with you, Canter," cried Slapdash; "he never makes any progress. He never goes a-head. A regular slow coach! If I were in his place, I'd soon bring the affair to an end."

"Now, really," said Lovelong, "this is a great deal too bad. See how every body misrepresents me! A man must do something to kill the time in India; and if he engages in a little innocent flirtation, egad! he's set down as carrying on a regular three-volume courtship. Now I don't think anything serious ought ever to

be suspected until a fellow takes to making presents. Love me, love my dog—or love my dog, love me! Which is it, Canter?"

"Eh?" replied the Cavalry Officer, with a vacant look, "'pon my honour I don't understand you."

"Talking of courting," observed Slapdash, "it's reported that Mr. Sternhold is going to marry Miriam Devigne. They say it's a *case*, and no mistake!"

Granton was quite unprepared for this announcement, made, as it was, in a careless, off-hand way; and he felt a sudden thrill pass through him as the thoughtless young fellow spoke.

"What a capital match for her!" exclaimed several voices at once.

"As far as worldly matters go," said Lovelong, who was always making efforts to be sentimental. "But there's a disparity in years, you know, which is generally fatal to the growth of real affection. And besides, there is nothing genial about Mr. Sternhold. He is a cold, passionless man, who never had an excitement or a sensation, and who acts just like a piece of machinery—by rule, and not by impulse. A young girl like Miss Devigne, with all her warm English feelings fresh within her, will either burst from the trammels to which such an alliance must subject her, or else yield to the influence of her lord and master, and be moulded in time into something very like himself."

"What a sermon!" cried Canter. "What can you know about it?"

"Come, gentlemen," said Granton, to whom this was becoming intolerable, "we bachelors have no right to be discussing these matters. You must all stay and tiff with me to-day; and we'll leave our fair friends alone, and chat over the prospects of to-morrow's expedition. Come along in. Nay, Prettyman, I'll take no excuse."

"How I wish to-morrow was come!" sighed the poor Ensign, as he followed the rest of the party into the next apartment.

(To be Continued.)

LETTERS ON INDIA—NO. II.

From QUENTIN DEVERIL, ESQ., C. S., *Agra, to* MAXWELL PHIPPS, ESQ., *Portland Place, London.*

MY DEAR PHIPPS,—In my last letter to you, I remember having alluded to the comparison between the rule of the Mohamedans and of the English. It is said that the latter have thrown all the burthen on the land, that they carry the money away from the country, and spend nothing in public works. In regard to the last of these three charges, we know that the Board of Control gives the Court of Directors no option, as it throws away all their money on wars. This, though a reproach to the Government, only attaches to the proper quarter, and cannot permanently affect the fair fame of the Court. Moreover much of the money drained from this country goes to paying interest to Proprietors guaranteed by the Imperial Government out of the territorial revenues of this country. The rest is *circulated*, which it never was under the Padshahs, and in the revolutions of commerce, returns to India under other forms.

The revenue, it is true, is to a great extent derived from the land; as will be seen from the subjoined table :—

GENERAL STATEMENT OF REVENUE FOR 1849-50.

Net Land Revenue.	*Salt.*	*Customs.*	*Opium.*	*Post Office.*	*Total* not *from Land.*
12,60,02,623	2,70,37,516	81,60,747	3,35,86,884	2,13,000	6,89,98,147

But when it is borne in mind that, from time immemorial, the Government in this, as in other Asiatic countries, has been considered the original owner of the land, and justified in demanding from its occupiers, any amount of rent it pleases, it will be seen that in this country, there is scarcely any taxation at all, in the strict sense of the word. And of the excise, how large a portion is not paid by the opium-loving celestials? But if we look a little further, we shall find that the Mussulman rulers not only taxed many interests besides the land, but burthened the land itself with incalculably greater severity than does the present Government.

The two great revenue reformers of those days, more famous for their research and their moderation,* were Shere Shah, the Afghan, and Akber the Great. Of these the first assessed the land at *one half*, the other at *one-third the gross produce.*

Under us, the Court of Directors have officially recorded that the maximum assessment is never to exceed *two-thirds* of the *nett*

rent, the amount left after deducting cultivator's profits, the price of stock, and all other expenses of the cultivation, this is probably about *one-fifth of the gross yield of the land.

To exemplify the difference by a familiar, though purely imaginary instance, let us suppose a small field to produce three Rupees *(gross.)* Two of these would be absorbed in the charges above mentioned, and one remain as *nett rent*. Of this the Government takes about *ten annas*, leaving the other *six annas* to the Zemindar, where there is one; where the village belongs to the cultivators, this likewise goes to them.

Akber would have had one rupee. Now suppose an estate belonging to a cultivating brotherhood, with no zemindar or middle-man of any sort, and whose gross produce was three hundred rupees. Of this two hundred and thirty-nine rupees twelve annas would go to the village, and but sixty rupees four annas to Government. Shere Shah would have left the village one hundred and fifty, and Akber two hundred rupees.

This is the kind of tenure the Government of the N. W. P. has taken such pains to preserve wherever practicable, and the large balance left the proprietary community is almost entirely their own. If they abstain from customable and exciseable articles, they may cry quits with the Sirkar. Now how was it under the Moguls? Supposing no oppression to have taken place, and no more than the due revenue exacted, and no Talookdar to have stepped in for the lion's share of the balance, there still remained a number of licensed exactions, nuzzers, &c., included in the term Hubboobat, from which the people were never safe.

Let the *laudatores temporis acti* make the comparison now. And in doing so, let them also remember that it is not true that the money remained in this country for any good it did, for it was always locked up in zenana ornaments, and peacock thrones. *There was no free-circulation.* Still less true is it that the natives were extensively employed in high and lucrative official posts. The Mussulmans of that day had no moral mission, no new ideas to introduce; excepting in religion, the Hindoos were more civilized than they: it would have been Romans teaching Greeks; and religion, when they could not propagate it by the sword, they mostly left alone. Moreover they were idle, dissolute, and highly contemptuous towards the vanquished Kafirs. So there were many reasons why a wise and benevolent ruler should have passed them over, and given the more responsible employments to the native gentry. What was the fact? Under the free-thinking and eclectic Akber there were upwards of four hundred chief "pillars of the state," of the names of these Munsubdars a list has been preserved. Three hundred-and-seventy are Mussul-

* I see the *Friend of India* states that the annual revenue of British India is far greater than under the Mogul Emperors. Of course it only follows that the prosperity of the country must be highly enhanced: a small percentage yielding a large amount, entails, of course, a large principal.

The revenue system was well organized and lucrative in the days I am speaking of. It is still more so now. I am sorry to observe that *no Government* in this country has paid the same attention to the police or the administration of justice, criminal or civil. What a mistake! Who can say how much the mere productiveness of the country, as a financial speculation has not been retarded by the insecurity of life and property which,* as a necessary consequence, has followed this neglect? The material is good enough, both native and European: on this point the evidence in the Blue Books of last session leaves not a doubt, and they seem to be still further corroborated by what has been given this year. But the organization I think from first to last, such as might easily be improved.

For instance take Twemlow Twaddles our Judge. Him we used to call Turnip Top, you recollect. At Haileybury he was by no means idle, obtained indeed unqualified distinction there. Now there are many good things about Haileybury. To enter it a young man must possess an amount of general information quite equivalent to that required for a "pass" or degree of B. A. at the University. Entered, the student finds the *curriculum* sufficiently interesting. Nothing directly professional is introduced, but various subjects carefully calculated to give his mind a general training for office in India. And a theoretical acquaintance with the Oriental languages is insisted upon, which gives the greatest facility to an intelligent young man in learning the vernaculars as spoken by the better classes in this country. All this is very good, and if there were more influence of public opinion on the institution, if its discipline could be more strictly enforced, and if the professors and the resident county-families would take more pains to make the young men look to high sources of social happiness, and less to the lower resorts of reckless excommunicated dissipation, there would, in my opinion, be some doubt as to the propriety of shutting up the College.

T. T. like a good boy, applied himself greatly to law and political economy at Haileybury; and in so doing acted with much superfluity and folly. The more he learned of English law, the more he had to unlearn in India; and the political economy of England, when pushed beyond the very sensibly chosen limits of the resident Professor, was utterly inapplicable to this country. Strange to say, even to this moment, there is no period in the training of the embryo Indian statesmen where he can learn the vernacular tongue, or the regulations fiscal and judicial of the land in which he is to labour.

T. T. passed through the grades of Assistant, Joint Magistrate, and Deputy Collector in utter despair. He began worse than ignorant, and too old to unlearn or to learn. He got into bad habits, and was at length, in sheer compassion, and perhaps, with a lingering belief in his legal attainments, made a Judge. He was the person selected by Government to hold sessions and jail-deliveries, and to receive appeals in civil cases, for two dis-

tricts. Of his inadequacy in the latter department, it would be painful to speak. Never having seen a civil court or read a civil statute, confused with reminiscences of English principles and practice, he speedily became one of those timid technical temporizers under whom our system of civil justice has begun "to stinke in the publick his nostrylle," as an old writer quaintly expresses himself. The result of which is this, that the public will have none of it, and decide most of their disputes by club-law. Much more speedy and economical way of getting deliverance this; though not perhaps altogether so agreeable to the Magistrate, or so creditable to the character of the Government. Hence the various tentative enactments which resulted for the present in Act IV. of 1840, one of the most illogical provisions on any conceivable Statute-Book, making the Magistrate's Courts mere chapels-of-ease to the Civil tribunals, and introducing non-conformity of practice that would delight the censorious soul of that otherwise excellent fellow Mr. Jack Norton.*

Talking of Act IV. and Twemlow Twaddles, the learned Judge got into a "regular flustration" a short time ago, the particulars of which have now to a certain extent become public.

In the neighbouring Joint Magistracy of Jatpore, there was a cultivator named Poorun, who had come in search of employment, originally from a native state. Gradually looking about him in the British territories, he found the Sirkar much less direct and straightforward in the exercise of authority than it had been in Zalimabad, his original home. Being an ingenious fellow, he managed by degrees to get a smattering of our system, and soon became a standing bore in the Courts. A sort of Indian Peter Peebles, with hands constantly joined, and a never-failing "representation" inside and out of the Court; this fellow with the red *pugree* served as the "*homme rouge*" of official meditations.

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* Regulations XLIX. of 1793, XIV. of '95, and XXXII. of 1803 give the power to the Civil Judge, the latter adding some vague directions to the Police about the necessity of keeping the peace; next came VI. of '13, providing very properly for arbitration in such matters. The procedure here inculcated upon the Civil Court is the germ of that imposed on the Magistrate by the existing law. Reg. XV. of 1824 transferred those duties and powers to the Magistrate, specifying the source of anticipation of breach of the peace, and very properly barring all appeal except on the question of the Act being irrelevant to the cause at issue. A point surely of special importance, the indefinite series of appeals under the present Act going far to neutralize the virtues of a summary jurisdiction.

Act IV. of 1840 consists of two grand divisions, which appear to be as independent of each other as if they were two distinct laws. First, if the Magistrate is certified (from the threatening demeanour, I presume, of the suitor, a whisper from the Serishtadar, or other source not open to suspicion) that an affray is to be apprehended on account of disputed possession in land or certain other properties enumerated, he is to record the grounds of such belief, and call on the parties to establish their claims to possession, re-instating the one who is proved to have been in possession at the time of dispute. Failing proof of possession he is to attach the land till a legal decision shall be obtained.

The second division provides that the Magistrate, on receiving a complaint from a person that he has been, without authority of law, forcibly dispossessed, shall, if after due enquiry the complainant's case appears to him to be substantiated, reinstate him in the possession of the subject of dispute.

One day in June last year, this worthy agriculturist claimed a piece of land which he said had been in his cultivation for some years, but in which his constant habit of dangling about the Courts cannot have left him very much time for husbandry. However the canal was to come through the village, land rose in value, and Mr. Poorun resolved to have the field. So he went to the Thanadar, and induced him to forward to the Huzzoor a report that there was apprehension of "a breach of the peace of a very serious nature impending between Poorun and Lutchmun, residents of the village, the latter having attempted to dispossess the former from a field, as he was commencing the cultivation for the ensuing autumn crop. That matters were kept quiet at present by the old salt eater, ('meaning himself,') but that from enquiries instituted in the neighbourhood *and elsewhere!* he felt convinced that a serious affray might be anticipated, unless the Nowsheervan of the age, &c."

Tom Lynch (whom you may remember the fast Assistant at—) is the Nowsheervan of the little district under the style and title of independent Joint Magistrate—a very good way, by the bye, of getting work done at half price. Immediately on receipt of the Thanadar's report, he sent him a precept, merely remarking, that as there had not been any breach of the peace in the heat of blood created by the actual dispute, it did not seem likely that one would occur now; and that he (the Thanadar) must hold himself responsible for the preservation of good order.

Lynch, I may mention, is no longer *fast* in his private life: but the energy of his character is transferred to his official conduct. A first rate rider, and splendid shot, with a constitution one cannot but envy, he spends his time out-of-doors, and is omnipresent in the district even in the hottest weather. Consequently he has but little leisure to devote to the theoretical study of his profession, and though he promises to be unrivalled as a thief-catcher, and already keeps his district in a state of quietude, which is the despair of many more experienced Magistrates; yet there often occur in his proceedings those little technical irregularities which afford great scandal to many a perfunctory old Polonius. So it proved in this case with him and T. T. as you shall hear anon.

Poorun, checked by the Magistrate in his first move, now tried another: his object being if he could not at once recover the land, at any rate to worry his antagonist, in the hope of advantage if possible; if not, for pure revenge. You who know the people, will acquit me of any want of charity in this imputation. *In forma pauperis* (an indulgence which is much valued by men of his stamp, or want of stamp,) Mr. Poorun brought a suit against Lutchmun for forcible dispossession under Section 4 of the Act we were speaking of. Lynch summoned the other party, a great point here accrued to the plaintiff who saw his rival's cultivation interrupted, heard their respective cases, and decided as follows. First, that it was very doubtful whether the land had been in the plaintiff's possession; second, that if it had been so, no

forcible dispossession had taken place. And he threw out the case, as not coming under the division of the Act which requires the reinstatement of a person *forcibly* dispossessed. He must take his case before the Civil Court or the Collector as he thought fit. For reasons of his own, he, Poorun, did *not* think fit to do either; and, making another effort to get an order against his adversary, declared that he would not submit to the defendant's violence, and demanding to have his case heard under Section 2 of the Act, swore point-blank that he had *not* been dispossessed, and had only complained that he expected to be so, and that the Moonshee who took his deposition had falsified his statement to pleasure the defendant. To this Lynch merely responded by binding him over in smart recognizances to keep the peace.

Now all this fuss, this useless consumption of the time and attention of Magistrate, Police, Clerks and Witnesses, was rendered necessary merely because the plaintiff could not go at once, and get his *right* to the land summarily disposed of in a Civil Court, tempted by the prospect of rapidly and cheaply obtaining possession from the Magistrate. And had Lynch been a worn-out, dyspeptic, timid old Magistrate, he would probably, when he got the Thanadar's Report, have taken up the case under Sections 2 and 3, the first limb of the Act, providing for apprehended breach of the peace, in cases of disputed possession—or he would have proceeded under Section 4—the division referring to actual dispossession on the shewing of the plaintiff; or he might even (such things are said to have occurred) have permitted the litigious rascal to transfer his plaint from one Section to the other in his anxiety to keep the peace, instead of boldly and logically assuming, as he did, that a man who had come into Court, was not likely to commit violence.

For mark the sequel. T. T. was appealed to by the indefatigable litigant. His decision was to the effect that the defendant's possession not being proved any more than that of the plaintiff, Lynch should have taken up the case under Sections 2 and 3, as desired by the plaintiff. At this opinion Lynch snorted and (I fear) swore, and when the case came back to him to be tried again *de novo*, made such open profession of his contempt for the Judge's opinion, and his intention to pass the same order again, that T. T. in trembling anxiety, and nervous dread of responsibility, resolved to take the opinion of the Suddur. From which august tribunal, he, in due time, received the following deliverance. That, when the plaintiff had brought his suit for forcible dispossession under Section 4, and failed to prove his case, it was *not competent* for the Magistrate to take it up under Section 2.

"If," said their worships, "if plaintiff could not prove his previous possession, his claim to be reinstated under Section 4 should have been dismissed; the land could only be attached under Section 3, after proceeding in the manner described in Section 2. The case instituted under Section 2, would be quite distinct."

Twaddles was "sold;" and the defendant, (whose possession seemed so doubtful to the wor-

thy judge,) shortly appeared as registered cultivator, with a regular lease from the Zemindar. So Mr. Poorun was sold too. But it is time to cease boring you with Act IV. I think I have said enough to show that if we had proper Civil Tribunals, we might have gone on as was originally intended, instead of harrassing the Magistrate with a mass of business of a character foreign to the rest of his work. A native comprehends little of the difference between "right" and "possession;" and the turn taken by the enquiries is much the same when directed to the latter question that would have sufficed to elicit an answer to the former; a cultivator dispossessed by the Magistrate in seed-time is not likely to undertake, when deprived of his resources, the expensive suit he shrank from before; and finally, the right of appeal removes that summary character which is the only shew of merit the Act might have still preserved.

But these same Civil Courts: how shall they be made such cheap and speedy resorts as to authorize the re-transfer to them of their most legitimate functions, without danger of driving the mass of the people to the alternative of the bludgeon or the sword? Is the Magistrate still to be bullied into taking up cases of a *Nisi Prius* complexion by a violent litigant or a corrupt or timid Police-Inspector, while the quiet man who gives way to violence is left to get his remedy how he can? Such is very much the result of Act IV. I believe. Or can the re-distribution of the judicial officers, and the summarizing of Civil procedure be so effected as to make the head of a District a mere Superintendent, the Magistrate a mere Magistrate, and the Civil Court of first instance a simple, workable "Small-Cause Court," to which the people shall have ready and confident access? If by such a scheme we could further solve the difficulty of "Native Agency," we should deserve well of posterity, supposing that shadowy Prince to bestow upon the subject the attention which we now think it deserves.

Deficiunt vires,—the flesh is weak. Some of the features of such a scheme I will hint at; they will probably amuse you either way, whether you agree with them or not. The present distribution of the various judicial officers and their monthly expense is as follows:—

	JUDGES.	SUBORDINATE JUDICIAL OFFICERS.					
	Covenanted and Un-covenanted.	*30 Magistrates and Collectors.*	*21 Joint Magistrates and Deputy Collectors 1st Grade.*	*11 Joint Magistrates and Deputy Collectors 2nd Grade.*	*Assistants.*	*Deputy Collectors Reg. IX. of 1833.*	TOTAL.
C. Rs.	81,430 0 0	67,500 0 0	21,000	7,700	11,600	16,350 0	1,24,150

In the thirty-one districts of the North West Provinces there are twenty Judges. These Officers hold Sessions for the trial of commitments from the Magistrates within a few days, generally, from the date of commitment. They also hear appeals, in cases of a certain value from the subordinate Civil Tribunals, the higher of which have also a certain power of appeal from those below them. (Of course you know all this, but it was necessary to recapitulate it, to lead to what follows.) The Judges are promoted from the Magistracy, and Revenue Service,* never having done a day's work in a Civil Court before their elevation to the Bench of Cassation. There are thirty † Magistrates, each of whom is Superintendent of Police and Chief of the Fiscal Department in his Zillah. Certain Police-Stations (Thanahs) are confided to his more experienced subordinates, others he holds in his own hands. From these latter he receives the daily Reports, follows up the clues to criminals, arrests them, tries, and if found guilty, commits them to the Sessions. The thirty-two Joint Magistrates and Deputy Collectors have precisely the same judicial powers. Two of them are independent, the others are under the control of the heads of their respective districts. The difference of pay bears no relation to the amount of responsibility or labour; it is entirely at the option of the local Government to increase the pay of an officer of this class from 700 to 1,000 Rs. a month from motives either of nepotism or caprice. In some parts of India they are district Magistrates and Heads of Police; but great objection attaches to the custom of separating Police powers and general supervision from the Fiscal officer, whose influence is so great in a country where a large proportion of the revenue comes from land, and the minute details necessarily involved in the protection of the various agricultural classes, bring the Collector into such constant and influential contact with the population at large. If the time of Heads of Districts were left entirely available for duties of Revenue and Police, the distrust unavoidably perhaps attaching, in the minds of Sessions Judges reviewing convictions, or trying committals from Magistrates, would at the same time entirely cease. At present as has been remarked by a clever contemporary writer, "the Magistrate, from having been the Agent in tracing and apprehending the prisoner, often has insensibly acquired a bias against him." (Ledlie, vol. 1, p. 177.) This feeling—however just—is, I believe, a potent cause of the leniency of Judges, Mofussil and Sudder, under which crime is understood to be steadily increasing in these provinces. To remove this therefore, would be an advantage of no mean weight; and it should also be remembered that, by transferring the Judicial powers from the head of the Zillah to an officer having no connection with

* Messrs. Marshman and Millett are both strongly in favour of some measure to obviate this. See their examinations before the Parliamentary Committee.

† The London papers are angry at the parity between Revenue and Judicial Officers. To avoid this it would seem necessary that the name of "Collector" should be altered, and confined to Customs Officers and other inferior Officers.

thief-taking or Police, we should at once attain the object, so generally admitted to be desirable, of a definite *division of lines*, and free the Civil Service from the reproach of Heaven-born Jack-of-all tradism. If the plan, elsewhere allowed, by which the scale of emolument is made to move correlatively with the increase of responsibility, should be deemed equally appropriate here, of course it follows that some change should be made in the position of an officer when he obtains this promotion. A Joint of from seven to fifteen years' standing performs most, often the whole of the Judicial functions; and if worth "his salt," ought always to be fit so to do. He is about this time (15th year) appointed to his district, where he in turn makes over, if he is wise, the judicial work to *his* subordinate. Or if he is unwise, he keeps the judicial business in his "own hands," by which he overworks himself; injures the Zillah by neglecting those important duties of general supervision which none else can perform; and taints his criminal proceedings with the source of suspicion noted above. After a certain period, if not thought worthy the Commissionership, he is transferred to the Judicial Bench, where he in turn too often devotes his remaining energies to snubbing the Lower Courts, and letting loose upon society as many notorious criminals as circumstances may permit.

Now, of course, if this be as good a system as we can command, why we must submit, with a sigh of "bad is the best." If on the other hand, there be balms in Gilead, then *his utere mecum.*

Returning for an instant to our comparative table, we find that there are some hundred and thirty-five Civil Judges of first instance at salaries which, deducting establishment, may average about 350 Rs. a month. Now there is no doubt that the most virtuous native Judge would make this go as far as a thousand a month would with an European; but still it is not enough to place the lower recipients, the hundred-a-month men, on a proper basis of judicial dignity. I would redistribute the lakh and a quarter disbursed monthly for Civil salaries; and, although not competent to enter into details, will lay myself open to your criticism by honestly stating my ideas.

The service should branch off at the Assistantship, on passing which "Candine fork," the young gentlemen should be called upon to elect their "line." Those who chose the Criminal or Civil should take their seats on the Bench either as sitting Magistrate or "Small Cause" Judge as the case might be: the aspirant to the higher but steeper paths of Revenue distinction should, in due time, be made a Deputy Collector. All these subordinate appointments should likewise be within reach of highly deserving native officers. Of *this there cannot be a doubt.** Higher than that, as a general rule, they could not often rise from practical reasons ably touched by Mr. G. Campbell in his recent work. To the Euro-

* Surely a man fit for a Principal Sudder Ameen is fit for a Joint Magistrate.

pean Civilian the promotion should go on to Judge or to District Officer as the case was, the ultimate "Temple of Fame" being respectively the Sudder Bench or the Sudder Board. The district officer would then stand towards his Zillah in precisely the same light as the Commissioner does to his Division: indeed it is probable that the plan I propose would do away with the necessity for Divisional Commissioners at all. The District Officer (Superintendent, Commissioner or Lieutenant Governor's Agent) would hold in his hands the clues of every line, except Magisterial, reporting on Police matters to a Central Superintendent, on Revenue business to the Board.

A Zillah on my plan would consist of—

		REVENUE AND GENERAL.	CRIMINAL.	CIVIL.
CENTRAL, and common to the Presidency.	5	Supt. of Police and Sudder Board.	Nizamut Adawlut.	
LOCAL, in each District.	4	District Commissioners.	Civil and Sessions Judge.	
The Officers in the same place of respective columns should be as nearly as possible equal in point of rank and emolument.	3	Deputy Collector, (or Collector) as he might now be called.	Magistrate.	1st "Small Cause" Judge.
	2	Assistant.		2nd "Small Cause" Judge.
Natives, as a general rule, not to rise higher than No. 3.	1	Tehsildar Officer of Police.	Deputy Magistrate with powers of Assistant, (scattered about in Mofussil.)	

In amending the Civil Courts therefore my suggestion would be to give two Judges, on an average, to every Zillah. This would be sixty-two in all, or less than a half the present number; and would admit of the salaries being raised to an average of 700; say 1,000 for the 1st and 400 for the 2nd, and from a comparison with the working of the country Court system at home, there is reason to believe that this ratio of tribunals to population would be ample if the procedure were rendered equally simple. Of this I have little knowledge and no experience, but suppose the following to be among its elements.

A stamp of uniform value for petition; the power of pleading in person, and of giving evidence in your own cause; the *admission of the Collector's papers as conclusive evidence valeant quantum,* in cases of land; and the due limitation of the power of appeal, so

as to preserve due supervision by the higher courts without altogether sacrificing the interests of individuals. No sur-rejoinders, rebutters or sur-rebutters must be admitted, and the trial of *every* kind of case should be made as summary as it is now with reference to demand on account of land tax.

I should say that Act IV. of 1840 would be quite *superfluous under such a state of things, and should take off my hat to him with pleasure. And it would be no small point gained towards the political education of the people, if we could teach them the difference between a Magistrate's Office and a Court of Civil Law. A man complains in the former that his wife (and ornaments) have been taken off by some gay Lothario. He naturally wishes to recover the ornaments (if not the wife) his honour will be appeased no other way: he would of course like to get back the expenses of the marriage too—"No cases of right to property investigated here brother, you must go into the Civil Court." "And yet I can get back a patch of ground," mutters the unhappy wittol (alluding to this accursed Act IV.) "I have no leisure to argue," cries the panting official, "go away." "Go away," roars the indignant chorus of Omlah, Chupprassies, and bye-standers "his worship has spoken;" and poor Fondlewife is hustled off the scene (with his joined hands still turning, like the needle to the north, in the direction of the bench) to choose between the Civil Court, suicide or wilful murder; as a sensible man, I may remark, he generally chooses the latter, which is not considered by the Sudder Court to be a "heinous crime."

I cannot hope that you will join with me in regretting the cursory way in which these suggestions have been put upon paper. You did not expect when you asked me a few questions on the present working of our official system, to get such a voluminous reply. I, on the other hand could wish I had spoken more fully. There is no subject so difficult to get up as Indian statesmanship; it is quite *sui generis*. But the practical way in which it is acquired, gives the young man almost daily acquisitions, and while watching the growing store, his interest of course never flags. Though I conscientiously believe

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* "Whereas Act IV. of 1840 has been found to give rise to unavoidable inconvenience and diversity of practice; and has not answered the objects for which it was devised, it is hereby enacted that,

I. Act IV. of 1840 is hereby repealed.

II. If any party complains to the Magistrate that he has been, without authority of law or his own consent, dispossessed of any land, premises, water, or produce of land or water, or where the Magistrate is certified that a breach of the peace has taken place from any dispute about any of the said objects, he shall proceed to enquire into the case, and if the complaint appear to him to be substantiated, he shall punish the defendant under Reg. IX. of 1807, or in case of an affray in which both parties were to blame, shall proceed against them as provided in the Regulations; at the same time recording a proceeding attaching the land; and shall moreover use his best efforts to procure a settlement of the dispute by amicable adjustment or by arbitration. Failing which the parties shall be referred to the Civil Court, where the Magistrate's proceedings shall be received as evidence, *valeat quantum.*"

Such a Regulation would be of no use in the present state of the Civil Courts, the expense of whose proceedings, their length, and facilities for fraud render them as much closed to the poor client as they are welcome to the rich.

what I have suggested would be improvements, I am bound to say that I should not have taken the trouble I have, if I did not proudly reflect that the material is the noblest the world can bestow, the best blood of Old England's *middle class.

Our correspondence on these matters is not likely to be prolonged. In deference to my reiterated entreaties Mrs. D. has returned from the Hills, bringing me a fearful amount of "presents," for all of which I shall have to pay the tradesman, let alone the giver; likewise a fierce black dog with shaggy hair. This darling pet being in weak health, I suppose is irritable, and has bitten me and every one else who has gone near him.

With our united regards to you and Madame, believe me to remain ever, my dear Maxwell,

Affectionately yours,

QUENTIN DEVERIL.

P. S.—The dog has just been poisoned! Mrs. D. says she *cannot think who could have done* such a *barbarous* action. *Some of these savage natives*—Ha, ha.

---

* How cleverly Mde. de Staël expressed this when she compared the English nation to a pot of porter, dregs at bottom, and froth atop: the good stuff in the middle.

DECLARATIONS.

As the breeze to the billow,
As sunlight to day;
As the stream to the willow,
The voice to the lay;
As dew to the flower,
As sap to the tree;
As the cloud to the shower,
Is thy love to me:
With *that* one-thing-needful, like them I am gay,
Like them must I perish, if *that* were away.

As the Catholic poureth
To Mary his vows;
As the Persian adoreth
The Sun as he bows;
As a Saint ever duly,
Wherever he be,
Loveth holiness truly;
So worship I thee,
With love undivided, devoted and pure,
All-guiding, all-ruling, that Aye shall endure.

As a Vizier's brief power
In the smile of his king ;
As the Hawthorn's sweet flower
In the first breath of Spring ;
As Day, in the light
That the sun giveth forth—
As Aurora's are bright
In the skies of the North ;
As a bird in the air ; as a fish in the sea ;
As love in my heart ; so my life lives in thee.

The blessing that chaces
All grief from my brow—
The sunbeam that graces
Each prospect, art thou ;
'Tis thy love that giveth
All needful to me—
For thee my soul liveth,
And only for thee.
While thou art my own, love, no grief can come nigh,
Without thee, belov'd one, were left but to die.

K.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CARPET AND LEATHER BAGS.

Carpet Bags, with patent Lock and Key, of sizes, .. Rs. 8 and Rs. 14
Black Leather Travelling Bags, with patent Lock and Key, of 3 sizes, ... Rs. 10, Rs. 16, and Rs. 20

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Amboyna Shaped Envelope Cases, of Mottled Ebony, with Lock and Key, ... Rs. 16
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STAUNTON'S CHESSMEN AND BOARDS.

Staunton's Chessmen, in handsome Carton Pierre Boxes, with Book of Games, ... Rs. 50
Chess Boards, to match the above, ... Rs. 32
Staunton's Chessmen, Club size, loaded, in plain Mahogany Boxes, ... Rs. 35
Ditto smaller size ditto, ... Rs. 20

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Tool Chests of Oak, containing an assortment of the most useful Carpenter's Tools, No. 1 Rs. 20, No. 2 Rs. 25, No. 3 Rs. 32

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Improved Grindstones worked by Cog-wheels, ... Rs. 16

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Leather Cases containing a full assortment of Crochet and Knitting Needles, also Thread of different Nos., ... Rs. 10

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINES.

MESSRS. THACKER, SPINK & CO. have just received a fresh supply of the above Medicines, in Globules:—

Boxes containing	59	Medicines	Rs.	40
"	36	"	"	25
"	30	"	"	23
"	12	"	"	9
"	6	"	"	5

DOUBLE-BARREL GUNS,

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SUPERIOR DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, beautifully finished, and fitted with Apparatus complete, in neat Oak and Mahogany Cases.

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HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

The time has now come when the public health in India must be more attentively considered with a view to its preservation and improvement. Notwithstanding the number of Medical Gentlemen employed in the Country, it is a well known fact that hundreds of our Countrymen are annually consigned to an early grave, or compelled to return to England with shattered constitutions; no class of people on earth are so physicked—aye—and physicked with *poison* too—and yet with hundreds of Doctors within the three Presidencies—and medicines innumerable—the mortality in India is greater than in any other of our Colonies. The average age to which persons live in this country is 40 years. Another startling fact is, that one-half of all the children born of European parents in India, die before they reach their fifth year, and in many unhealthy Stations a large portion of these die within the first year.

What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon ; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson ; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle : hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the "Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease, take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences, and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills, by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system, are of admirable use as a *preventive; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. Lavoisier, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkah, or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system becomes a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky, and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "What a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"You

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SAUNDERS

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

[illegible]

[illegible] INDIA.

[illegible]

VOLUME II.—NUMBER XI. [illegible]

[illegible]

DEHLI.

PRINTED AT THE [illegible] PRESS, BY [illegible]

AND SOLD BY [illegible]

(To whom all Comm[illegible] [illegible])

[illegible]

MESSRS. [illegible] AND [illegible]

CALCUTTA; MESSRS. [illegible]

[illegible] MESSRS. [illegible]

AND

MESSRS. W. [illegible]

[illegible]

SAUNDERS'
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XI.] SEPTEMBER, 1853. [Vol. II.

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SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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TALES OF INDIAN ROMANCE—BY ALIF.

Nur Jehan.

CHAPTER XI.

A SHORT time before the events related in the last chapter took place, two horsemen might have been seen one night traversing the high road that led from Delhi to the west. It was one of those transcendantly beautiful nights that are often to be seen in India: the air was cool and refreshing, the atmosphere so clear that it seemed as if it had been thoroughly and for ever purified from the effects of the noon-day heat. The sky was a rich dark blue, shading into a silvery white as it approached the brilliant orb of the full moon. The stars were few and faintly visible, so bright was the effulgence from the queen of night: still they shone and twinkled in the unfathomable distance, while the moon lit up the face of heaven and earth with its clear soft rays.

The beauty of a moonlight night and the soothing effect it has on the mind, are subjects that every writer loves to dilate upon: and indeed it may well be said to be worn threadbare. But the fact remains the same, and the effect of the stillness and the bright unchanging hues of the moonlight night, that illumine everything without dazzling the eye, is perhaps no where more forcibly to be felt than in India, where the atmosphere is clear, and the outward circumstances so well calculated to lead the mind into the train of feeling that such an hour gives rise to. A solitary wanderer on the face of the world, apart from friends, afar from the home of his early days, may have laid down to sleep under the open canopy of heaven; his drowsy attendants have their senses steeped in forgetfulness, and the solemn stillness of the midnight hour is broken only by the melancholy wail of the jackal. One

might fairly listen then to hear the music of the spheres, but the harmony of nature is too great and glorious to let one feel the absence of it. The eye is fixed on the mighty azure canopy that stretches all around and into infinity, and is lost in endeavouring to scan too closely the great mysteries of nature. But the mind can find admittance where the eye cannot, and wander entranced in ecstasy through the unknown regions of the universe. It is then one feels the littleness of earthly things, and sees but two beings in the universe--his Maker and himself. And death, the entrance to those regions of mystery, seems stripped of half its terrors; and what do the world's baubles appear fit for when compared with the transcendant bliss of wandering a free and unfettered spirit through those realms of light and glory. But enough, dreamer—the path thither is a thorny one, through the hilly country of obedience and duty, and not over the flowery meadows of imagination and fancy.

Thoughts somewhat akin to these were passing through the mind of Mirza Ghaias as he rode in silence beside the Emperor. They were now some two miles from the city gates, and so deep was the Minister's reverie, that he had not opened his lips or made a single observation since they had emerged into the open country. The silence was at last broken by Selim, who exclaimed, speaking more to himself than for the benefit of his companion, or for the sake of a reply—

"How much of the way have we traversed, good Mirza? Methinks we have both been losing ourselves in a deep reverie. It is a pleasure to be out on such a night as this: one feels trimmed and eager for adventure. I would yon old fort were the walls of Sher Affghan's castle, what a glorious escalade we would have. The accursed Persian should not foil us as he did before. What would my noble father (peace be with him) say, I wonder, if he saw his son to-night going on that wild errand, travelling, I know not how far, and all for a man's dream! Ha! ha! ha!" and the Emperor laughed outright, as if he would make the most of the present time, and give vent to the exuberance of his spirits, which he was forced, at other times, to keep under the control of Court demeanour.

"Thy coming, Lord of the Universe, is a proof that all is not an idle dream," replied the other seriously.

"Not a mere dream! on the faith of Islam I swear I believe it is. I felt inclined to accompany thee, and would go any where to-night for the chance of an adventure, but do not say I trust thy visions, Mirza. What wouldst thou wager on thy discovery to-night?"

"Wager, my lord, I would wager my —— reputation," he added, after hesitating as if in doubt what valuable possession he should risk.

"Reputation," cried the Emperor, laughing, "as a dreamer! ha! ha! ha! But tell me, noble Mirza, how is it thy faculties did not advise thee such a course as this in thy waking moments."

"Lord of Islam, thou doest me not justice. Does your Majesty suppose his slave would be so remiss in his duties as not to have instituted search after the

object of our enquiries long ago? The very day that thy slave was honoured with the first interview with his lord in the palace garden, he instituted the strictest enquiries. The whole place was searched, but nothing found: report said that the Fakir that formerly lived there was dead, at any rate he had not been seen for long—the tomb there had fallen into disrepair. Thy slave could find no trace of the wanderer, though he issued his orders to have every corner of the Empire searched; he despaired of finding any thing, till last night the visions of the midnight have revealed to him mysteries."

"And what say the stars to thy enterprize?"

"They are silent, my lord, but they speak thy slave's destiny being fixed soon for weal or woe. The time is at hand when he must fall and his enemies triumph, or his enemies fall and he triumph."

"And how speeds our faithful Kutb-ud-din? Hast thou consulted them on that?"

"Thy slave has consulted them; they speak of success and happy union."

"May Alla grant it. How soon thinkest thou shall we hear from his Highness? Truly most anxious am I to hear that he has completed the difficult task. The nobleman, too, seems inclined to act the part of a rebel, but I will wait before I punish him. I cannot blame him, for, by the prophet! were Nur Jehan mine, I would not give her up for all the empires of the seven climes."

"Sher Affghan must be a fool to rebel or disobey your Majesty's commands," rejoined the other. "What avail man's efforts to avert his destiny?"

"I am not a Doctor of the Law, otherwise I would argue with thee on this subject. Mirza, it seems to me this belief of thine in destiny may be apt to make one, born to be an honest man, die a villain. But tell me how wilt thou do to-night? As thy dream told thee this treasure will be hidden under the earth, and there will be hard labour in disclosing it. The sinews of thy arms are not so strong as they used to be."

"Thy slave, my Lord, has anticipated this: a trusty servant will meet me at a spot a little further on, with a torch and tools."

"Well, let us in, we have been loitering; it will not do to let the morning sun find us scouring the country like two renegades." With these words the Emperor struck his spurs into his horse's sides, and set off at a sharp gallop, followed by the Minister. After about half an hour's canter, the clump of trees, under which Pir Ibrahim's hut stood, became visible to the travellers by the dark shade it cast upon the ground, and the dark foliage of the lofty trees which stood out in bold relief from the moonlit sky. As soon as Selim perceived this grove, he reined in his foaming steed, and Mirza Ghaias followed his example, and they continued to proceed as before side by side and at a foot pace. About twenty yards from the spot whither their steps were tending, they were joined by a third person—the attendant Mirza Ghaias had alluded to. He was a stout muscular man, and seemed well fitted for the purpose with which he had been sent. He was habited in the coarse garment of a working man, and held over his

shoulder two implements for digging, such as were in use among the peasantry and gardeners of the time. The Emperor and the Minister dismounted as soon as they were joined by the workman, and tying their horses to two stunted trees which were growing near the road side, they bent their steps towards the grove.

"Who is your Imam, Mirza?" asked the Emperor, as they entered the shade of the mangoe trees. "Is he trustworthy? I would not like the Imam to go talking to his fellows of how he saw the Emperor at night, and in such a place."

"Your Majesty's disguise would be a sufficient safeguard," replied the Minister, "but that your Majesty may see his slaves are careful of the respect due to your Majesty's royal name, see here, my lord," and he motioned to the Emperor to advance a step or two into the open moonlight, where they confronted the attendant, who was standing in an attitude of respect, and awaiting his master's orders.

"Open thy mouth, sirrah," said Mirza Ghaias to the man. He obeyed, and Selim saw the justice of his Minister's remark—the man's tongue had been cut out.

"In good truth, Mirza, thou art a careful Minister," said the Emperor, returning to the spot he had left. That wretch cannot blab out our secrets, certainly, but how came he there? I like not to see cruelty inflicted if not deserved."

"True, Lord of the Universe, but this man was condemned to death by thy Royal father, (on whom be peace,) but he pardoned him, at least so far that he gave him his life, on condition he should have his tongue cut out, and live in perpetual slavery. There stands the tree," added the Mirza, pointing to the trunk of one of the largest trees in the grove. "There stands the tree that my dream told me of last night; now let us see," and he hurried to the spot, followed by Selim. A very slight examination sufficed to show that there were no external signs of any kind either upon the tree or the ground under it, that would indicate the existence of treasure, or anything else that might be concealed there. No way daunted however by this, Mirza Ghaias called up the workman, and directed him to dig up the earth all round the trunk. The man set to work with a good will, and toiled till the sweat dropped from his brow. Mirza Ghaias stood by with his arms folded, his eyes bent upon the earth, and his mind apparently employed in calculating the chances of success or failure. The Emperor amused himself by wandering round the grove, and exploring the old Fakir's hut, and the Saint's tomb now almost fallen to ruin. Every now and then he returned to the spot where his anxious Minister was standing, to see if any thing had occurred, and each time his jest at the Minister's credulity became more cutting and annoying, as disappointment added poison to the sting. At length the labourer was fairly wearied out, his strokes were dealt without aim and without power, and at last the axe fell from his hands.

"How now, caitiff?" cried the Mirza, starting from his reverie at the sound of the falling axe. "Ha, thou art wearied I see!" he added: "Come, give me the tool,

I will see if my arms have any strength in them yet."

With these words Mirza Ghaias took the axe out of the hand of his slave, who had picked it up for him, and commenced digging in such good earnest, that one might have supposed his object was to bury himself, and get out at the Antipodes. He was destined however to meet with more success than his slave, for at the third stroke the edge of the axe struck against a hard substance. The Mirza refrained from dealing another blow, and stooping down, felt with his hand to see what it was the tool had struck against. It was a roundish substance, but so covered with earth that he could not distinguish of what nature it was: he succeeded, however, in extracting it, and rising to his feet, held it towards the Emperor who was standing by.

"What hast thou found?—a human skull—bah! throw it away," said Selim with disgust.

Mirza Ghaias obeyed in silence, and again commenced digging. But now each stroke of the axe revealed fresh relics of humanity,—collar-bones, arm, leg, breast and back bones; ribs, hands, feet and skulls were turned up in constant succession, and excited the well founded surprise of the Emperor and his Minister.

"This is strange—passing strange," said the latter, putting the tool in the slave's hands, with a sign for him to commence again. "Can the jewel of your Majesty's royal mind cast any light on these relics—how they came here—whose they are?"

"This perhaps may have been a burying place formerly, and if so we are uselessly disturbing the remains of the dead—may their souls find mercy," replied Selim.

"No, Lord of the Universe, these bones belonged to men whom the Angel of Death has stricken down by the hand of the murderer—to solitary travellers, who trusted themselves to the guardianship of that son of Satan who dwelt in yonder hut in the garb of a Saint."

"Hold, Mirza, thou art raving," said the Emperor. "Canst thou believe one man could murder so many? See here are near thirty skulls we have turned up. How could one feeble old man do such wholesale bloody work?"

"By degrees, noble Lord; besides, he has many assistants."

"Hast thou proof of any sort; or art thou speaking as thy fancy dictates?"

"Proof, Sun of the world, have I none; but by the help of my good star, I will have such as will convince even your Majesty of the truth of my suspicions ere long. This much I know, that foul deeds have been plentiful throughout the length and breadth of your Majesty's empire these many years past. Plentiful, nay abundant, and the author of these have hitherto escaped me; but now I have a clue."

"Thy dream then may have spoken the truth. For if thou canst find the author of these crimes, and bring him to justice, thou shalt have treasure enough. Come, let us look into the hermit's hut," so saying the Emperor led the way, followed by the Minister and his slave.

The torch was now called into requisition, but as far as bringing to light anything inside the hermit's hut was concerned it was

totally useless. The walls were bare, the roof old and rotten, and not so much as a clod of earth that could arrest the attention of an antiquary even for a moment.

All the time that they had been examining the hut, Mirza Ghaias had continued talking to the Emperor, and explaining the reason which led him to entertain the suspicions he held. The other mostly remained silent, till just as they were leaving the hut, he cried, "Think of the cursed villain making me his dupe," and stamped passionately on the ground.

The practised ear of Mirza Ghaias immediately heard the secret. Forgetting for an instant all respect and all rules of decorum, he clapped his hands together, and cried out "Bravo, bravo, now we have the fox. Come hither, sirrah," he continued, calling out to his slave. "Put down the torch. Here—dig, dig, dig, as if thy life depended on it—there—that is it," he added, as the man, summoning all his strength, dealt such well directed and firm strokes, that the task seemed likely to be soon completed.

"There—another stroke in that place. Again—there, well done, thou shalt have a gold piece for every stroke thou dealest like that last one."

The hollow sound that reverberated through the ground underneath the spot where they were standing, at each stroke of the axe, afforded unmistakeable evidence that there was an apartment underneath. Even the Emperor's doubts had vanished at this new discovery, and he seemed almost as anxious as the Mirza himself to witness the result of it.

As soon as the earth had been cleared away to the depth of about a foot beneath the surface, a small square trap-door lay exposed to view. Mirza Ghaias threw himself on the ground, and commenced pushing back the loosened earth with his hands, so great was his anxiety. A small ring fixed in the door next came to light, and the Mirza, pulling it with a sudden jerk, raised the door upon it, hanged and gazed in an ecstasy of delight and wonder into the impenetrable darkness below. A flight of steps conducted the exploring party down into an apartment about 10 feet in height and 16 or 18 square feet in area. The light from the single torch was scarcely enough to enable them to examine even the walls of the apartment, much less the objects with which they were covered. They began however to examine every thing separately, and went slowly round the room, the slave walking first, and holding the torch, the Emperor next, and the Minister behind. In one corner of the room lay a number of manuscripts written apparently in Persian and Arabic, besides other characters with which the Mirza, scholar as he was, was totally unacquainted. There were writing materials too, all spread out upon a small carpet, as if ready for use. Beyond this the wall was covered with dresses and costumes of all possible kinds, that were hung up against it! The mail of a warrior hung next to the cassock of a Christian priest; the garb of a pilgrim beside that of a prince; the robes of a Sultana next to a beggar's rags: arms too of every possible description; the Affghan knife was contrasted with the heavy two-handed sword of Europe warfare in the middle ages: the cross bow hung beside

the matchlock; and the shining scimitar of Damascus steel rested on the ponderous battle axe. Beyond this the wall was adorned with an almost innumerable number of niches that had been apparently made for the purpose of shelves, for they were all filled with articles of such different nature as to defy enumeration. They appeared however to the bewildered eyes of the Emperor and his companion to be instruments and substances to be used in the pursuit of alchemy. Innumerable bottles there were that contained fluids of every shade and color: crucibles of all kinds and shapes, knives, tongs, pincers of every metal and of every size, and tools whose use or design the Minister was utterly unable to guess at. The group passed on; immediately beyond there was a larger niche in the wall, so large as to reach from the top of the apartment to the bottom; as they neared this the slave, who was in front, suddenly started back with an expression of horror in his face that was painful to behold. Mirza Ghaias seized the torch from his hand and pressed in front of him; he too recoiled a step, but instantly recovering himself, he blushed at having been seen evincing fear, and went to take a closer view of the terrific object. It was a large jet black snake, that seemed in the very act of springing upon any thing or person that might be opposite or near it. A moment's reflection was sufficient to assure Mirza Ghaias that the creature was not alive, but stuffed, or perhaps only a representation made so well as to appear exactly like life. The mouth was open, the fatal three-forked tongue extended, and the eyes glaring with almost living light: above and below there were innumerable other objects of the same kind. Scorpions, centipedes, poisonous lizards, and all the venomous creatures that are to be met with, seemed so like living reptiles, that the Mirza felt his flesh creep when he looked at them, and saw all their eyes fixed on him with a basilisk stare.

"Hark! what is that?" said the Emperor, holding up his hand in an attitude of attention.

"Nothing," replied Mirza Ghaias. "I hear nothing."

"It was my fancy, I suppose," he replied, and recommenced the examination of the curiosities before him.

"Hark! there again," he said immediately afterwards. "I am persuaded there is something living about this place—hark! ascend, good Mirza, and see if we are alone."

Mirza Ghaias placed the torch in an upright position on the ground, and ascended to the upper air.

What was the sound the Emperor had heard?

Swift as the wild horse bounds over the wide expanse of an American prairie, from the noose of the hunter; or as the frightened captive when his pursuers, with death or slavery in their hands, are close behind, as though life depended on the speed they went, came a rider on a jet black steed. He kept not to the high road, but followed some goal which he had in his mind's eye, as he scoured over the open country. Regardless of danger or death, on, on he pressed—huge chasms in the ground, large holes, ditches, rivulets, all lay across the path, but the

rider and his steed heeded them not: deeper and deeper into the animal's side sunk the bloody spur —one bound carried them over every obstacle as it came, and on and on they went. With neck bent down and head towards its legs, its mane and tail flying as it sped through the air, the noble brute bore its rider on, as if it would sacrifice life to carry him to the goal before the impending danger fell. The horse was white with foam, and the figure of the rider, who sat or rather leant forward on the animal's neck, with his head uncovered and hair streaming in the wind, his eye fixed eagerly on some object in front, and every feature of his face drawn up in an expression of the most intense anxiety, was covered with the horse's foam, and bespattered with mud and mire. On, on they pressed, as if life were before and death behind. The rider came straight towards the grove of trees, and the distance every moment lessened. Again he plied the whip and spur more rigorously than before, and again the exhausted steed hurried on with quickened pace: but the last effort was a fatal one. Ten yards from the spot where the Emperor had dismounted the noble beast stopped, staggered, and fell, and a stifled groan was the only complaint it uttered as it yielded its parting life. The rider started to his feet, but he could scarcely stand,—it would have taken a long time to measure the distance he had ridden that day. He turned one pitying glance to the animal that had carried him so well the last stage, and then turned his tottering steps towards the grove of trees. It seemed that temporary weakness or overfatigue had for the moment blinded him, for he could not guide himself aright; a glance however at the newly upturned earth, and the grim skeletons that lay untombed, and the faint light that steamed up into the Fakir's hut from the room where the intruders were, seemed to add fresh vigour to his sinking and exhausted frame. He turned hastily towards the ruined shrine, but his foot caught in one of the loose bones that lay exposed, and he fell heavily to the ground: this occasioned the first noise the Emperor had heard. The wearied man however was soon upon his feet again, and the next minute he crept inside the tomb and was lost to view. The Mirza returned with the report that no living being was in sight. After some further time had been spent in examining the curiosities around: "Behold, Mirza, how strangely that torch burns," exclaimed the Emperor, pointing to the torch that the Minister had placed upon the ground, and which was indeed going out.

"Dost thou not see the torch, sirrah?" said the Mirza to the slave, striking him, and pointing towards the spot where it was placed: "give it more oil." The man obeyed, and placed it again on the ground; the flame grew faint in a moment, and in the next went out.

"What accursed sorcery is this!" cried Selim. "Hark, Mirza, dost thou hear that hissing noise?"

The Mirza could make no reply—independently of the superstitious fear he had felt creeping over him at being in such a place, and which was considerably increased by the sight he had seen there, the horror that seized him when the light went out was

to be felt—not described. But what was his terror when he heard a hissing noise, which the Emperor had just alluded to, as if a huge cauldron of water was boiling close to him, then came a sulphurous smell, which almost took away his breath, and all power of utterance.

"Alla preserve us !" cried the Emperor ; "it shall be a long time, Mirza, before I accompany thee again in thy midnight trips to the infernal regions, if I can get out of this. Hark ! the fiends must be at hand."

Selim's heart was a stranger to fear ; but no man in that age, and in that superstitious and ignorant country could have been in the position he now held without fearing. Hitherto he had kept his courage and presence of mind in a way that surprized even himself, and while Mirza Ghaias was standing mute with fear, and trembling with horror, the Emperor was busily employed in groping about for the staircase by which they had descended ; but as the last words left his lips, the whole place seemed to be shaken with a deafening clap of thunder, that kept rolling and sounding louder and louder every instant for the space of about two minutes. The moment it ceased, the dark chamber was illumined by a faint ghastly light that came as if self-produced, and just served to enable the rash intruders to gaze at one another's trembling countenances. The slave had fallen to the ground, senseless, to all appearance dead. Mirza Ghaias had unconsciously retreated into the recess where he stood with his arms folded, his face pale as ashes, and every limb in his body trembling like an aspen leaf. The sickly glare that filled the apartment, however, only increased his horror, for it was reflected from the bright eyes of the serpent that glared fiercely at him, and close to which he had inadvertently gone. He shrieked with terror, and recoiled from the spot, but Selim's voice cheered him. "Come, Mirza, let us out of this Jin's palace—here, I see the way, follow me," and hurrying across the room, he placed his foot upon the bottom step, and was about to ascend.

"May the blessing of Alla alight on the head of his Vicegerent—the Lord of the created world," said a low voice from the other end of the apartment. Selim started and looked back.

"Accursed miscreant, I have thee now," cried Mirza Ghaias, all his energy and faculties returning in a moment, as he drew his sword and rushed frantically across the room to the spot from whence the voice had issued, and where the figure of the Fakir Pir Ibrahim was faintly visible.

"Thou hast entertained us bravely in thy sorcerer's den," said the Emperor, turning back, "methinks we must entertain thee now."

"Raise up you wretch first," said the Fakir, pointing to the body of the senseless slave, as soon as the tight grasp which Mirza Ghaias had planted on his throat was slackened enough to enable him to speak ; "he will die ere two minutes more be passed."

"Take care of thine own life, villain, and mind not his," said Selim, pressing the point of his sword to the Fakir's throat. "Say, art thou a mortal, or art thou in league with genii ; or art thou a

denizen of hell? I will have thee flayed alive."

"The will of Alla be done," said the Fakir, bowing his head. "Sooner or later death must come. I have long looked for it. I would fain enter Paradise."

"Blaspheme not, villain; such as thou in Paradise! Speak, what cursed jugglery dost thou carry on here?"

"Lord of the Universe, Alla has endowed his creatures with many properties of mind and body, and to all he gives his gifts. To thee has he given wealth, and power and a throne; to me poverty, and the love of God and man, and that this grain of dust might be of some little service in his generation, Alla has given me wisdom to penetrate the secrets of science, and draw out from her innermost recesses the things that may benefit mankind. In following out one discovery I make others, and am sometimes guilty of the crime of revelling in the mysteries of nature for their own sake—revels more dear to me than the charms of beauty are to thee, great Prince. It was when engaged in these pursuits in an adjoining chamber that I heard thy voice, and came to bid my sovereign welcome; and again I warn thee yon serf will die, for it was a noxious air that struck him down, and even now is he in his last gasp; raise him and he will revive; let him remain upon the ground and he dies."

"See that the fiend escapes thee not, while I lift the dying wretch," said Selim, turning to raise the slave.

The body of the slave was no light weight, but the Emperor was strong. He raised the senseless man on his feet, and propped him in an upright position against the wall. This done, he turned to the Fakir again.

"Thou canst defend thyself, sorcerer, at any rate; we will hear thee answer one question before we do with thee as justice demands. Who murdered those men whose bones lie interred above under the large tree?"

"No one murdered them, Lord of the world; they died the death of nature, and their bones were laid to rest underneath that tree at their own request. It is blessed to repose in a place of sanctity."

"How came so many there?"

"The dying and diseased flock to Pir Ibrahim for his advice and remedies: those whom Alla heals depart; and those whom Azrael has marked, repose above."

"What charm didst thou give my father the Great Akber (on whom be peace!) that taught him the secret of my love for Nur Jehan?"

"I gave him none, most noble Lord."

"Lie not, accursed villain, it will but increase thy tortures; dost thou deny that thou wert at the palace when that conjuror came there with his juggling feats?"

"Sovereign of Islam, thy slave knows not of what thou speakest."

"Where wert thou ten years before my father's death, (may he find mercy?")

"Many, many hundreds of miles from here, Light of the Universe. If your Majesty will look among those papers, thou wilt see one with the seal of the Prince of the Deccan upon it. It records my departure from, and my sojourn at his palace. There, that is it," he added, after a short silence,

during which the Emperor had been employed in turning over the loose papers that he had uncovered. He took up the one referred to, and began to read:

'Be it known to all men, that 'Pir Ibrahim, the Saint of the 'Most High, leaves the Royal 'palace this day, on his way to 'Delhi, the metropolis of the universe. Let all men honour and 'assist him. Given at the Royal 'palace at Ahmednuggur, on the '14th day of Rabi-ul-akhir, in the 'year of the Era 1004.'

"And whose signature is here?" said Selim, looking from the paper into the Fakir's face.

"Noble Lord, Bhágwan Dás, Minister of the late Prince Burhán, signed it. At the death of the Prince thy slave foresaw troublous times, so he took that paper from the Minister and left the place."

"There is no mention of thy sojourn here," added the Emperor; but an unforeseen event prevented his receiving any answer. As the conversation had been going on between the Emperor and his prisoner, Mirza Ghaias had been holding the latter with one hand firmly planted on his throat, and his drawn sword resting in the other, but he by degrees so far relaxed his vigilance as to release his hold on the prisoner's throat, and fix it on his clothes. The grasp however was tight enough, and he doubted not his power to strike off the wretch's head at one blow, should he make the slightest attempt to escape; but, alas! for his caution, as the Emperor gave utterance to the short sentence recorded above, the Fakir made a sudden start.

The Mirza kept his hold, and raised his right arm to strike, but in vain, the prisoner was gone, and nothing but his empty garments, that had been apparently cut in half in the middle, so as to enable them to slip over his head, remained in the minister's hands: at the same instant almost a sound as if a trap door, similar to the one by which they had entered the apartment, was being suddenly shut, immediately behind the place where the prisoner had been standing, fell upon their ears, and before they had time to recover from their surprize, or make any search after the fugitive, the apartment was again involved in impenetrable darkness.

"We have had enough of this sorcery for to-night," said Selim, "let us find the way to the upper air. We have found out the fox's hole; it will be easy enough to catch him at our leisure."

So saying he began to grope about with his hands to find the steps, and in doing so came in contact with the body of the slave. The man was motionless, and he held his hand for an instant before his mouth, to see if he was yet breathing—no sign of life however was perceptible. His hands were cold and clammy, and Selim shuddered as he felt himself handling a corpse. They however succeeded in finding the passage out, and dragging up the body of their luckless attendant with them. As they emerged into the open air, the grey of morning had been succeeded by a streak of red light, the forerunner of the rising sun. The air was fresh and invigorating after the dense close atmosphere they had been breathing. Hurrying hastily out of the mys-

terious grove, they seized their horses' bridles, and mounting together, rode away as fast as the animals' legs could carry them to Delhi. There was little probability of the Emperor being detected through his disguise, as he rode at such a rapid pace through the open country. As they neared the city, however, he dropped gradually behind, and allowed Mirza Ghaias to reach the gate before him. Here he whispered a few hurried orders in the ear of the officer commanding the guard. In an instant the whole guard was turned out, and busy in obeying the commands that had been given. Before the Emperor, who was coming at a walking pace, reached the gate, a covered palankeen was in waiting for him: he dismounted from his horse, seated himself in it, and was borne rapidly towards the palace. At the same moment Mirza Ghaias, mounted on a fresh horse, turned back along the road he had come, accompanied by a goodly band of horse and foot.

CHAPTER XII.

As soon as Sher Affghan Khan received the Viceroy's summons to wait upon him, he returned a courteous reply, begging to be excused that day on the score of ill-health, but assured him he would have the honor of presenting himself the following morning. The rest of that day Sher Affghan spent in solitude: none of his domestics were allowed to break in upon his privacy: he even abstained from food. Early the next morning, however, he summoned his attendant, dressed himself with more than usual care, and taking his sword and dagger in his hand, gave orders for his retinue to be in waiting at the castle gate, and then bent his steps towards Nur Jehan's apartment.

"I grieve to see thee thus, my lord," she said, greeting him kindly as he entered, and leading him towards the carpet on which she had been seated, "surely, my lord must have had ill news, or there is something weighing heavily upon his heart."

"Truly I am in a sad mood, sweet Nur Jehan, and thy presence and thy kindness is like to make me still sadder; but I have much to say to thee, and must unburden my heart to thee, for it is the last time that we shall meet."

Nur Jehan started from her seat.

"Nay, start not, lovely lady, may fortune smile on thee as she has frowned on me; but her smiles are fickle, fickle—ay, as fickle as a woman's love."

"My lord!"

"I speak not of thy love, my Nur Jehan. My!—alas! that I should call thee mine; I mock myself with my own words; but thou must hear me, for time is short. I will not speak now of my love for thee, nor how fondly I had hoped one day to win thy heart. I need not tell thee how I strove, by every art, to minister to thy happiness and comfort, in the vain hope that I might be rewarded one day by thy affection. The prophet spoke truly when he told me a tiger was in my path: but he lied when he said a serpent was in my bosom. Thou must know, Nur Jehan, that

the Emperor loves thee still, and is determined to call thee his."

Nur Jehan strove hard to keep back the blood which she felt rushing through every vein in her body to her face, but it was useless; she blushed deeply; her knees trembled, and she sank down on the carpet beside her lord.

"The Emperor is determined to call thee his," continued Sher Affghan, rising to his feet, "and the same mandate that calls thee to his embrace, consigns me to the grave."

"Speak no more, Sher Affghan," cried Nur Jehan, starting to her feet, all the wild energy of her noble nature flashing in her large dark eyes; "thinkest thou that the man I love—for love I did and do (and I never concealed the feelings of my heart even from thee, my wedded lord) could be guilty of such baseness; could stain the hands in which he would clasp mine, with the blood of a murdered Prince. Oh, no, no—Selim loved me, and he loves me still; but what words were those that came from thy lips? Didst thou say that he would murder thee to claim my unfettered hand! Oh shame! I tell thee Sher Affghan, and have told thee oft before, I love Selim, I adore him—I would yield my life this moment if my parting breath could mingle in one kiss with his. But I swear to thee by Alla, by the unity of the God we worship, and by the soul of the Prophet, were Selim's hands to be stained with thy blood, I would ever after shrink from his hated touch with abhorrence, ten times as strong as the love I now bear him."

"Alla befriend thee, sweet Nur Jehan," replied the nobleman, "I will say no more; I go to meet the Emperor's Viceroy; if I return alive, I will give thee the freedom thou wishest for, and die as I have lived, thy slave; but if I return not, and right well I know I shall not return, thou wilt be seized by the murderer's myrmidons, and hurried off to the Emperor's palace. The smiles of the great are as fickle as the smiles of fortune, and the time may come when she will frown on thee, and when flight may be thy only safety. Take then these rings—the jewels are valuable—they will be a memorial to thee of the unhappy Sher Affghan, and they may be of service to thee. I have also left a written request to the Emperor, that after my death these estates may be made over to thee, but that will rest with him. And now farewell."

With these words he knelt, and taking her hand, pressed it fervently to his lips; it fell however lifeless by her side, and looking up, he saw by the paleness of her features that she was fainting: the next moment she dropped senseless into his arms. Pressing a burning kiss upon her white lips, he laid her gently on the cushion, and then summoning her attendants left the room.

The whole of the Viceroy's escort was under arms at the time appointed for Sher Affghan's visit, and drawn up in two rows from the State tent, so as to form a street down which the procession passed. Kutb-ud-din had on this occasion made more than ordinary preparations for the reception of his visitor, and his attendants could not help observing that he was particularly cautious in surrounding his tent inside and out

with armed men. Punctually at the appointed hour Sher Affghan's approach was announced, and immediately after, the head of the procession was visible. The cavalcade was of no great length. A few horsemen preceded the elephant on which Sher Affghan rode; behind him came his Secretary and head attendants on another elephant; a band of a hundred and fifty horsemen followed two by two, and double that number of foot brought up the rear. As Sher Affghan entered the tent, the Viceroy advanced to the edge of the carpet to receive his visitor, and taking his hand, led him to the seat placed for him. The usual interchange of compliments then followed, and a few presents were given and received. The behaviour of the noblemen towards one another was courteous and polite, and the interview drew amicably to a close. But as Sher Affghan arose to depart, Kutb-uddin politely informed him that he had a message from his royal master of an unpleasant nature, which it would be better to deliver in private, and begged he would do him the honor of attending him in his private tent. The blood mounted to Sher Affghan's face, and sunk again as he bowed assent, but muttered some words about treacherous designs. The Viceroy heard them and ostentatiously disencumbered himself of the weapon he wore. Sher Affghan again blushed as he did the same, and laying aside his sword, the only weapon he had apparently about him, followed the Viceroy into the next tent, the curtain between was let down, and the two noblemen were alone.

At first their colloquy was carried on in so low a tone, that the attendants who remained in the State tent could not even hear the voices of the speakers, but by degrees their words were uttered with more vehemence, and at length harsh angry tones warned them to be on the alert: they were discussing the propriety of entering the private tent unbidden, when a loud piercing shriek put an end to all hesitation. They lifted the curtain and rushed in. Sher Affghan was standing in the centre of the tent in an attitude of stern defiance. His tall figure was drawn up to its full height; his head erect and his bosom heaving with unsuppressed rage and passion. His face was averted from them, but his left leg was stretched out and planted firmly on the ground; his left arm, thrown slightly back, hung by his side, and his right hand held a naked dagger, from whose blade fresh blood was dropping to the earth. A few paces in front sat, or rather reclined, the Viceroy. He had apparently fallen to the ground, and was supporting himself by his right hand, while his left was pressed against his heart, and the warm blood was oozing from between his fingers. The noble countenance was overspread with the paleness of death, and bore the unmistakeable signs of agony. He fixed his glassy eyes for an instant on his attendants as they rushed in waving their naked swords, glanced at Sher Affghan, and fell lifeless backwards on the ground. Sher Affghan turned to confront the intruders, and a dozen blows were aimed simultaneously at his defenceless body. His dagger was of no service, and after a moment's struggle he fell dead by the side of the murdered Viceroy.

Two days afterwards the de-

ceased Viceroy's camp was struck, and marched on its way back to Delhi. In addition to the retinue that had accompanied it, a closely covered and richly ornamented palanquin followed in its train. The inmate was carefully preserved from the gaze of all intruders, and strictly watched by a guard of horsemen bearing the insignia of royal servitude, and attended on, when the camp halted at each stage, with the utmost respect.

In the meantime three horsemen mounted on the swiftest animals that could be procured, hurried on with breathless haste towards Delhi, to give the Emperor notice of what had occurred.

CHAPTER XIII.

As soon as the retreating sound of horses' feet trampling upon the road told the Fakir of his enemies' departure, he emerged from his place of concealment. His movements were conducted with the utmost caution; nor did he venture into the open air till he had well satisfied himself by careful examination that there were no spies at hand to watch his proceedings. The body of the dead slave, (for dead he really was,) at first caused him some uneasiness, for he felt strong suspicions that the man was only feigning death, in order to await an opportunity of attacking him to advantage. These suspicions however by degrees subsided, and he stepped forth boldly into the open air, gratified to no small extent at finding himself once more alone. But his proceedings were not conducted with that prudence and caution one would have been led to expect from acquaintance with his previous history. He calculated too much on the effect which his conjurations may have had on the Emperor and his companion, and trusted that some time would elapse before they could summon courage to again molest him. Still the present abode was not one where he could remain any longer in safety, and after standing in a meditating position for some minutes under the shade of the leafy bough, he again descended to his lair, apparently with the object of making the necessary preparations for his departure.

Mirza Ghaias was however all this time speeding on his way as fast as his steed, urged on by whip and spur, could carry him. Little more than an hour had elapsed before he was again on the spot, accompanied by a guard of horse and foot. It was broad daylight, and though he had touched no food since the afternoon before, yet the chance of success was now so great, and the prospect of vengeance so sweet, that the wants of the body were forgotten: and once, when the cravings of hunger admonished him that nature would not be set aside, he murmured a vow that he would live on the roots and leaves of trees till he had the Fakir in his possession. He soon therefore commenced operations a second time, and the men who had accompanied him, laid aside their arms and worked as well as the want of tools would allow. This want was however soon supplied, and a neighbouring village furnished them not only with tools, but sent a party of labouring men

to assist in excavating the earth. Mirza Ghaias was determined not to trust himself again in the mysterious apartment, and although cool reflection, and the return of daylight, which has a surprizing antipathy to superstitious notions, had dissipated all the ideas of supernatural agency that had at one time possessed his mind, he was too cautious to allow his more ignorant followers an opportunity of subjecting their minds to the same influence which had so violently affected him. Mirza Ghaias, with his faculties about him, was a dangerous enemy even for Pir Ibrahim to encounter: his art and science were rendered completely useless: superstitious fears could not be made to seize the hearts of men in the open daylight and the fresh air; flight was impossible; concealment nearly hopeless, and death in its most terrible form stared him in the face. By degrees the workmen, and there were now many hands employed, opened the ceiling of the underground apartment, piece after piece fell in, till the whole was laid bare to the eye of the curious observer: no trace however of the inhabitant had yet been found. With unceasing vigour they plied the axe and hoe, and at length a second apartment yielded to their labour, and was disclosed to view. Impatient to seize his foe, Mirza Ghaias leapt into the yawning pit, with his naked sword in his hand, and calling on his men to follow. With a yell so loud and so demoniacal, that the blood of the villagers who were standing above ran cold in their veins on hearing it, the enraged and desperate Fakir bounded on Mirza Ghaias. The next instant and the Minister's star was set for ever, but he was not unobserved. A large muscular man, armed with a naked dagger, leapt from the surface into the pit: he seized the Fakir by the throat and thrust him rudely back. Mirza Ghaias rose to his feet, while his deliverer rushed on the foe to follow up the advantage he had gained. But he recoiled with horror, and his blood curdled when he saw the weapon which the enemy had reserved as his last resource. Curling and twisting in innumerable coils, from the Fakir's waist upwards arose two large black serpents, their hoods were extended, their mouths wide open, and their three-forked tongues vibrating between their extended jaws as they hissed defiance. "Strike him down," cried Mirza Ghaias, pressing forward, and urging the others on, for by this time several had descended into the place of conflict: "strike him down; they are harmless; it is some of his accursed jugglery." Armed however as the Fakir was, the conflict was an unequal one; the serpents which were in reality harmless, and which were twisted round his loins with their tails concealed in folds of cloth, as is the custom with snake charmers, were soon cut to pieces by the sword of Mirza Ghaias and his men; the Fakir was surrounded, seized, and carried up; the whole place was then searched and ransacked; every thing that could be moved was taken away and placed in a large heap upon the ground above, while every thing that was immoveable was dashed to pieces. After the place had been thoroughly emptied, the Minister repaired to the spot where his enemy lay, with his hands and feet tightly bound, in the custody

of two men who held drawn swords to his breast. The sentence of death was soon pronounced, but it was death in one of its most dreadful forms. "Let him feed the crows while alive," cried Mirza Ghaias, "hang him up by the feet."

The Fakir seemed to bear his doom with the utmost indifference. He was raised for a minute or two to his feet, while preparations for carrying the sentence into execution were made. No word escaped his lips, but he glanced his eye carefully round the group by which he was surrounded: it rested for an instant or so upon the face of a man who was standing rather behind the rest: his eye met the prisoner's gaze, and the slightest possible sign of recognition passed between them: it was, however, unobserved, and the next minute the Fakir was suspended in mid-air, his feet towards the sky, and his head towards the earth. At the same moment the property that had been collected out of the subterranean apartments was set fire to, and as soon as the smoke and crackling told Mirza Ghaias that it had begun to burn, he gave the word to march, and hastily left the spot, followed by his men. A few words seemed to pass between one of the foot soldiers and the Captain of the guard, and just as Mirza Ghaias mounted his horse, and was preparing to ride away, the latter came up and addressed a few words to him in a low tone.

"Thou sayest right, Aga," replied the Mirza, turning his head round and looking back, "leave one man behind; it will be as well to make sure this fox does not escape us again."

The Captain of the guard then spoke a few words to the man who had addressed him, and communicated the Mirza's orders, and the whole party, with one exception, turned their faces towards Delhi, and set out at a quick pace, while the solitary individual, who had been ordered to stay behind, returned to take up his post underneath the tree on which the Fakir was hanging.

It is by no means a pleasant position that of hanging with one's feet uppermost, and it is one calculated to give what is called a slight determination of blood to the head: but the Fakir had not been very long in this position, for all were anxious to leave the spot as soon as the execution was over, and the events that had taken place occupied far less time in action than they do in recital. No sooner however had the returning party passed the first bend in the road that put them out of sight of the Fakir's grove, than the man who had been left to watch, slipping a naked dagger between his teeth, clambered up the tree with the agility of a cat, and gliding along the branch to which the Fakir's feet were suspended, he bent down and cut the strings that confined his hands. His limbs, however, were deprived of motion, and he was unable to assist himself: indeed his deliverer for a moment thought that life had fled. He lost no time in unfastening the rope, and lowering the body to the ground; he then dragged it to the old tomb close by, and set his wits to work to devise some method of restoring animation. Success at length crowned his endeavours. The patient moved, opened his eyes, and attempted

to articulate. The Fakir was once more free.

In due time the camp of the Viceroy of Bengal reached Delhi, and with it Nur Jehan. She was taken straight to the Royal palace, and there assigned apartments adjoining those of the Emperor's mother. The news was bruited abroad, and the story, by no means creditable to the Emperor Jehanghir, universally believed, that Sher Affghan Khan had fallen a victim to royal jealousy. Many days elapsed before Nur Jehan would consent to see her royal lover, and when she was forced to yield her objections to an interview, she received him with such a cold and formal welcome that Selim was annoyed. He guessed the cause of her altered demeanour, and endeavoured to disabuse her mind of the idea that he had been a party to her late husband's death. The mention of the subject gave rise to emotions in her mind, which she was altogether unable to repress, and a torrent of indignant words against her royal lover ended in a flood of tears. It was long however before Nur Jehan would consent to accept the hand (blood-stained as she supposed it to be) of the Emperor. It was only when he had sworn by the most solemn oath, that he was guiltless of Sher Affghan's blood, and brought forward the evidence of the murdered Viceroy's attendants to substantiate his words that she began to smile again. Then, however, her former love rushed back in all its fulness, and reclining in his arms, as he wiped away the tears that bedewed her blushing cheeks, she poured out her whole soul to him, in the eloquent language of a loving heart.

Great were the rejoicings throughout the empire when the news of the Emperor's expected marriage with the object of his early love was spread abroad: and the hearts of the happy lovers beat high with joy. The marriage ceremonies were celebrated with the utmost magnificence; nor did Nur Jehan fail in obtaining the double object of her queenly ambition, the heart of the man she loved, and the power of an Empress she so much desired. And Selim lived to bless the day that saw his fate united for ever with that of the angelic Nur Jehan, and his subjects blessed the day that saw her seated by his side upon the throne, which by her graceful beauty and modest wisdom she was so well able to adorn.

NOTE.—It is somewhat difficult to know what course to steer between the conflicting statement of history with regard to Nur Jehan's character, and the means by which she became the Emperor's wife. Three Histories of India that I have before me tell each a different tale. The death of Sher Affghan is thus related in one:—"The Emperor, before mounting the throne, saw and was dazzled with her, (Nur Jehan's) charms: the passion was mutual, but she had been betrothed to Shere Afghan, (Sher Affghan,) a Turkoman of distinguished merit, and a tie was thus formed which, according to Indian ideas, was indissoluble. Akbar honourably, though perhaps not wisely, insisted that his son's passion should not interfere to prevent the completion of the union." Then it goes on to say that the Emperor Jehangir tried, by every possible stratagem, to put Sher Affghan to death, but unsuccessfully. "At length a nobleman, whose name was Kuttub (Kutb-u-din) received the high office of *Suba* of Bengal, on the base condition of ridding his master of this hated rival.'"

Yet forty assassins employed for this purpose were beaten off, and it was necessary to make the attack with a little army. Even then Sher Afghan performed prodigies of valour, slew Kuttub himself, his worthless enemy, as he sat on an Elephant together with several of his principal lords, and was overpowered only by clouds of darts. The fair but ambitious object of this execrable policy submitted meekly to her fate: but her royal lover, to whose temper crime so atrocious seems not to have been congenial, was struck with such horror, that during four years he refused to see her, and she lived neglected in a corner of the palace. At length she contrived to rekindle his passion." (Hist. of India, Edinburgh Cabinet Lib. p. 217.) It is difficult to understand this account, for if the Emperor had commissioned Kutb-u-din to rid him of his "hated rival," he could hardly have been "struck with horror," or shown such virtuous indignation when his orders were obeyed.

Elphinstone, Vol. 2, p. 353, says:—

"It was probably expected that all opposition from the husband would be prevented by influence and promises; but Shir Afgan had a higher sense of honour; and no sooner suspected the designs that were entertained, than he resigned his command, and left off wearing arms, as a sign he was no longer in the King's service. The further progress of the affair does not appear: it must have been such as to alarm Shir Afgan, for the Viceroy having taken occasion to visit the part of the province where he resided, and having sent to invite his attendance, he went to pay his visit with a dagger concealed in his dress. An interview begun in such a spirit might be expected to close in blood. Shir Afgan, insulted by the proposals and enraged at the threats of the Viceroy, took his revenge with his dagger, and was himself dispatched by the attendants."

"The murder of the Viceroy, which was ascribed to a treasonable conspiracy, gave a colour to all proceedings against the family of the assassin. Nur Jehan was seized and sent as a prisoner to Delhi. Jehangir soon after offered her marriage, and applied all his address to soothe and conciliate her: but Nur Jehan was a high-spirited as well as an artful woman: and it is not improbable that she was sincere in her rejection of all overtures from one whom she looked on as the murderer of her husband. Her repugnance was so strongly displayed as to disgust Jehangir. * * * * * His passion however was afterwards revived."

Again a third history says:—"The Viceroy of Bengal being induced by the Emperor to devise some pretexts for putting Sher Afghan in confinement for a few days, and carrying off the lady in the meantime, sent for Shere Afghan, the husband, who having a suspicion that some wrong was intended, concealed a dagger in his dress, which he drew forth on the first symptom of violence, and stabbed the Viceroy to the heart. The guards instantly rushed forward and struck the assailant to the earth with their scimitars. His death, therefore, which ensued immediately, was the consequence of his own rashness, and not the contrivance of the Emperor, although it appears that his wife was not, at first, satisfied of that fact, since it was a long time before she would consent to marry Jehanghir, notwithstanding her early attachment. At length, however, being convinced of his innocence, she gave him her hand, and the nuptials were celebrated with great splendour." (Hist. of India by the author of Historical Library, p. 266).

I much regret that I have no means of referring to the works of any native historian on this and a thousand other interesting subjects connected with the character and events of Indian history. Such a luxury however must even be beyond the reach of most residents in India, until we have good station libraries for English and other works established in every garrison or cantonment in India.

It is exceedingly difficult to dress the character and events of Indian history in the garb of fiction, so as to lay them before the public in a shape at all adapted to our ideas of romance, and I must beg the indulgence of the public if I have failed or if I have tampered too much with the truth of historical details. The feelings of Nur Jehan towards her first husband may not have been quite so platonic as I have made out, as she had a daughter by him, who was afterwards married to a son of the Emperor Jehangir named Sheriar; he was eventually killed in the disturbance that took place at the beginning of Shah Jehan's reign.

If I cannot say with the Persian historian that I have written on the page of rectitude with the pen of truth, the reader perhaps, if he has read the smile of amusement reflected on the mirror of his heart, will erase with the penknife of indulgence the blot of failure from the scroll of good intention, and moisten the salt of criticism with the water of favour.

ALIF

NOTES OF PLACES AND PEOPLE IN CERTAIN PARTS OF THE CIS-SUTLEJ STATES.

In the Cis-Sutlej states, or the country comprised between the Jumna and the Sutlej, are many places of evident antiquity, but the destructive rule of the Moosulmans, and the more recent invasion of the Manjha Sikhs, have done much to obliterate the traces of former days. It is probable that at a period anterior to the imperial dynasty, the high line of road from the Northward to Delhi ran on this side of the Sutlej through Bhutinda, Sumána, Pehowa and Thánesur, all of which are towns of importance, and still presenting marks of antiquity. The peculiar sanctity of the two latter places has given them greater importance, but there can be no doubt that Sumána and Bhutinda are nearly equally ancient, as is evinced by the number of coins which are found on these sites. Sumána is perhaps the most remarkable town between Lahore and Delhi, its ruins being very extensive and curious. Its former name is said to have been Rinchin Khera, and previous to the Moosulman rule, it was the most noted city in the Cis-Sutlej country. I am informed by Mr. Bayley, that the lát now at Delhi, on which is an inscription of Asoka, was brought from Sumána by Firóz Sháh Toghluk, which would give the place a high antiquity, in addition to which the numerous coins found on the site, many of which are of the Mithraic type, prove its importance long previous to the period of the Moosulman invasion. It is mentioned in the Timoor-námah, it being stated in that book that the inhabitants opposed Timoor, who took the town by storm and burnt it. Sumána continued to retain its reputation till the time when the Soobadarship was transferred to Sirhind, which was formerly popularly known as one of the villages of Sumána. After this, Sumána was gradually deserted, its prestige left it, and the great body of its inhabitants became soldiers of fortune, many of whom acquired for themselves reputation and wealth, the Nizam of the Deccan and the Jhujjur Rajá being both descended from Sumána-born adventurers. At the present time more than half the town is in ruins, and it has a dreary and desolate appearance.

Proceeding from Sumána eastwards towards Thánesur, one passes the town of Pehowa on the banks of the Suruswuti stream. This is also a place of antiquity, and was formerly known by the name of Prithoóduk, having been founded by Raja Prithoó of the Solar Dynasty. In consequence of the vicinity of the Suruswuti, it is a noted place of pilgrimage, and it is said that there was formerly a fine temple here, built by a Mahratta named Rághoó, which was however destroyed by a Rohilla chieftain. Pehowa is included within the sacred limits known as the Forty Kos, of which Thánesur is the centre. Thánesur is 15 miles to the east of this, and as the most noted spot of pilgrimage in the whole of the

Cis-Sutlej country, is deserving of more extended remark. In the vicinity is the scene of the war of the Muhábhárut. In ancient days this tract was known by the name of Sumunt Punjuk, as is stated in the Guda Purub, but the holy tank, now called Koorookshetra, was named Váyoosur, in consequence of Váyoo having performed worship there. In the Tretá Joog an engagement took place here between Pursoorám and the Kshatri tribe, in which the former being victorious, cut off the heads of his enemies, and filled the tank with their blood. In the commencement of the Dwápar Joog, Kooroo, a Rajá of the Soorujbunsee race, came to the place and settled there, and from him it took the name of Koorookshetra, by which appellation the sacred tank is still known. The region called Sumunt Punjuk, or the 40 kos, within which are comprised various teerths, has the following boundaries. To the eastward it extends to Piplee, where the Grand Trunk road crosses the road from Thánesur to Ládwa—this side of the circle being called Ratnoo Yuksh; to the south-east to the village of Seekh in the Paniput district, this side being named Uruntoo Yuksh; to the southward to Ramrudh in the Jeend territory, the spot where the abovementioned action between Pursuram and the Khatris took place; and to the westward to the village of Buhur in the Patiala district. Thánesur itself is almost on the extreme northern limit, the Kamyuk Bun mentioned in the Muhábhárut lying to the south and west of the town. In the combats which took place between the Kauravas and Pandavas, the army of the former was drawn up to the east, and that of the Pandavas to the west, the head quarters of Jayadratha, the Kaurava chieftain, being in the village of Ameen. The town of Thánesur is of comparatively modern date the more ancient site called Ustipoor being on a mound at a short distance. The tank of Koorookshetra, which is a quarter of a mile from the town, is a large jheel about half a mile in length and as much in breadth, with a causeway running across it. It is overgrown with weeds, and there is little water in it, save on the northern side, where it has been deepened, and where all the temples stand. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that research in the Ustipoor mound and in the immediate vicinity might bring to light inscriptions or other records of former days. Attention has not yet been drawn to the subject, and the iconoclastic zeal of the Moosulmans has striven to efface the vestiges of the Hindoo æra, which is proved by the fact, that some years ago several images were discovered in the tank, and one can only conclude that they were intentionally thrown there by the faithful. Regarding the antiquity of Thánesur and its sacred character there can scarcely be any question, and it seems probable that both it and the towns of Pehowa abovementioned and Indrée near the Jumna were held by Princes of the Solar Dynasty. It is somewhat remarkable that to this day the belief exists among all orthodox Hindoos, that to die within the holy limits of the 40 kos, as it is called, ensures salvation, and that it is unnecessary to convey the ashes of one so dying to the Ganges, although this is universally practis-

ed in all other cases. Instances are frequent of Sikh Sirdars being brought to die here. It is impossible, however, to obtain any historical account of the Cis-Sutlej country, previous to its invasion by the Rajpoot tribes, an event which apparently occurred about 1,500 or 1,000 years ago. The most important of these were the Utrus or Kolée, and the Powár families. These were succeeded by the Chohâns, a numerous and important tribe extending over a great portion of the Umbala and Thánesur districts.

In the tract of country skirting the Sewalik range are several places of evident antiquity, though there are few remains now left to attest the fact. The principal towns are Bilaspoor, Sadhoura, Kroree, Bhawane near Pinjore, Khurrur and Roopur. Of these Bilaspoor is situated on the eastern extremity of that tract known by the name of Bruhmavurta, and mentioned in Munoo as lying between the rivers Suruswuti and Drishudwuti or Ghugger. What was the boundary of this region to the southward it is difficult to say, although it may be inferred that Thánesur and Pehowa were included within its limits, but the Suruswuti to the east and the Ghugger to the west are clearly defined boundaries. From this early mention in Munoo of the Bruhmavurta tract, it is evident that it was one of the first regions populated by the Hindoo races, but in what æra we have no means of ascertaining. It may be concluded incidentally from the story of Purusram having conquered the Kshutris at Thánesur that this part of the country was originally swayed by rulers of that race, and that they were ejected by the Brahmuns of whom Purusram was the representative. From this it would seem that the Sarsoot Brahmuns, who derive their origin from the Bruhmavurta country, established themselves subsequently to the Kshutri race, but it must be confessed that previous to the invasion of the Rajpoot tribes from the south and the west, the history of the Cis-Sutlej States is vague and unsatisfactory; nor have we, with the exception of Pinjore, any very ancient data on which to form an opinion. Shiva is the deity whose worship chiefly prevailed, and in the whole of the country surrounding Bilaspoor, known by the name of the 48 kos, the teerths are sacred to him. Bilaspoor itself is chiefly remarkable from the fact of its having been frequented by Byas Dev, who offered up worship to Shiva at a tank which, from him, is called Byas Khoond. A short distance however from Bilaspoor is a place of pilgrimage called Kupal Mochun, of which the following story is related. Bruhma was greatly enamoured of Suruswati, and wandered about the country in pursuit of her, till he got himself into a very sinful state, from which he could find no relief, until Shib took compassion on him, and putting his hands on his head, absolved him from his crimes. The place where this occurred was called Kupal Mochun, from 'Kupal,' head, and 'Mochun,' release. There was an old temple here of much repute formerly, but it has been destroyed, and the materials have been employed in erecting a more modern structure. It is evident, however, from the character of the inscriptions which are still to

be seen on some of the stones that the temple was of an early date.

On the banks of the Ghugger, on the high road from Umbala to Simla, is the town of Pinjore, in the vicinity of which is Bhuwane, the stronghold of the Rajpoot rulers of the plain country below. Pinjore itself is a place of great antiquity, and in former days was known by the name of Udweetnugur. Its first ruler was a certain Raja Nohuk, whose name for some unknown reason was accursed, but his ex-communication was removed by Raja Yoodishthur, who in the course of his travels visited Pinjore to bathe in the sacred pool of Dhara Kshetur. There can be no doubt that a very extensive temple existed here formerly, as various inscriptions of a remote period have been discovered, and the whole place abounds in carved images and masses of stone, which have been applied by the present inhabitants to building purposes. There is however no authentic history of Pinjore previous to the invasion of the Utrus or Kolee Rajpoots of the Rughoobunsee race, who apparently, about 1,500 years ago, left their ancestral homes in Oudh, and after residing some time at Koleshur or Coil, arrived at Pinjore, which they took possession of, expelling the original rulers, whose names or caste tradition does not mention. Attractive as Pinjore was from the fertility of the soil and the richness of the vegetation, the Rajpoots appear to have thought it an insecure position, for they took up their abode at Bhuwane, two miles off, and thence are said to have issued their orders to no less than forty-two Rajas of the plains beneath, including the chiefs of Munimuzra, Ramgurh, Khurrur, &c. Gradually as other tribes of Rajpoots followed the example of the Utrus race, the latter were driven across the Dhangree river, and a great part of their possessions fell into the hands of the powerful Chohans and Paonees. Disputes arising between Raja Sooruj Chund of Bhuwane and the Rajas of Sirmoor and Nalagurh, the latter, dissatisfied with his supremacy, called in the assistance of Jaif Khan, one of the Moosulman Soobahdars, who dispatched troops against the Rajpoot chief, who after a severe struggle was worsted, his territory taken from him, and his stronghold razed to the ground. His descendants are still spread over the plain country, but there is no head of the clan remaining. It may be observed however that the Jubowal Rajpoots of Jummoo, commonly known as Dogras, of whom Goolab Sing is, by position, at present the chief, are of a common origin with the descendants of the Bhuwana Raja; on the extinction of the rule of Raja Sooruj Chund, and the establishment of the Moosulman supremacy, the ancient Hindoo buildings at Pinjore were, as a matter of course, overthrown by the faithful, and the richly carved stone images scattered about in all directions.

Proceeding westward we come to Khurrur, said to have been called Oojeinugur in the Dwapur Yoog, and reported to have been founded by a certain Raja Uj, two of whose descendants were Rajas Rusaloo and Bainchuk. Of all of these a similar story is told; viz. that they were in the habit of playing at dice, on the condition that the losing party

should forfeit his head, and that in this way the Raja made a vast accumulation of heads, which he amused himself by barbarously trailing along the ground. From this amiable propensity the Raja was generally called " Sirkup," or decapitator. Raja Bainchuk, one of the successors of Raja Uj, appears to have been a magician, and his Ranee and he figure in several romantic fables current among the people. There is a curious tradition that the Sutlej once ran under the town of Khurrur, in confirmation of which, it is stated that many years ago the remains of two boats were found in the dry sandy bed of a stream at a place called Bhugut Ghat. In the Khera, as mounds are called in the Cis-Sutlej country, adjoining the town, silver and copper coins are not unfrequently discovered, together with other debris common in deserted spots which were formerly inhabited, such as beads, bits of glass, &c.

Roopur, on the Sutlej, well known as the scene of the interview between the old lion of the Punjab and Lord W. Bentinck, was in former days called Roopanugur, and was founded by a certain Raja Rookesur, by caste a Seen, which race still exists in Sookhet Mundee. Little is known of the family, but in the time of Soodursen, one of his descendants, it is related that a Moosulman fukeer, named Roshun Uli, gave some offence to the Raja, who ordered him to be mutilated. The fukeer proceeded to Mooltan and related his grievance to the Moosulman ruler of that country, who sent a force under the command of Shah Khalid Bin Wulee, who succeeded in ousting the Raja, destroyed his fort, and established the Moosulman rule. This occurred 800 years ago, and the tomb of the warrior saint is still to be seen in the vicinity of Roopur, and is much reverenced by all true believers. A number of coins of early date have been found within the limits of the town, proving the antiquity of the place. The other most important towns in the vicinity of Umbala are Putiala, Sirhind and Chhut. Putiala, formerly called Patulnugur, probably from Patulee Devee, was of little or no note previous to the time of Ala Singh, the first Raja of the Putiala house, but it is now a flourishing and populous town, containing not less than 50,000 inhabitants. Nor was Sirhind of any importance before the Moosulman rule, although its extensive ruins would lead one to suppose that it was a place of some antiquity. For some time after the invasion of Timour, Sumâna continued to be the Head Quarters of the Imperial Soobahdar, but after the lapse of many years it was abandoned, and Sirhind was selected as the most eligible site. Up to the period of the incursion of the Manjha Sikhs, Sirhind, as the seat of Vice Royalty, was a place of great importance, and abounded in stately mosques and fine gardens, showing the taste and munificence of the Imperial rule. It is now a dreary scene. For miles around one sees dilapidated mosques grimed with smoke and age, their domes broken, and their court-yards mis-shapen heaps. Multitudes of bricks lie strewn about in all directions, and the whole area has a scathed and desolate look, showing how great must have been the prestige of the place in former days, and how signal the

vengeance which the Sikhs took on their oppressors, when they succeeded in overthrowing the Moosulman supremacy, and slew the Soobahdar Zain Khan. This raid, which occurred in Sumbut 1820, I shall afterwards allude to. In the town is the Gooroodwara of Futeh Singh and Zorawur Singh, the youthful sons of Gooroo Govind Singh, who were murdered here in Sumbut 1762. It is well known that Govind Singh, when at Nundpoor Mukhowal, was engaged in a series of struggles with Huri Chund, the Nahun Rajah, Bheem Chund, of Kuhloor, and Kesree Chund, of Subathoo. These hill chieftains, envious of the growing fame of the Khalsa leader, complained to the Emperor at Delhi that the Gooroo continually invaded their territories, and harassed their subjects. The Emperor directed Bahadoor Shah to advance with troops against Govind Singh, and on his refusal deputed Dara Shikoh. The Gooroo, after holding out for some time at Nundpoor, found himself at length completely hemmed in, and prepared to escape, first sending on his mother and his two youngest sons. On the arrival of the latter at Chumkor, near Roopur, they were betrayed by an individual named Doonee Chund, who pointed them out to the Imperial troops, upon which they and their mother were seized and brought to Sirhind, where Vuzeer Khan was then Soobahdar.

There was a Khutree called Sochanund or Suchanund, since contemptuously named Jhootanund, by way of reproach, who had attempted to marry his daughter to one of the sons of Govind Singh, but the connection having been declined by the latter, he imbibed a deadly hatred for the Gooroo. When the young Sahibzadahs, as the Gooroo's sons were called, were brought before the Soobahdar, this Khutree said they were of a brood of serpents, and counselled their death. The Rais of Maller Kotla, Sher Mohumud, interceded for them, saying that it would be a burning shame to slaughter thus innocent children of five and seven years age. The counsel of the Khutree however prevailed, and after an ineffectual attempt to convert them to Islam, they were made over to a person named Basoo Beg, who took them to a tower, and stabbed them with a dagger. Their grandmother died shortly afterwards from the effects of grief. By some it is said that the Gooroo's sons were bricked up alive in the walls of the fort, but this story is doubtful. It is not to be wondered at that this dastardly act, added to the murder of Gooroo Tegh Bahadoor, and the persecution inflicted on Govind Singh should have prompted the Khalsa, in the day of their ascendancy, to take an ample retaliation for all the affronts shown to their faith, and the insults heaped on the persons of their revered leaders. How deadly this vengeance was, the present condition of Sirhind evinces.

The earliest accounts we have of Chhut state its ancient name to have been Lukhnotee, and previous to the Moosulman dynasty, the talooka was held by Rajpoots of the Toowur (Tomára) caste. There is an apocryphal story told that Rao Prithora was pursued hither from Bhutinda by Shahabood-deen Ghoree, and that in a fight which ensued, he was de-

feated and taken prisoner. Some one mentioning to the Ghoree Prince that Rao Prithora was a famous archer, the former asked him to display his skill. When the Rao's bow and quiver were brought to him, his 'bhat,' who stood by, repeated a couplet with a hidden meaning, instigating Prithora to slay the Prince, and as the latter gave the signal to him to shoot, he turned the arrow towards the Ghoree Prince's head, and shot him dead on the spot. He was of course immediately slain himself by the Prince's followers. In confirmation of this account, a spacious tomb, some 18 feet long, is pointed out as the resting place of the Moosulman ruler, and close by repose the remains of his slayer. Now it is not a little remarkable that the historians concur in stating that Shahab-ood-deen Ghoree was killed on the banks of the Indus in a night assault made by the Gukkurs, a tribe who are descended from the ancient Kayanees or fire-worshippers, and inhabit the lower hills of the Huzara country. It is probable, therefore, that the Chhut story is incorrect, and that the name of some other Moosulman invader has been mistaken for that of the Ghoree King.

Having thus passed in review the principal places on the eastern side of Loodiana between the Sutlej and the Jumna, I shall proceed to notice the various tribes who have successively invaded the Cis-Sutlej country, and subjected it to their ascendancy. I have above alluded to the incursions of the Rajpoot races, who between 1500 and 1000 years ago moved upwards from the southward and westward, and conquered the Trans-Jumna territory. The principal of these tribes are the following:—

Family.	Branch.	Head of House.
Utrus or Koolee, ...	Rughoobunsee, ..	Extinct—descendants numerous.
Ghoreebahee Powar,	Do., ...	Raos of Chunkor.
Taonee, ...	Jadumbunsee, ...	Raja of Sirmoor,
Chundel, ...	Chunderbunsee, .	Rajas of Bilaspoor and Nalagurh and Mians of Ramgurh.
Chohan (Cháhumána,)	Do., ...	Rao Nutha Singh of Raipoor.

The above five are the principal families; but in addition to these we find Rajpoots of other stocks, such as Toowur, (Tomára,) Deyee, Mundahur, Powar, (not Ghoreebahee,) Punder, Chundla, &c. The first tribe who invaded the country was that of the Utrus Rajpoots, of whom I have previously given an account. Their possessions were apparently bounded to the east originally by the territory of the Powar (Prumára) Rajpoots, who had a stronghold in the town of Kroree, near Nuraingurh. After the subjection of Raja Sooruj Chund, mentioned in my notice of Pinjore, the Utrus family dispersed in the surrounding villages, and finally settled at Hutnawur under the guidance of Raja Ujay Ram. The Nahun Raja obtained a share of the Bhuwane Raja's territory, and held the hill country round Pinjore during

the Moosulman supremacy. The Hutnawur tract was wrested from the Rajpoot chief by Ghureeb Das, ancestor of the present Raja of Munimuzra, and the family falling into disrepute, are now merely biswadars enjoying no further privileges. The ascendancy of the Utrus Rajpoots appears to have been weakened from the time when the Taonees, Chundels, and Chohans appeared on the scene, and pressing on the Utrus family, drove them beyond the river Dhangree into the hill country beyond. Their descent, however, being pure, and their caste one of the highest of the Soorujbunsee or Rughoobunsee race, their family tree is maintained with great accuracy, and reaches back to the thirtieth generation.

The Powar Rajpoots of the Ghoreebahee subdivision are very important from their numbers and the extent of country over which they are spread.

In Sumbut 1181 or 1182 Raja Humbheer, the first of the race whom we find mentioned, left his ancestral home at Kotkurman in Marwar, and after residing some time at Dheen, somewhere beyond Delhi, proceeded onwards to Gungolee, Hurdwar and Kangra, and finally settled at Burdar, a village in the Poorkhalee Sirdar's jageer near Roopur. The family did not acquire any importance till the time of Raja Juspal, the fifth in descent from Raja Humbheer, who ingratiated himself into the favour of Shuhab-ood-deen Ghoree, and obtained from that prince a grant of 1860 villages, partly Cis and partly Trans-Sutlej. The boundaries of his district were Teera and Muloha to the eastward; Sunghol to the southward; Philore and Bhamian to the west; and Rahoon, Shunkur, Goonachor (Trans-Sutlej) and Noohoon near the Sirsa nuddee to the north. In the process of time the above villages were partitioned off among his descendants, who spread themselves gradually over the country, and are now found in great numbers in the Jullundur and Hoshiarpoor districts. Their pedigree, from the commencement, is at the finger-ends of the Meerasee or Bhat of Chumkor, a man very remarkable for the tenacity of his memory. and the extent of his knowledge of the tales, traditions and ballads relating to the family. He can recount from recollection no less than forty generations, giving in detail the names of the greater part of the collateral branches. In the absence of written records the information of these hereditary meerasees is invaluable, and from them alone can we hope to obtain any correct account of the history and actions of the clans whose fortunes they have followed. The Poorohits or family priests of the principal Rajpoot houses also keep up genealogical trees of their chief's descent, but these are generally merely bare lists of names, from which little detailed information can be gained.

The Taonee Rajpoots are of the Jadumbunsee branch, and came originally from Jesulmere, following closely on the footsteps of the Utrus family, whom they drove out from many of their ancient possessions. The head of the clan is Raja Rugbeer Prukash of Wahun, who holds the territory of Sirmoor between the Jumna and the Ghugger, his possessions yielding a revenue of about 70,000 Rupees

per annum. The remaining members of the Taonee family are of little note, and are not congregated together as most other Rajpoots, but are spread over the country, their principal habitats being Morinda, Khurrur and Bhurwala. In consequence of many of them having been Islamized, they have not kept up their distinctive features so strictly as most other Rajpoot tribes.*

The Chundel Rajpoots have succeeded in retaining the greater part of the possessions conquered by them, and their principal chiefs, the Rajas of Bilaspoor and Nalagurh, have preserved an unblemished pedigree, and are still of some importance. The Chundels are of the Chunderbunsee race, and came originally from Chunderee, the situation of which is doubtful, but is, I believe, near Jhansee in Boondelkhund. The family priest of the Nalagurh Raja gives an apocryphal list of the earlier Rajas of Chunderee, tracing them up to Chund himself. According to this account the first rulers were Tupusya Rikhis, or holy men, and it was not till after the lapse of several generations that their descendants condescended to take a share in sublunary concerns. All this early account is of course mere myth and tradition, but in the fifty-eighth generation of the family, 775 years ago, according to their account, Humeer Chund and Kanh Chund, two brothers of a junior branch of the Chunderee house, with a numerous train of followers, invaded a tract of hill country in the vicinity of the Sutlej, then held by a certain Brahmun named Handa. Of course the Rajpoot tradition makes Handa out to have been a great tyrant, and his expulsion a kindness to his subjects. It is sufficient however to state that the Rajpoot brothers succeeded in acquiring the supremacy, on which a division of Handa's possessions was made, Humeer Chund, the elder brother, taking possession of Kuhloor, comprising the northern part of the territory otherwise called Kot, and Kanh Chund Hindor, where Handa resided. In the course of time Kuhloor was abandoned for Bilaspoor, and Hindor for Nalagurh, the present seats respectively of the Chundel Rajas. After twenty generations had passed away the original line of the Nalagurh Rajas became extinct, by the murder of the heir by his uncle, who in his turn was also assassinated. A collateral was then seated on the guddee, and his grandson is the present Raja. The Ramgurhia Sirdars, who hold a small estate on the eastern bank of the Ghugger, are of a junior branch of the Bilaspoor house, and distinguished by the title of Mian, the appellation generally given to the younger members of royal families.

Notwithstanding the reputation for gallantry which is usually attached to the Rajpoot name, it would appear that the hill Rajas, from the Jumna to Kangra, made but a poor defence against the Goorkhas, when the latter invaded their territories under the command of Umur Singh Ghapa, the Goorkha General. The whole hill side fell before this enterpris-

* The Taonees are said to have derived their name from Rai Tan, grandson of Salivahuna, who reigned about 15 A. D. Rai Umba, one of the descendants of Rai Tan, founded the town of Umbala according to popular report.

ing soldier, and his victorious troops, who ravaged the country and inspired such fear that they are still talked of with a sensation of horror by the people of the present day.

The last of the Rajpoot tribes, who acquired much repute, are the Chohans (Cháhumána.) This numerous and important clan is one of the most widely spread in the country north of Delhi. Rana Hurrao, son of Rana Prithoha, came from Sumbhul in Moradabad in 845 Sumbut, and was the father of twelve sons, who acquired a great part of Thanesur, and all that part of the Umbala district which lies between the Dhangree river and the Jumna. The most noted of the sons was Rao Ranta, from whom is descended Rao Hutha Singh, the present Chief of the house; although from their numbers the Chohans still possess great influence, they are too widely diffused to have much in common, and this want of unanimity is increased by a dispute between the Rao of Raipoor and the Raos of Punjlasa near Naraingurh, as to their respective claims to superiority.

As a general rule, the Chohans have fallen to the position of mere biswadars, and Rao Hutha Singh is almost the only chief who retains any family estate. The Chohans appear to have adopted the ancient Hindoo practice of partitioning their possessions into divisions of 84 villages, commonly called 'Chourasee,' but these denominations have disappeared with the supremacy of the inventers.* The remaining Rajpoot tribes are not of sufficient importance to require separate mention, and are found in but small numbers.

Such is a brief and imperfect account of the people who acquired ascendancy in the Cis-Sutlej country previous to the permanent establishment of Moosulman dynasty. The history of adventurers, such as most of these Rajpoots were, is generally unsatisfactory, and from the want of written documents it is difficult to come to a conclusion as to who were the original rulers of the country before the incursion of the Rajpoot tribes. It is not impossible that in a part of the tract alluded to the Brahminical race may have exercised sway, but this is mere conjecture. It is clear however that the country fell an easy prey to the invaders, and it may be conceived that the predominant powers, whoever they were, retained but little authority. It is unnecessary to enter upon the history of the Cis-Sutlej States during the Moosulman rule, as in the Ayin Akbiri and the historians of the time, frequent mention is found of the principal towns, their inhabitants, revenue, and other statistics. I shall therefore take up the thread from the time when the Sikhs, goaded by the injuries which had been inflicted upon them, and calling to mind the barbarities practised on their sainted leader's father and sons, took advantage of the growing weakness of the Moosulman rule, and attacking in force the Soobahdar of Sirhind, succeeded in overthrowing the Imperial dynasty. Here we enter upon quite a new phase of history. It is well known

* Rao Prithora or Prithweeraj was, as is well known, by birth a Chohan, but was adopted into the royal family of Toowur, and on ascending the throne of Delhi united the two houses. His exploits, as recited by his bard Chand, are to this day well known among the Chohan Rajpoots

that the greater part of the Sikhs are by caste Jats, that industrious and powerful race which is widely spread over the Punjab, but whose origin and early history are hitherto little more than conjecture. The theory which would identify them with the ancient Scythians appears somewhat fanciful. An agricultural people living in village communities, and with the Caucasian cast of countenance, bear little resemblance to the nomade pastoral tribes who roamed in the plains of Tartary. It may be said, however, that the term Scythian is vague in the extreme, and it is not improbable that the Jats may have originally come from the northern part of the ancient Persian empire south of the river Oxus, from the same tract in fact in which originated, as far as we know, the ancestors of the ancient Germans and Scandinavians. The resemblance alluded to by Elliot in his Glossary is too striking not to attract attention, the holdings in common, and other agricultural features being undoubtedly similar.* The Jats in the Punjaub have, from time immemorial, been a sturdy people, of lofty stature and independent manners. The sub-divisions of the race are too numerous to be mentioned, amounting to more than one hundred, but the most important are the following. 1st—the Sindhoo, which is very generally spread over the Manjha, and numbers in its clan some of the most noted Sikh families. 2d—The Virk, a tribe chiefly inhabiting the lower part of the Rechnab Doab. 3rd—The Sansee, of which division were Runjeet Singh and the Sindhanwala family. And 4th—The Gil, which includes the well known Lehna Singh Mujeetia and his house.

In the Cis-Sutlej States however there is one Jat family of such pre-eminent note, and holding such extensive possessions, that it may be not uninteresting to give their genealogical tree, which is as follows. At the same time it should be observed that this house, though without any sufficient authority, lays claim to a Rajpoot descent. *(See Lithograph form A.)*

This extensive and powerful family, which includes the Rajas of Putiala, Jeend and Nabha, is commonly called the Phoolkian misul, from their great ancestor, Phool, the first of the house, who acquired any reputation. His forefathers came from the Deccan, and were Jats of the Sidhoo race. Phool himself appears to have been a daring freebooter, who plundered his neighbours, but possessed no fixed abode. His sons, Tillok Singh and Rama, were disciples and followers of Gooroo Govind Singh, and for this reason their descendants are held in considerable respect by Sikhs generally. The first of the house who acquired any extensive possessions was Raja Ala Singh of Putiala, a man of great energy of character, who before the period of the ascendancy of the Sikhs, won for himself a small principality, of which the capital was Putiala. His successor, by temporizing with Ahmud Shah on the latter's invasion of India, added considerably to his hereditary territory, and when the Cis-Sutlej States were placed under the protection of the Bri-

* *Vide* Prichard on this head—Vol. IV., pp. 131-132—History of Mankind.

tish Government and the Sirdars secured immunity from the inroads of Runjeet Singh, the Putiala Raja was acknowledged to be the principal Sikh chief on the eastern side of the Sutlej. The possessions of the Putiala Raja are now not less than 20 lacs; and his territory impinges on all the districts in the Cis-Sutlej division. The other branches of the Phoolkian misul are of less renown, but the Rajas of Jeend and Nabha hold extensivo territory, the estates of the former producing a revenue of two lacs, and those of the latter $2\frac{1}{2}$ lacs yearly. While the Sirdars of the Phoolkian misul were gradually rising into importance and increasing their possessions, the Manjha Sikhs united their forces, and in Sumbut 1820, or 90 years ago, marched upon Sirhind. The Moosulman rule had already been shaken by the growing power of the Mahrattas, and Zhain Khan, the Soobahdar of Sirhind, was quite unable to cope with the army of the infuriated Khalsa, which threatened him from the Punjab. Sirhind was speedily taken and sacked by the Sikh troops, the Soobahdar was slain, and the Sikhs, like furies let loose, did their utmost to level with the ground every building which attested the power and supremacy of the hated Moslem, and that they were not unsuccessful in their attempts at vengeance the present desolate appearance of the place bears witness. It is commonly stated that twelve misuls or fraternities of Sikhs banded together in this raid, but in reality there were only three Sirdars of any especial note, viz., Jussa Singh Aloowalia, the ancestor of the Kapoorthula house, Kupoor Sing Singpooria, and Jussa Singh Ramgurhia. The first of these was by caste a Kulal, the second a Virk, and the last a Thirkan. The other Sirdars were of inferior importance, but their respective misu's conquered large tracts of country. The most celebrated bodies besides those above mentioned were the Dulewalia, Nishaneewalia, Krorian and Bhungee misuls. From Sirhind the Sikh Sirdars spread themselves over the whole country, each taking what territory he could, and little or no opposition appears to have been made to their progress. The whole country to the Jumna fell into their hands, and assemblies of all the various misuls were held, at which it was decided what partition should be made among the different Sirdars of the spoils of the fraternity. As a general rule, till the invasion of the Cis-Sutlej country by Runjeet Singh in 1806, these divisions remained intact in the possession of the chiefs by whom they were at first seized, and allowing for deaths, forfeitures and lapses, the descendants of the conquering Sirdars are still settled in the places which their ancestors won by the sword. Many of the greater Sirdars on leaving the Manjha, took with them in their train large bodies of needy Sikhs, who formed themselves into puttees or bands, and on the conquest of any talooka, made a division of the villages comprised in it according to the number of their body, each sowar getting a fixed share. From this has sprung up a curious kind of tenure known as putteedaree, in which, by hereditary division and subdivision, the holdings have become infinitessimally small. Government has however laid

down the status of 1808-9 as it is called (*i. e.* the state of possession at the time, when the growing power of Runjeet Singh was restrained by the able intervention of Sir C. Metcalfe) as the basis on which rules have been framed for the resumption or release of putteedaree tenures, the claim of collaterals depending on the state of possession at that period according to fixed and well-defined principles. One body of the Khalsa under Bughel Singh, of the Dulewalia misul, reached as far as Delhi, and there erected a sumadh or tomb in memory of Gooroo Tegh Bahadoor, who was murdered by the orders of the merciless Aurungzebe.

I have above alluded to the common tradition that the Sikhs who invaded the Cis-Sutlej country were divided into twelve misuls or fraternities. Properly there were only eight misuls, the others being merely auxiliary bodies called 'Deras.' The eight misuls were as follows : 1.—Aloowalia. 2.—Singhpoorian. 3.—Ramgurhia. 4.—Dulewalia. 5.—Krora Singhian. 6.—Nishaneewalia. 7.—Bhungee. 8.—Ghunia, each band taking its name from the chief who led it to victory. The Deras were as follows: 1.—Katgurhia. 2.—Phoolkian. 3.—Bhais of Khythul. 4.—Shuheeds or martyrs; but it may be observed that accounts do not always agree as to the names of the auxiliary bands, the Paijgurhias and others being sometimes included in the list of the twelve misuls.

It may be not uninteresting to specify the purgunnahs which each of the fraternities took possession of after the conquest of Sirhind, and I shall therefore briefly mention the names of the leading Sirdars in each misul, and state over what extent of country their sway extended.

The Aloowalia misul, headed by Jussa Singh Kulal, held originally a large tract of country in the Jullunder Doab, and its chief, before Runjeet Singh's star rose in the horizon, was regarded by the Sikhs as the most powerful Sirdar in the Punjab. The possessions acquired by Jussa Singh and his tributaries in the Cis-Sutlej States were very extensive, comprising Koteese Khan, Moolanwala, Mukhoo and Futtehgurh, in Ferozepoor, and Nuraingurh and Alumpoor in Umbala. In addition to these Runjeet Singh bestowed on Jussa Singh's successor the talookas of Jugraon, in Loodiana, and Bussee, now in the Putiala territory. After the Sutlej campaign the whole of the Aloowalia States, Cis-Sutlej, were confiscated, and the family possessions were confined to the hereditary domain of Kupoorthulla. The Sirdar Nehal Singh received from the British Government the title of Raja, and still enjoys sovereign powers. The second great misul was that of the Singhpoorians, led by Kupoor Singh, who rejoiced in the title of Nuwab, and in truth, as the head of the Virk Sikhs, was the chief of a powerful and influential body. The Virks are a numerous race of Jat Sikhs, common both in the Baree and Rechnab Doabs, and appear to have joined both the Singhpoorian and Dulewalia misuls, for it must not be supposed that the constitution of the several misuls depended in any way upon the caste of its members. The Singhpoorian misul directed its course chiefly towards

the fertile country on the borders of the Sutlej near Roopur, and seized the talookas of Bhurutgurh, Bela, Ghunolee and Munolee, together with part of Bunnoor. Subsequently it assisted the Raja of Nalagurh in his disputes with Sirdar Huri Singh, of the Dulewalia misul, and acquired half the talooka of Hindor. The estates held by the family were valued at one lac. Connected with this family by common descent is Sirdar Juswunt Singh of Choonee Muchlee, also a Virk Sikh of Singhpoora, a village in the Manjha near Bhudana. The third misul, that of the Ramgurhias, took its name from Jussa Singh Thirkan (carpenter,) but the Sirdar did not personally cross the Sutlej, and although in the Punjaub the family is of some mark, the tract of country acquired by them, Cis-Sutlej, was very small, comprising only the talooka of Solhur and a few detached villages. Solhur was wrested from them by General Perron, and sold to the Bhais of Khythul, and their name has disappeared. The Dulewalia misul acquired great renown from the extent of its conquests. The fraternity took its name originally from Dulel Singh, but their most noted leader was Bughel Singh, who, as above stated, led the conquering forces of the Khalsa as far as Delhi. He did not however live to retain any of his conquests, and the principal Sirdars, who settled in the Cis-Sutlej States, were Huri Singh of Roopur, Bhunga Singh of Thanesur, Sahib Singh of Ladwa, nicknamed Khoonda, Desoo Singh of Moostufabad, and Dewan Singh Kulal of Udhoa. Their possessions amounted to several lacs of yearly revenue, comprising the estates mentioned with each Sirdar's name, besides Bussee, near Sirhind, Siyalba, Sekundra, Shilgurangan and Gudhera, but by a strange fatality the greater number of these extensive holdings have become escheats to Government, Roopur and Ladwa having been resumed in consequence of the misconduct of the Sirdars in the Cis-Sutlej campaign, and Thanesur and Udhoa having lapsed by death. The fifth misul was that of Krora Singh, one of three 'chelas' or disciples of Sookhur Singh, who did not himself cross the Sutlej. This misul comprised a subdivision called Sham Singhian from its leader Sham Singh, and finally separated into two heads, one that of the Kulsia Sirdars and the other that of the Sham Singhians. The fraternity conquered the whole country between the Markunda and the Jumna, north of Jughadhree and Moostufabad, and was led by the following chiefs, Goorbuksh Singh of Kulsia, Nodh Singh of Leda, Kurum Singh of Bilaspoor, Kurum Singh of Dhunoura, Doolcha Singh of Rudour, and the Virk Jageerdars of Sadhoura. The descendants of some of these chiefs still survive, and the Kulsia Sirdar yet retains territory valued at 1½ lac yearly, but the Sham Singhian branch, the members of which were of minor importance, is almost extinct.

The Nishaneewala misul was headed by Unoop Singh and Mohur Singh, and comprised the following Sirdars: Sonda Singh of Khunae-kee-Serai, Kurum Singh of Shahabad, Goorbuksh Singh of Umbala, Unoop Singh of Lushkuree-Khan-kee-Serai, Mohur Singh of Kob Singhanwala, Jai Singh of Ludhran, &c. Their

possessions were extensive, and their revenues larger, but the Shahabad Sirdars are now the only chiefs left who possess much influence, the estates of many of the other members having reverted to Government.

The seventh misul, known by the name of Bhungee, was, in the early history of the Sikhs, of much importance : Lahore itself having been held by Sirdars of this branch, from whom it was wrested by Runjeet Singh. At the Delhi Gate of Lahore there was formerly to be seen, and probably still is, the Bhungee Tope, a gun of very large size, which took its name from this fraternity, and which is said to have been used at the siege of Mooltan in the time of Runjeet. No principal Sirdar of the Bhungee misul crossed the Sutlej, although Goorbuksh Singh held extensive territories in the Ferozepoor distriet, comprehending the talookas of Ferozepoor and Sooltankhanwala, but two of the feudal subordinates of the clan, named Bagh Singh and Nanoo Singh, reached the Jumna, and seized the talookas of Booria, Jugadhree and Diyalgurh, rich and fertile tracts for the most part, skirting the river. The Booria estate is the only one which has survived, both the others having lapsed by the death of the holders.

The eighth misul was called the Ghunia, and was led by Jussa Singh, who was a Sirdar from the upper part of the Manjha near Vuttala. The fraternity conquered the Wudnee talooka, but did not apparently acquire for itself an extensive territory.

Of the Deras or subordinate clans, the Phoolkian and Khythul misuls were of great mark, but both they and the Shuheeds having long previously to the Sikh invasion settled in the Cis-Sutlej country, were for this reason not included in the body of the Khalsa, comprised in the abovementioned eight misuls, all of which came from the Manjha. The Bhais of Khythul, and also the Sirdars of Fureedkote, claimed, it is said, a common origin with the descendants of Phool, but no extant genealogy substantiates their statement. I have previously mentioned the gradual rise to pre-eminence of the Phoolkian misul, when the Moosulman Empire began to decline in power. On the invasion of India by Ahmud Shah Dooranee, all those Sikhs who were unable to withstand him, and feared the result of an encounter, fled to the hills, leaving the estates, which they had won to the protection of the Putiala Chief, who by temporizing with the Moosulman invader, succeeded in retaining his position. When the storm of invasion had blown over, the smaller Sikh Sirdars returned, but found themselves unable to recover their former territories from the Putiala Raja, who refused to surrender. At length a compromise was made, by which the Sikh jageerdars enjoyed half the revenues, the remaining half, together with predominant jurisdiction being retained by Putiala. These jageerdars were called Chubarumees, and have generally been at feud with the Putiala Raja, but recently a division has been made of the shared villages, each party getting its portion, and the smaller fry coming under the protection of the paramount power. Force and fraud were of course freely employed by the

members of the Phoolkian misul, in order to obtain that ascendancy which they succeeded in reaching. Even now the territory held by them is of greater extent than the four districts of Thanesur, Umballa, Loodiana and Ferozepoor, including the domain held by the Bhais of Khythul, which lapsed but a few years ago, its boundaries may be described as follows. Rohtuk, Hurriana and Bhutteana lie to the south; Fureedkote, Wudnee, Muler Kotla, Sirhind and Bunnoor to the north; to the east Thanesur; and to the west Bhutinda. In addition to this tract, the Putiala Raja holds Pinjore and several districts in the hills, extending even as far as Simla. I do not propose to enter into a detail of these pergunnahs, having already mentioned the principal towns comprised in them, viz. Sumána, Putiala, Pinjore, &c. The members of the Phoolkian misul are in personal appearance very striking, the Putiala Raja being an extremely fine looking man, and his cousin of Jeend a perfect giant, but with most courtly and pleasant manners. I have seen no Sikh Sirdar, even in the Punjab, who can in any way be compared with him, he being equally conspicuous for his manly appearance, dignified deportment, and frank and unassuming manner. His estates are managed with great skill, and he himself inspects and comprehends all the details of his jurisdiction. He is in short a worthy specimen of a Sikh Sirdar. The Khythul district was bought by Bhai Lal Singh from M. Perron, a French officer in the Mahratta service, and continued in the possession of his heirs till the death of Bhai Oode Singh, when it lapsed to Government. These Bhais, partly from their priestly rank and partly from their connection with the powerful Phoolkian house, enjoyed considerable influence, which was increased by their having done good service to Lord Lake, and thus won his favour.

The small body of Shuheeds took their title from Deep Singh, who came from the Manjha, and was installed by Gooroo Govind Singh on the guddee of Dumdama Sahib, on the departure of the Gooroo for Uchulnugur. He was killed subsequently in fighting with the Moosulmans at Jundiala, and died crying out with his last breath that he was a Shuheed, or martyr for the faith. His disciples and followers assumed the honorary appellation, and have ever since retained it.

Kurum Singh and Dhurm Singh, two Shuheeds, united with a body of Nuhungs, and won for themselves the talookas of Shahzadpoor, Majra and Kesree, while three of their partisans seized the small estates of Juroleo, Thol Tungore and Bujaolee.

The Katgurhia Sikhs were not of much note. Dhurm Singh, a Khutree of this clan, seized the fertile tract of Morinda, but it was wrested from his son Nehal Singh by Runjeet Singh, and bestowed by the Punjab ruler on his relation Raja Bhag Singh, of Jeend. On the death of Raja Sungut Singh, the latter's grandson, without direct male issue, although the hereditary estates of the Jeend family were released to the Buzeedpoor branch, of which the representative was Sooroop Singh, great grandson of Raja Gujput Singh, father of

Raja Bhag Singh, the territories bestowed on the Jeend house by Runjeet Singh were declared to be escheats to our Government, the Lahore ruler's claim being disallowed.

I have thus given a brief sketch of the results of the invasion of the Cis-Sutlej country by the Sikh forces. When Runjeet Singh's incursions were put an end to by Sir C. Metcalfe, and his attention was directed to the equally productive territories of Cashmere, Mooltan and Peshawur, the whole of the Sikh Sirdars on this side of the Sutlej put themselves for the future under the protection of the British Government, which promised them immunity from the inroads of the Lahore ruler, demanding from them service in time of need in token of feudal submission. The country thus acquired the name of the Protected Sikh States up to the time of the Sutlej campaign, the state of possession, making allowances for lapses by death, continued much the same as in 1808-9, but the rebellion of the Ladwa and Roopur Sirdars, and the confiscation by Lord Hardinge of all the territory held by the Lahore State, Cis-Sutlej materially changed the aspect of affairs. The various Sirdars however still retained for some time the sovereign powers, which from the first they had enjoyed in all criminal, civil and revenue matters; but in 1849, thirty-four chiefs were deprived of these privileges, and were reduced to the rank of ordinary jageerdars. This measure was most salutary and expedient, for the greater number of the disfranchised chiefs were quite unfit to wield the powers previously held by them, and it is obvious that to permit every petty jageerdar to enjoy seignorial rights, which only the paramount power should possess, must be prejudical to good government. The former agency court exercised but a weak and imperfect supervision, and in consequence every Sirdar's domain became an asylum for the outcasts of his neighbour. For forty years this anomalous state of things had existed, and it must be confessed that it has given rise to many of the complicated difficulties which have beset the administration of the Cis-Sutlej States. The first effect of the new order was to make servants masters and masters servants; that is to say, the zemindars, seeing that the jageerdars had no longer power to extort their revenues by force, refused to pay at all, and hence arose intricate and troublesome disputes, the more difficult to adjust, because from the jageerdars' custom of collecting in kind, there were no data to decide on if the zemindars, as was frequently the case, made away with the standing crop. In criminal matters the difficulty has been quite as great. The system of double government, which prevailed for so long, has had the worst possible effect on the character of the people, has taught them resistance to authority, and inspired a spirit of litigiousness, and a resort to frivolous appeals, which can only be equalled by the genuine Bengalee. The only matter for regret in the deprivation of the Sirdars of their sovereign powers is that they will in future be scarcely distinguishable from other subjects: they will run into debt and finally disappear from the face of the land. This is the infallible

result of the contact of Native States with British rule, and although the procedure of escheat is in the Cis-Sutlej States more lenient than in the Punjab, it is most probable that the aristocratic families of the present day will, in the course of one or two generations, give place to the monied Ugurwal and Surhalee. If at home the English are a nation of shopkeepers, it may be said with equal or more truth that in India they have set up a Bunya-ka-raj, erected on the decline and ruin of all the old and famous native houses.

Amidst the general wreck of the Cis-Sutlej families, the following nine States were allowed to retain sovereign powers as formerly :—

Name of State.		*Revenue.*	
1—Putiala,	Rs.	20,00,000	
2.—Jeend,	,,	2,00,000	
3.—Nabha,	,,	2,50,000	
4.—Furreedkote,	,,	50,000	
5.—Bussee,..	,,	1,50,000	
6.—Diyalgurh,	,,	25,000	extinct.
7.—Raikote,	,,	7,000	
8 .—Mumdote,	,,	40,000	
9.—Muler Kotla,	,,	1,00,000	

The first three belong to the Phoolkian misul. The Furreedkote chief also claims a descent from the house of Phool, and possesses the districts of Furreedkote, Katkupoora, and Mookutsur. The Bussee Sirdar holds extensive estates at Bussee and Chuchrolee and half Cheeruk in the Ferozepoor district. His grandfather joined the Kfora Singhian misul as above stated.

The Raikote family, now represented by a feeble old woman, formerly was of some importance, and possessed the districts of Loodiana, Jugraon, Budowal, Bussian and Pukhowal, but was ejected from these by Runjeet Singh, and reduced to a small holding in Raikote. The lady who held Diyalgurh died a year ago, and her estates have lapsed to the paramount power.

The Mumdote Nuwab, a Puthan of the Ghorghosht tribe, of which division are also the Koonjpoora Nuwab, and the Afghans of Khizurabad on the Jumna, belonged to the Kusoor family in the Lahore district, and when that house was overthrown by Runjeet Singh and their possessions were wrested from them, the territory of Mumdote was assigned to the present Nuwab's ancestors, and in this way it has always escaped the incursions of the Sikhs. The Mumdote district lies along the course of the Sutlej south of Ferozepoor.

The Rais of Muler Kotla holds an extensive estate in the Loodiana district, and is to this day held by all Sikhs in great respect, in consequence of his ancestor having interceded for the children of Gooroo Govind Singh, as mentioned in my notice of Sirhind. It is said that the Goroo presented him with a copper plate, in which he had scratched with an arrow a sentence, thanking him for his intercession, and recommending him and his posterity to the favourable notice of all followers

of the Khalsa persuasion. On the sack of Sirhind the Muler Kotla Rais profited by the protection this afforded him, and preserved his estates intact, being the only Moosulman chief, who did not fall under the vengeance of the infuriated Sikhs.

There are several other families in the Cis-Sutlej States, not included in the above notice, both Hindoo and Moosulman, but this article has already reached its limits, and a dry detail of names, without descriptive remarks on each family, would scarcely be interesting to the general reader.

B.

MIRIAM—AN INDIAN TALE.

The tale which I have to tell is a very strange one, and happened many years ago: the events which are described to the casual reader may seem very trivial, but to me they were fraught with overpowering interest, and have had an influence over my character and life.

In the year 18—, I was in civil charge of the remote and obscure district of G——, the solitary European. I was in the midway of the path of life: the romance of youth had not entirely been extinguished by the common-placeness of manhood: naturally of a serious and retired disposition, I rejoiced in my solitude, was never less alone, than when alone, as I found in my studies and books a better companionship, a more engrossing society, than can be realized in the sickening bustle and hollow gaiety of the larger stations, where no real friendships are formed, where so few sympathetic spirits can be met with.

My days glided peacefully away—my mornings and evenings were usually spent in my large and carefully kept garden, and there, when relieved from the duties of my office, I sauntered up and down, chaunting the majestic lines of Homer, or lost in the beauties of the Italian Poets. I have spent hours in one nook, where a lofty peepul afforded shade to a rude bench: there often I saw the sun rise and set without intermission and without alloy.

The extremity of my garden bordered on the native town, and a large tank and a few poor houses were immediately adjoining. A low fence, with a little gateway, separated me from a path which, though not much frequented, was open to the public.

Here one day my eyes fell on a little urchin of a girl, of about five years old, but lightly and poorly clad, who used to dart about from the cottage where she resided, along the high banks of the tank, who seemed every where like a ray of sunshine with her light laugh. Sometimes she stood watching my actions, as I paced up and down. Insensibly an acquaintance was formed between us: a present of a few copper coins removed all fear and bashfulness. One day with trembling steps she obeyed my summons, and passing the little gate, came up to me to be interrogated as to her residence, and the occupation of her parents. I became then aware of her extreme beauty, such as I have never seen realized before or since: eyes of the deepest black, features of the most delicate chiselling, and long black hair: her figure and limbs were of the slightest and frailest mould, she seemed more like a sprite than a living being. It appeared that she lived with an old woman in one of the cottages, whom she called her grandmother, but on inquiry it appeared that she had been found five years before—a new-born infant, on the banks of this tank—her parentage utterly unknown and unsuspected, and she had been

reared out of compassion by a childless crone.

The gate once passed, the little fairy included my garden within the circle of her dominions. To me personally still shy and reserved, with the gardeners and my numerous servants she was soon on terms of the closest intimacy, and won their hearts by her gentleness and beauty—hearts easily won towards children or animals. Morning and evening there she was, chasing the butterfly down the alleys, calling to the birds, picking flowers—busy about something—her voice heard everywhere, her slight figure glancing about: she appeared and she vanished with the birds and the insect tribe, and seemed as one of them. Sometimes, but not often, she came to me to have her head patted, and receive some toy, some new dress, or some small sum of money to carry home; and surely as this happened, on the following morning the natural gratitude of the child prompted her to lay aside her shyness, and bring me a nosegay. As we met on the path there was always a glad smile, a light laugh, a musical "salaam" to greet me, but a year or more elapsed ere I thought of her more than the birds and the butterflies, which appeared always as her companions, or the pet dogs and tame deer, which, like her, had the entreé of my enclosure.

One day, in the whim of the moment, it occurred to me to order that she should be taught to read and write—an unheard-of accomplishment for a girl in India. She however was in raptures, and in a few weeks developed a wonderful memory and capacity, and it was then that our acquaintance ripened into intimacy: the treasures of knowledge which she acquired daily from her teacher could not be communicated to her former companions, for in them she found no sympathy, but to me she delighted in her newly acquired boldness to read over the lesson of the day, to repeat what she had committed to heart, to ask wild questions, and I soon became aware that there was a soul in that tiny body, that Nature had endowed that fairy form with a wonderful precociousness of intellect—in mind as well as body she differed from those among whom she had, as it were, been dropped from the skies.

My attention once roused, a deep interest now surrounded her. Who has ever had the task of instructing a beautiful and intelligent child without feeling a deepness and purity of love insensibly spring up in the bosom? As she sat on the ground day by day at my feet, busily reading, or listening with those deep eyes fixed upon me, with a trust and belief that knew no bounds, her gentle hand supporting her chin, as she sobered down her gay spirits to thought and contemplation, or separated the long locks which had fallen across her eyes: all the love which of old I had borne to the little fairies of my home and my youth, which had lain stagnant in my bosom during ten years of solitary exile, burst out, and were concentered in her. When alone, one soon learns to love, if a fit object can be found, but she seemed like one of the spirits that I had dreamt, or read of credulously in the wildest of Poets. As I saw her sometimes sitting by the edge

of the fountain, thoughtfully looking into the water, and remembered her unexpected appearance in this world, I began to think that she was indeed one of the Naiads, although no sandal imprisoned her tiny foot, and no fillet looped up her shining tresses.

As her ripening intellect enabled her to comprehend, I led her gentle spirit to the contemplation of Religion. I felt that I had a sacred deposit entrusted to my charge: here was no rude struggle with Sin and Satan—no attempt to drive out, trench by trench, the world from a hardened heart: her guileless soul took in and comprehended the divine truths, as I with unpractised tongue tried to convey them: I felt my own unworthiness, my own unfitness to be the instructor and guide of so pure a disposition.

I had named her Miriam, from [illegible] resemblance to the picture of that most blessed among women, which Murillo has left us to gaze on with wonder, if not adoration, and Miriam had now become to me the companion of my solitude, and a very necessary part of my happiness. To me she read her Bible, under my guidance she increased her worldly knowledge: she was still the same wild, all but unearthly thing, with light step and uncontrolled spirits, the darling not only of the white master, but every one of the dark attendants, and all with whom she came in contact.

Thus seven quiet years from the day that I had first known her glided away, and my little girl had budded into a beautiful woman, for at the age of twelve, under the precocious heat of an Oriental sun, development is more rapid than in the tardy West, and willingly would I have bade the dial return, and restore her to me as a child, on whom I could, without reproach, centre my affections, but I now daily felt the responsibility of my charge: the fate of my beautiful, and now Christian child, was in my hands, and depended on my judgment; and to permit one so beautiful to live unprotected under her humble roof, and to run unrestrained about my garden, and in my society, was not unattended by danger to her future happiness, and in a censorious world to her good name, and I was arranging to forward her to the charge of the lady of a Missionary some hundred miles off, there to be regularly introduced into the Christian Church, and to be brought up and settled in such comfort as belonged to the adopted child of my affection. I was steeling my heart to the moment when this communication was to be made to her, for I could not but believe that she loved me as a father, and I knew that her sinless and guiltless heart would not see the imperative necessity of our separation. Conscious of the integrity of my conduct and the sternness of the duty, I had reconciled myself to the deprivation of my greatest earthly comfort: and my plans were all but matured, when it pleased Providence to ordain otherwise, and to bring to me and my child a more eternal separation.

It was in the middle of June, the season of the year the most intensely hot and oppressing, and my arrangements were made to despatch her to her new home, when one evening I missed her from her usual seat in the garden, but thought nothing of it, ascrib-

ing it to the weather: in the middle of the next day I was informed that she had an attack of fever, and was dangerously ill. Illness to her was an entire stranger, and alarmed me the more, and without further delay I hurried down the path which led to the humble roof which she still continued to occupy. During our long acquaintance it had so happened that I never had crossed her threshold till this moment, and it was under one of the humble Indian roofs of mud, scarcely high enough for me to stand upright, dark though clean, that I found my sweet Miriam lying on one of the rude pallets of the country: it then flashed upon me how little, while dwelling on her intellectual improvement, I had thought of her temporary comforts: but such as it was, it had to her the charms of home: there she lay, exhausted by fever, her eyes closed, her long hair falling on her pillow, and one tiny hand hanging over the side. I knelt down, for in that humble roof there were no seats, and took the little hand in mine, and by the fierce heat and the rapid pulsation, became aware of the seriousness of the attack: perhaps there was something electric in my touch, for she opened her languid eyes, and a sweet smile passed across her features, and making signs to those around her to raise her up, she put forward her hot parched lips to meet mine, as with tears in my eyes, I leant over her. The exertion was too much, for she fell back, holding my hand, in which she buried her soft burning cheek and closed her eyes again with a smile in her lips, as if she were then happy.

I felt from the first that there was no hope; that her delicate frame could not resist the dread evil which had seized her; and as I bowed my head, a scalding tear fell upon her hand, she opened her eyes, and began to speak faintly, asking me whether she was really dying. "My sweetest Miriam," said I, "it is in the hands of God: you have learnt to trust in him, and he will not desert you." She raised herself gently up, and leaning in my arms, clinging to me, exclaimed—"But why should I die? Please do not let me go: keep me with you: you are all powerful—all obey your orders: I am *still so little—so young:* I was so happy: the world seemed so bright to me. You were so kind to me: all were so kind to me: what harm have I done? Why should I die, and leave you? I cannot and will *not* leave you." She was pleading with me as for her life; her voice was now choked by sobbings, and she threw herself into my arms, hiding her head in my bosom, and I felt her little heart beating rapidly against mine. I tried to sooth her, and reminded her of what I had taught her in the Bible; how Jesus Christ would take her to Heaven; how much better it was for her to leave the Earth as a child, for *to them Heaven was promised.* "Is it," she exclaimed, "oh! do tell me about that; but I should wish so much to live to hear more about Christ. You told me that you had much more to teach me: *I must not, I cannot* go yet." Laying her gently back on her bed, I opened her little Hindoostanee Testament, and read to her slowly—"Suffer little children to come unto me,

and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." A sweet smile crossed her lips, and she again pillowed her head in my hand, as if she was now resigned to Death; and I thought that the end was not far distant, and I prayed gently but distinctly the little prayers which I had taught her, and sometimes her lips seemed to try to form themselves to pronounce the words, but the deadly dryness prevented the utterance.

Thus an hour went by as she dosed gently, and I even began to hope that my prayers had been heard, and that the crisis might be passed. I looked round the poor chamber in which this sweet girl had been brought up: bare mud walls, with scarcely an article of furniture beyond the two pallets on which she and her grandmother slept; but in one niche I saw her secret hoard of treasures, and with tearful eyes I recognized all the little presents, which in days gone by, before she was valued as I now valued her, I had thoughtlessly given her. Every thing was there stored up. On the little dark arm, which languidly fell on the white sheet, I recognized a small piece of ribbon, a mark of a book, which in a moment of playfulness I had two years ago tied round her arm, and which she had never allowed to be removed. All spoke of a love exceeding that of a daughter. She had given away a heart ere she was conscious of possessing one, to the white stranger, who was unworthy of the priceless gift. In thought I hastily glanced over the whole period of time since I had first seen her in her gambols: nor could I accuse myself of having striven, by idle pride, to gain her simple heart; nor had such a possibility ever suggested itself to my mind, pre-occupied by other ties and other notions; but to her I had been Teacher, Protector and Benefactor, and in return for little kindnesses, she had given the one great gift of all a heart can bestow.

As the evening drew on, the door of the dark chamber with a sudden gust blew open, a gleam of sunshine streamed in, and played in glorious waves on the wall; a joyful chorus of singing birds floated into the dead silence; all Nature seemed as reviving from the exhausting heat of the day; the dying girl raised her head, for it was the hour when she had been in the habit of sallying out for her evening lesson under the peepul tree, and her sports down the green alleys. She passed her hand faintly across her forehead, as if she hardly knew what had happened, but seeing me kneeling by her side, all came back to her: she knew that she was dying; she hoped that her peace was made, for the words of Jesus had remained on her soul, but her last thought in this world was pure womanly: it was not for herself. She had forgotten the grief of leaving the sweet and dear things of the Earth so soon; she had forgotten her trepidations as to her future acceptance in Paradise; she seemed in modest pride to know her own worth at last; all her thoughts were centered on the object of her guileless love, and her feelings for his bereavement. "Oh! what?" she exclaimed, "will *you* do without your own Miriam? Who will read to you the Bible, and learn her lessons for you under the peepul? Who

will, when I am dead, look after your flowers? Who —— who will——" She could not express the words, but love, unutterable love, was written in her eyes, and raising herself up, she threw both arms round my neck, placed her lips to mine, and in the exertion she breathed forth her gentle spirit and expired.

I laid her lifeless body down, and turned my face to the wall—all was over now. There are moments of such agony in this life, (by the mercy of God they come but seldom) when the world seems one wide blank; when the wave of affliction bears down, sweeping away all the ramparts of pride and resolution, and overthrowing all, but the rock of God's providence, to those who trust in him: this now swept over me, engulphing everything fair, everything that was lovely, everything that was desirable here below.

One such wave had passed over me before on the day that I left my father's home, and began life among strangers. My tears had now ceased, that is, an early stage of grief. I had passed it; I felt like a martyr being led to the stake, whose bitterness of death was already gone by. It was time for acting also; as I looked on the slender body of my darling before me, I trembled at the thought of the jackal in that unprotected spot during the night, and shuddered at the idea of the funeral pile, which the old Hindoo woman might perhaps have suggested. I seemed to recover a strange calmness, and ordered my servants to dig a deep grave beneath the peepul tree, and placing a rosebud between her tiny fingers, I kissed the cold cheeks of my lost child, and directed that her body should be at once sown up in the sheet which surrounded her. One long lock of hair I cut off from her luxuriant tresses, and with her little Testament placed it in my bosom. The news had now spread, and my servants were all assembled in deep grief at the loss of their favourite, and I looked on in sullen calmness, till it was announced that the grave was ready, but no one would raise the poor remains,—of those ignorant, all but soulless clowns, notwithstanding their respect for me, and love for her, none would raise her from her last couch. Indignation roused me—crushed as I was from my lethargy—and lifting the light weight of her stiffened body from the bed, I carried her in at the garden gate—that gate she had so often passed in gladness; one little black foot peeped out through the shroud: her little elbow knocked against my heart as I bore her in my arms. No useless coffin enclosed her, no useless prayers were said over her: prayers are for the living; the dead ask them not. I laid her gently down, and placed all her playthings by her: the earth was filled in and levelled, and the last that I remember of the scene was that I charged the gardener to take care, that nought disturbed the peace of the departed.

What happened afterwards I know not: I remember turning homewards, but from that moment consciousness left me, and it was not till weeks had elapsed, that I became aware of what was going on round me. I found that I had been brought to Death's door from a severe attack of fever

the evening of the events above narrated; that another officer had been sent to discharge my duties, and had nursed me: that to his unremitting care I was indebted for my life: I almost regretted that it had been spared, so blank did the Future appear, but a longer Pilgrimage awaited me.

I scarcely clearly recollected what had happened, till my eye fell on the little Testament, and the black lock of hair: then all the sad details came heavily back. As soon as I had strength, I walked alone to my favourite seat. The grass had grown during the rains, and there was scarcely a sign of the grave, but I was assured that a faithful watch had been kept. I sat down to try to compose myself to the loss, and I saw before me the very spot of open ground, where the little girl had at first attracted my attention *seven* years before.

There was the same humming of insects, the same busy sounds in the trees, the same incense breathing in the air: the flowers were blooming with redoubled brightness, and Earth had recovered her verdure from the rich blessings of rain; but *no* Miriam glancing down the shining pathway, or bounding towards me with a grateful offering along the shady alley, like some Indian Flora, the Genius of my Retreat, with eyes sparkling as the fountain which splashed her naked feet, as gay, as fantastic as the butterfly, whose flight she was chasing, as musical as the bird who cheerily answered to her calling. No gentle pupil seated at my feet with upturned eyes, and talking thoughtfully of Heaven—to which, rather than Earth, she seemed to belong.

Thither she has returned and is an Angel now: they reckon not by years or months where she is gone. From much inevitable grief has she been saved; nor was her mission to me in vain, for when I pondered on the inscrutable reasons which had thrown her across my path, and then snatched her away, I seemed to hear a voice say—"Surely that mortal might know that the race of Angels is not yet extinct."

Soon after I returned to England. Many years have passed by since, and Providence has heaped unmerited blessings on my head. Among the friends of my youth I found a companion for my age, and loving hearts are gathered round me. Yet those scenes have never been forgotten: often have my children, seated on my knees, listened with glistening eyes to the tale of poor little Miriam, and the memory of their father to his latest hour will turn to that solitary grave, where the remains of the Indian girl moulder under the shade of the wide-spreading Peepul.

HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER VII.

Affairs of the Duchy of Bouillon.—Memorial of Nancy.—The Day of the Barricades.—King's Flight from Paris.—Edict of Reunion.—The Duke of Epernon at Angoulême.

1588.—We are assured by grave historians worthy of credit, that the year 1588 was ushered in with many astounding prodigies. On one occasion the sun was suddenly obscured, while on another no fewer than five parhelia were at once observable in the sky. Earthquakes occurred in Brittany, and the waters of the Loire boiled up from their lowest channels. A flaming sword appeared to issue from the bright luminary of day, while gloomy tempests, or fiery phantoms, would at other times distort the fair face of nature. A strange fish was caught on the coast of Pomerania, wonderfully marked with crosses, swords, flags, clubs, war-ships, and horses' heads, and a woman in Alsace was delivered of twins, with an interval of five days between the two births. Nearly a century before, the famous astrologer Regiomontanus had predicted that if the world came not to an end—for from its creation it hath been like a sickly infant hourly expected by its fond nurses to expire, but which clings to life notwithstanding their dark forebodings—mighty events at least would come to pass. And so indeed it proved. Poland, possessing a titular King in Henry III. of France, lost her real monarch Stephen Bathory, and two competitors contended for her crown, Maximilian of Austria and Sigismund of Sweden. In the latter country grave disturbances took place, and even Russia seemed to heave to and fro, like a giant awakening out of a long sleep. Frederick II. of Denmark paid the unavoidable debt of mortality, and his son suffered the usual misfortunes of a minority, being governed by four patriotic lords, who, however they might differ as to what belonged to their country's welfare, entertained but one opinion as to their personal merits and due aggrandizement. The invincible Armada was overcome, and the unruly elements concurred with the heretics of England in frustrating the pious wishes of the father of the Church, who would gladly have established one universal creed by destroying all dissentients. The King of Prussia, too, relinquished his throne and his life, and Italy and Germany were torn by civil dissensions. The Turks were signally defeated in Hungary, but in France the cause of the faithful drooped low, and the champion of the Church of Rome was anticipated by the Most Christian King in a deed of atrocious villany.

To preserve unbroken the thread of the narrative, a few lines must be here devoted to the affairs of the Duchy of Bouillon. It has been already stated that the young Duke died at Geneva in the very commencement of this year, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth-day. True to the interests of his religion, he

declared his sister Charlotte de la Marck his sole heiress, on condition that she neither introduced nor permitted any innovations, but firmly adhered to the Protestant faith. Her marriage, however, was to depend on the sanction of her uncle Montpensier, and of Navarre and Condé, who were instructed to become her guardians. But should she abjure her religion, or die childless, the Duchy of Bouillon was to devolve to these three princes in the order above cited, on the same conditions. The virtuous La None was appointed Governor of Sedan and immediate protector of the orphan heiress, while Jamets was consigned to the valour and fidelity of Schelandre. As the opportunity appeared favorable for causing the just punishment of an heretic to conduce to the power of his own family, Guise without much difficulty prevailed upon the Duke of Lorraine to endeavour to annex the Duchy to his own principality. A long, tedious, and uninteresting war ensued. The invading troops remained for months before the principal towns, slaughtering the inoffensive and unarmed, and destroying the country they desired to possess. Sallies were likewise frequently made, and parties of unsuspecting soldiery were hurried into eternity, immersed in guilt to gratify the selfish and ungenerous ambition of their prince. For a time the oppressor triumphed, and the cause of the innocent and feeble seemed alike forsaken by God and man. But the hour of retribution, however late, never fails to arrive, for communities, if not individuals, receive even in the present world the just reward of their actions. These particulars, however, scarcely belong to the exclusive history of the League, though they form one of the lesser evils that grew from that mass of corruption, and the detail of deeper guilt and shame leaves in comparative obscurity the crimes and cruelties committed in a distant province.

After ravaging the County of Montbéliard, the Duke of Guise proceeded to Nerac, whither he had summoned an assembly of all the princes of his family. It was there agreed, after due deliberation, that the King should be called upon to co-operate more openly and heartily with the League, and to remove from his presence, and from the most important offices of State, all persons obnoxious to that patriotic association. That the Council of Trent should be published throughout the land, and the Holy Inquisition introduced as the best and most effectual means of disposing of the heretics and their secret supporters: but that its officers should be either foreigners or, at least, entire strangers in the place where they were stationed. That certain towns should be required to be given up to the Chiefs of the League, with power to construct fortifications and post garrisons in them at the expence of the district in which they were situated. That funds should be allotted from the public treasury for the maintenance of troops in Lorraine and on the adjoining frontiers, to repel any future invasion; and that for this purpose, the property of the heretics and their associates should be immediately confiscated and realized. That all who have professed or have been reputed to profess the heresy du-

ring any period since the year 1560, should be taxed to the amount of one-third or, at least, of one-fourth of their possessions, as long as the war may continue; but that the Catholics should only be called upon to advance by way of loan one-tenth of their annual income. That in the first instance every means should be employed to compel the relatives of the heretics to purchase their property in consideration of an abatement of one-fifth of its value; but that if they were unable to do so, the actual purchaser should be secured from all molestation hereafter. That the monies so levied should be applied to the payment of the debts incurred by the princes on account of this war; and that the surplus should be committed to trusty persons who should be restrained from appropriating it to any other purpose than that already named. Finally, that no quarter should be granted to any person whomsoever, unless he gave good security to live thenceforth in the Catholic religion, renounced all claim for ever to his possessions, and held himself ready to serve for three years without pay or any other remuneration. Such was the extraordinary and insolent memorial presented to the King in the name of the Cardinal of Bourbon and the League. Many good Catholics, however, now perceived the real tendency of their leaders, and either totally abandoned the association, or withdrew from it their active support. Henry III., though justly indignant, deemed it expedient to dissemble his resentment, and merely replied that he would submit it to his Council. But Guise despatched fresh messengers from his government of Champagne, to insist on an immediate and satisfactory answer.

The conduct of his friends and allies must often have prompted in the mind of the unfortunate monarch a disadvantageous comparison between them and the persecuted Huguenots. After the overthrow and dispersion of the Germans, the King of Navarre had retired to La Rochelle; but whether in victory, or defeat, his claims were ever the same—the restoration of the Edict of Poitiers, and freedom of conscience. The Protestant cause, however, now sustained a great calamity, which is said to have drawn tears from its intrepid champion and the poignant exclamation that he had lost his right arm. On the 5th of March the Prince of Condé died suddenly, and, his body being opened, the traces of a violent and caustic poison were easily perceived. One of the officers of the Prince's household, John Ancelin Brillaud, formerly advocate to the Parliament of Bordeaux, was apprehended on suspicion of being accessory to his death, and, being convicted of the crime, was publicly quartered in the market-place of St. Jean d'Angely. The villain, while under torture, accused the Princess of instigating him to the deed, and on this worthless evidence the unfortunate lady was confined six years in the castle of St. Jean d'Angely, and only recovered her liberty after Henry IV. had been firmly seated on the throne. Her life even would have been forfeited had she not happened to be pregnant, but on the 1st of September she was safely delivered of a male infant, while coruscations in the air and thunderings under

a clear sky, according to the historian De Thou, celebrated the joyful event.*

The Prince of Condé perished at the early age of thirty-five, regretted even by the Duke of Guise. With much of his father's determined character, he was greatly inferior to him in ability, but his firm attachment to the Protestant faith, and his untiring energy, rendered his loss peculiarly disastrous at the present moment. The vulgar of all ranks of Catholics rejoiced at his death, and the Cardinal of Bourbon professed to regard it as a natural consequence of the Bull of Ex-communication.

The Parisians now carried their arrogance to such a point that the King's forbearance was at last exhausted, and he determined at the eleventh hour to subdue his refractory subjects, and entirely suppress the Council of Sixteen. Consulting with Epernon, Villeroy, and the Queen Mother, on the steps to be taken for this purpose, the latter made use of a Florentine proverb to the effect that before attacking a wasp's nest, it is well to protect the face. He acted on her hint, and commenced making his preparations without ostentation or parade. The Duke of Epernon accordingly set out for his government of Normandy in order to secure Rouen, Honfleur, and Caen, and thus overawe the citizens of Paris. He failed indeed to get possession of Havre de Grace, because Guise had already gained over the Governor Andrew de Brancas, Lord of Villars, by persuading The Sixteen to present him with the sum of 30,000 crowns. Villeroy was also unsuccessful in his negotiations to induce D'Entragues to give up Orleans; but on the other hand Marshal Biron arrived at Lagny with 4000 Swiss, and the Guards and Royal Archers were ordered to join their respective regiments. The Sixteen had proposed to surprise the King on his return from Vincennes, on which occasions he was usually attended with a very small retinue, and frequently without any, and to carry him off to Soissons, where the Duke of Guise had arrived, and by spreading a report that the Huguenots had seized upon his Majesty, probably induce a second massacre. Nicolas Poulain, however, duly informed Henry III. of these and similar designs, and thus enabled him to frustrate them, though Villequier, the Governor of the city, persisted in making light of Poulain's revelations, and declared that his only object was to extort money. But the preparations that were evidently being made by the King, convinced The Sixteen that they had no time to lose, if they would not be foiled with their own weapons. They therefore wrote urgent letters to the Duke to come in person and direct their movements, and his sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, also pressed him not to delay. Guise however contented himself at first with sending officers of

* Charlotte de la Tremouille not only married the Prince contrary to the wishes of her family, but even embraced Protestantism. There is no reason to doubt her affection for her husband, but it is by no means improbable that she may have denounced to the Prince the peculations of his unworthy servant, who—moved by revenge and a hope of Spanish gold—may thus have been led to commit the deed for which he justly suffered. Suspicions also fell on a Page, who fled immediately after the Prince's death.

experience to drill the burgher guard, but secretly enjoined all his followers to enter the city by different gates, a few at a time, so as to avert suspicion. This proceeding likewise was communicated to the King, who accordingly despatched President Bellièvre to Soissons to forbid the Duke's entrance into the capital. The Duke coldly replied that his intention was to proceed thither as a private individual without any attendants, to clear himself from the calumnies of his enemies, and to obtain some security for the good treatment of the true believers who—he had much reason to fear—were placed in imminent danger. Bellièvre repeated that the King's orders were positive, and at length extorted a promise from the Duke not to leave Soissons until he again heard from him, engaging at the same time to procure him full satisfaction on all the points of which he complained. It does not appear that this communication ever arrived, probably because of Henry the Third's habitual procrastination, and perhaps also—as had happened on a former occasion—because there was not a sufficient sum in the treasury to pay the expenses of a courier. But Guise did not long remain in suspense, for, accompanied only by seven gentlemen, he struck off the main road to avoid any messengers who might have been despatched to prohibit his nearer approach, and about noon of the 9th of May entered Paris by the Porte St. Denis. The news of his arrival spread with marvellous rapidity. Crowds came flocking to see their loved idol pass. The streets, the windows, the roofs of the houses were alive with eager faces and uplifted arms. The air re-echoed with repeated shouts of "Long live Guise." The people pressed on one another to touch his cloak, or his boot. Some extended to him from afar their clasped hands, others bent the knee, or touching his garments with their rosary, devoutly raised it to their lips. Thousands preceded him, singing the burden of a song of triumph composed in honour of his victory over the Germans at Anneau :

> Vive Henri! vive Guise!
> Vive le Pillier de l' Eglise!

They called him Saviour of Paris, Protector of the Catholics, Pillar of the Church. Flowers were showered upon his head, and branches strewed his path. Mademoiselle de Vitry, one of his mistresses, as she had previously been of Joyeuse and Epernon, raised her mask as he passed, and exclaimed, "Good Prince, since you are here, we are all saved!" Thus he slowly advanced, hat in hand, wearing the fascinating smile that distinguished his family, bowing gratefully to the right and left, offering his hand to those who were nearest, waving it to those afar off, and directing a glance of recognition to the most remote. In this manner he arrived at the house of the Queen-mother, near the Church of St. Eustache.

In the meantime the King had been deliberating in Council as to the expediency of putting him to death. The Corsican Colonel, Alphonso d'Ornano, and some of the members of the Quarante Cinq, advised that the Duke should be assassinated as he entered the palace; and the Abbé d'Elbéne observed—"It is written,

I will smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered." But the Chancellor Chiverney, Belliévre, La Guiche, and even the notorious Villequier, protested against the injustice of condemning any man without first hearing his defence. Henry was still undecided when he heard that Guise had entered the palace. Dismounting from his horse at the residence of the Queen-mother, Guise had proceeded to pay his respects to her Majesty. After giving him to understand that she altogether disapproved of his coming to Paris under the existing circumstances, Catherine set out for the Louvre, while the Duke walked by the side of her litter. As he approached the palace, his heart for a moment misgave him, for on bowing to Crillon, the Captain of the body-guard, that determined officer coldly fixed his eye upon him without returning his salute. But it was too late to listen to the voice of prudence, and he boldly traversed the double line of guards. Within the palace, gentlemen and archers were posted on every landing place, and the courtiers, as he passed, rudely turned their backs upon him. A princess, it is said, privately whispered to him to be on his guard, for his death was being deliberated in Council. On this he involuntarily grasped the hilt of his sword, and assumed an attitude of proud defiance. At that moment the doors were thrown open, and the King entered, accompanied by his more immediate counsellors. The Duke made a low obeisance, but Henry sternly reminded him that he had forbidden him to approach the capital. Guise endeavoured to excuse himself by alleging the malice of his enemies, and pretended that he was not aware his Majesty's orders had been so positive. Henry on this turned to Belliévre, and demanded if he had not delivered them. The latter replied that he had been most explicit both in person and by letter. On this the Duke observed that he had received no written communication of any kind; but Catherine drew the King aside, fearing he might be exasperated by the dispute, and warned him that any act of violence would certainly occasion a revolt of the citizens. While these remarks were being made in a low tone of voice, Guise crossed over to the Queen-Consort, and calmly exchanged a few compliments with his royal relative, though every eye was angrily bent on him, and there were few present who would not have rejoiced at his death, and even aided in his destruction. The King then turned to him and said, that he could not yet judge whether he had been calumniated or not, but that the best proof of his innocence would be the continuance of tranquillity and public order. The audience having thus terminated, the Duke of Guise respectfully withdrew, unnoticed by the gentlemen in attendance, but greeted by the mob in the streets with rapturous exclamations. His progress to his own Hotel in the Rue St. Antoine was one continued ovation, and if in that moment of triumph and exultation vague phantoms of ambition arose before his mind, those alone may condemn him who have passed unscathed through a similar temptation. But he was fully aware of the danger he had so narrowly escaped, and went

no more abroad without a numerous retinue of gentlemen, all armed to the teeth.

Next day a second conference took place between Catherine, Henry III. and Guise in the Queen's garden, whither the Duke repaired, accompanied by some of his most devoted partisans. A renowned Captain named St. Paul, observing that the door-keeper was endeavouring to fasten the gate, thrust him back and forced his way in with his companions. This interview led to no satisfactory conclusion, for Guise's demands were justly deemed exorbitant. He insisted upon a war of extermination against the Huguenots, the immediate dismissal of Epernon and others of the royal favorites, and the promotion of his own friends to the charges thus rendered vacant. The King afterwards summoned to the Louvre the Provost of Trades and the chief officers of the Municipality, and gave orders that on the morrow they should go round the city with Villequier and Francis D'O., and make an exact list of all the strangers who had arrived within the last few days, and that those who were unable to give a good account of themselves should be compelled to take their departure forthwith. This measure was particularly directed against Guise's satellites, who to the number of 15,000 had secretly introduced themselves within the walls. The attempt to get rid of them quietly was, however, frustrated by the connivance of the citizens who concealed their guests, and refused to give any information on the subject. Irritated by this opposition to his orders, the King commanded 6000 Swiss and French guards to march in and overawe the people. At one o'clock on the morning of the 12th, he himself went on horseback to the Porte St. Honoré to meet them, and positively forbade them to insult or in any way molest the citizens. They then marched in with fifes playing and drums beating, and proceeded under the directions of Marshal Biron to occupy the Cemetery of the Innocents, the principal bridges, the Hotel de Ville, the Place de la Grêve, the avenues to the Place Maubert, and the different approaches to the Lovure. The palace was further guarded by a numerous body of troops, archers and gentlemen, but, by a strange oversight, the Rue St. Antoine, in which Guise resided, was left totally unguarded. It might be that the King wished to avoid giving him any cause of offence, or of manifesting any appearance of suspicion. In the morning the citizens were panic-stricken to find the streets occupied by armed soldiery, and a report was spread that Paris was to be given up to pil'age. It was also stated that twenty gibbets had been erected in the Court of the Louvre, and lists were handed about, purporting to be the names of those who were destined to suffer. They were one hundred and twenty in all, headed by the Duke of Guise, and comprising the most eminent preachers and leaders of the faction. The shops were closed, the tocsin sounded the alarm, and the burgher guard took up arms, and rallied round their Captains. Villequier soon afterwards rode through the principal streets, exhorting the citizens to open their shops, and

promising them every security against outrage. As the morning drew on, it became apparent that the soldiers had no orders to act, and the populace accordingly began their preparations for assuming the offensive. It is impossible to explain the King's conduct, except by supposing that his momentary firmness had already forsaken him. He had marched in a considerable body of troops with the avowed purpose of curbing the seditious, but when the moment of action arrived, he refused to permit them to use their arms, and abandoned them a defenceless prey to the fury of the mob. The Queen-mother and Villequier, it is true, dissuaded him from allowing the soldiery to fire on the people, and it may well be conceived a painful and heart-rending duty to sanction the slaughter of fellow-countrymen and subjects. But when those subjects prove rebels to their prince and traitors to their country's laws, it becomes the sovereign's duty to repress outrage and violence with a strong arm, otherwise in vain does he wield the sword of justice.* History teaches us that it is false humanity to spare the guilty on such occasions. Well-timed chastisement often prevents the perpetration of greater crimes, and promptitude and energy would generally obviate the terrible effusion of blood that usually accompanies popular revolutions, besides the demoralization of society that must inevitably thence ensue.

On the present occasion the statue-like attitude of the soldiery inspired the citizens with hope and courage. They began therefore to stretch chains across the streets, and to form barricades with carts, beams, casks of earth, and paving stones.†

Formidable missiles were also carried into the houses to be used from commanding windows and roofs. A collision seemed at one time inevitable at the Marché Neuf and at the Pont St. Michel, but Ornano and Dampierre were despatched in haste to restrain the military. Such imbecility naturally emboldened the rioters, while in the same proportion it disheartened the soldiers, who were besides suffering from fatigue and hunger, for not a shop was opened, nor would any one supply them: while the influence of liquor began to be very perceptible on the part of the mob. They had now assembled in great numbers on the Place Maubert, and Crillon at length received orders to disperse them. It was already too late. Barricades arose at the corners of every street, and in an incredibly short space of time the military were hemmed in on all sides, like sheep in a fold. The students and the boatmen of the Seine were particularly active under the general superintendence of Count Brissac. Formidable defences were soon advanced to

* In the dialogue between the Maheutre and the Manant, the former says: "It is a pity that you had not had to deal with the present King (Henry IV.) I suspect he would very soon have shut you up in your shops, and made you hide yourselves in the bottom of your cellars, miserable drivellers as you are. The late King wasted too much time in thinking. In such matters one should always oppose the commencement, which is sure to be feeble, whereas they gradually gain strength by delay.

† It was from the *barriques* or *bariques*,—Anglicé—casks or butts, that the name of barricade was given to the extempore fortification formed of such loose and ready materials.

within a hundred yards of the Louvre, and at intervals of thirty or forty yards a fresh barrier arose, flanked by musketeers. Stones were now thrown down upon the helpless soldiers, and their destruction seemed imminent. The popular fury was principally directed against the Swiss, and a massacre of them commenced at the Cemetery, and near the Place Maubert. Above sixty had already fallen when Brissac hastened up, attracted by the report of musketry, and found the Swiss on their knees, with their hands clasped in supplication, or vehemently making the sign of the Cross to prove that they were not heretics. Moved with compassion, he induced the people to cease firing, and calling upon the Swiss to lay down their arms and shout *Vive Guise!* conducted them for safety to the Butchery of the Marché Neuf. Brissac was in fact the hero of the day. He was everywhere conspicuous, for he had determined to avenge a disparaging remark made by the King, because he had not behaved very well at the battle of the Azores, when Philip Strozzi was slain. Henry III. then observed that Brissac was good for nothing by sea or land. When therefore he beheld the soldiers completely inclosed and at his mercy, he exclaimed, "At least the King will know to-day that I have found my element, and that if I am good for nothing by sea or land, I am worth something on the pavement.

While these stirring events were passing in the streets of Paris, the Duke of Guise had remained in his own Hôtel, which was filled with armed retainers, and had refused to go forth, notwithstanding the repeated messages he received from the King, almost entreating him to use his influence to appease the populace. His reply was always the same, that he was not the keeper of these wild beasts that had broken loose, but which ought not to have been irritated. Late in the afternoon, however, when all idea of resistance was over, he proceeded from barricade to barricade, accompanied by the Archbishop of Lyons, and carrying merely a light cane in his hand, and exhorted the people to make a mild use of their victory. He then released the Swiss and French guards, restored them their arms, and desired St. Paul and Brissac to conduct them to the Louvre. His moderation at this crisis was most praiseworthy, for had he really designed to dethrone Henry III., he need only have remained in his Hôtel, and in a few hours the crown would have been placed at his feet. But it is probable that he really aimed at the succession, and for this purpose it was necessary first of all that the Bourbon Princes should be excluded by the voice of the nation. He also saved the lives of Biron and Belliévre, whom the rabble was about to sacrifice, and being anxious that the Queen of England should receive a favorable report of the proceedings of this eventful day, he sent Brissac to her ambassador to offer his protection. Sir Edward Stafford replied that he was satisfied with his Majesty's protection, and could accept of no other. The Count then began to excuse the conduct of the Duke of Guise in coming to Paris, on which the other observed, that a subject's first duty was

obedience to his sovereign, but that he should forward a faithful report of what had taken place to his royal mistress, who would then judge for herself. Brissac then warned him that the citizens were greatly infuriated against him on account of Elizabeth's cruelty to the Queen of Scots. An act of justice, said Sir Edward, can never be termed cruelty, nor did he believe that the people bore any ill-will towards himself personally. "Have you any arms?" inquired Brissac. "If you asked me that question," answered the ambassador, "as the intimate friend of your late uncle M. de Cossé, perhaps I might tell you: but in my official capacity I can tell you nothing." "But," resumed Brissac, "the people will be here immediately. They are persuaded that you have arms, and there is danger that the house may be forced." "There are two doors to this house," replied Sir Edward, "I shall close, and defend them both as long as I can, that all the world may know how foully the law of nations has been violated in my person." Brissac still persisted, "Tell me then as a friend, I entreat you, have you any arms?" "Since you question me as a friend," rejoined the ambassador, "I will answer you as a friend. Were I here merely as a private individual, I should certainly be possessed of arms, but being here as an ambassador, I have no other than public faith and national honour." "I beseech you then," said the Count, "close your doors." "I shall do nothing of the kind," replied the other. The house of an ambassador should be open to all. Besides I have not been sent to France to remain particularly in Paris:—my post is beside his Majesty, wherever he may be." Thus terminated the interview so highly honourable to the fearless and noble-minded representative of the English Court.

The moderation of the Duke of Guise was, however, lightly esteemed by men of the world, and the event justified their penetration and judgment. The Prince of Parma observed that he ought to have borne in mind that when a subject draws the sword against his sovereign, he should throw away the scabbard. Pope Sixtus V. likewise evinced far more of the subtlety of the serpent than of the innocence of the dove in estimating the conduct of the two great actors in this scene. When he heard that Guise had ventured into the Louvre unattended, he exclaimed, "O the rash, imprudent man, to place himself thus in the hands of a Prince he has so grievously outraged!" But when he learned that he had escaped without molestation, he again ejaculated; "O the cowardly Prince! O the poor Prince! to allow such an opportunity to escape of freeing himself for ever of a man who seems born to be his destruction!"

At a late hour of the day Catherine de Medicis undertook to effect a reconciliation with Guise. She was two hours in passing from the Louvre to the Rue St. Antoine, her litter being lifted over the barricades, not one of which would the people permit to be demolished. The conference began by the Duke complaining of the King's suspicions of himself, and of his violating the liberties of the citizens by introducing a foreign garrison into the capital. The Queen-mother re-

plied that his only object was to expel all seditious strangers, and that his intentions had been grossly misinterpreted. They then entered upon the real business. Guise demanded that, in addition to the articles of the memorial lately forwarded from Nancy, he himself should be declared Lieutenant General of the kingdom, as his father had been under Francis II., in which case there would very soon be only one religion in the land: that the Bourbon Princes be declared incapable of succeeding to the Crown: that the States General be shortly convened in Paris, and the Constitution entirely remodelled: that Epernon, La Valette, Francis D'O., the Marshalls Biron and De Retz, the Colonel Alphonso d'Ornano, and many other favorites be disgraced, and their offices given to noblemen nominated by himself: that several strong places be consigned to the custody of the chiefs of the League: that the Duke of Mayenne be appointed Admiral of France, and Brissac Governor of Paris, with the charge of Colonel-General of French Infantry; and that the body-guard of Forty-Five be immediately dismissed. These propositions evidently placed the entire power of the State at the disposal of Guise, and it was more than probable that the States of Paris would not long have permitted Henry III. to enjoy even the empty title of King of France. Catherine, however, dissembled her feelings, and promised to obtain every satisfaction by the morrow.

The night passed over without any disturbance, though an unquiet and uneasy spirit was abroad. The burgher guard, indeed, refused to receive the watchword from the Provost of Trades and applied for it to the Duke.*

The King's counsellors were as usual divided in opinion. Chiverney, Villeroy, and Villequier advised him to remain in Paris, and negociate for better terms. But his mother and his truest friends pointed out the danger he hourly ran from any fresh impulse given to the mob, and urged him to make his escape while he yet had the power. This advice was the more agreeable to Henry, because being conscious of his own recent guilty intentions towards the Duke, he readily suspected him of meditating a similar deed.

On the morrow, as the Queen-mother was proceeding to the Rue St. Antoine, according to her promise, a gentleman, while pretending to assist in lifting her litter over the still undemolished barricades, whispered in her ear that a large body of the rabble had gone into the fields with the design of attacking the Louvre from the Porte Neuve, on which side it was totally unguarded. She instantly despatched a trusty messenger with the intelligence to the King, and continued her journey with the same apparent calmness. To gain time she obstinately canvassed every article,

* In the early part of this night the Leaguers carried a quantity of arms to the Convent of the Cordeliers, to be distributed among the students, who were to invest the Louvre next day. These students lived out of college, and only attended certain classes. They went by the name of *Galloches*, because in wet weather they wore a thick shoe called *Gallicæ*, formerly worn by the Gauls in the rainy season.

and protracted the conference for nearly two hours. At last Maineville, one of the Duke's gentlemen, hastily entered the apartment and said something in a low tone. Guise instantly perceived that he had been duped, and exclaimed: "Ah, Madam! I am a lost man. While your Majesty is trifling with me, the King escapes to do me more harm than ever." On receiving Catherine's message, Henry III. sauntered from the Louvre to the Tuileries, stick in hand, as if to enjoy a walk in the garden. Turning aside to the royal stables he hastily mounted a swift horse, and accompanied only by fifteen or sixteen gentlemen, galloped out of the capital by the Porte Neuve. On reaching Chaillot he pulled up for an instant, and turning round poured out a malediction upon the city, declaring with an oath that he would never again enter it except through the breach. He slept that night at Trappes, and next day arrived at Chartres, where he was welcomed by the inhabitants with every demonstration of respect, owing in a great measure to the loyal exhortations of their Bishop Nicolas de Thou. He was here soon afterwards joined by most of his household and Court, some on horseback, some on mules, and others again on foot, flying in confusion, and without luggage or attendants. The brave Crillon also prevailed upon the Swiss and French guards to remain true to their allegiance, and marched at their head to protect the King's person.

The flight of the King from Paris had completely foiled the well-laid projects of the Duke, but he instantly adopted prompt measures to remedy the evil, and to secure his own safety. The retreat of the guards facilitated his getting possession of the Bastille and other strong points of the city, though Colonel Alphonso d'Ornano had in vain solicited the King's permission to defend that fortress, so long the terror of the Parisians. Guise next proceeded to change the municipal authorities, and persons devoted to his interests were placed in every situation of responsibility. Chapelle-Marteau was nominated Provost of Trades, and Bussy-le-Clerc was appointed to the command of the Bastille. Within a few days the Duke had made himself master of the Fort of Vincennes, St. Cloud, Lagny, Charenton, and other small towns in the neighbourhood. Corbeil offered some resistance, but Henry III. commanded the Governor Villers to surrender, in order to avoid an useless effusion of blood. Tristan de Rostaing, Governor of Melun, also exhibited an unflinching loyalty, and replied to a summons to surrender, that he was too old to fear for himself, and that he should be proud to sacrifice his few remaining years in the service of his King. President Harlay likewise refused to sanction the acts of the usurper, and sternly remarked to Guise himself that it was much to be regretted when the valet drove away the master. He also added that the magistrates had no longer any power, since the Majesty of the throne had been violated. President Brisson, however, was more accommodating, and ratified the edicts submitted to him.

Shortly after his arrival at Chartres, Henry III. addressed a circular letter to the Governors of the different provinces and

towns of France to acquaint them with what had lately passed : but it was couched in such feeble, diffuse, and hesitating terms, that public feeling was enlisted in favor of the Duke of Guise, who boldly justified his conduct, and declared that he had repaired to Court to refute the calumnious assertions of his enemies, on which the King endeavoured illegally to coerce his faithful city of Paris, by secretly introducing a garrison of mercenaries : that the citizens, without at all consulting him, had flown to arms in defence of their liberties, and their King stole away from his capital. His private letters, however, were in a very different strain, and he earnestly besought his friends to assemble whatever armed force they could, and send him speedy succours. The authorities of Paris also adopted the version given by Guise, and protested that they had been compelled to act in self-defence, owing to the machinations of the Duke of Epernon and the other covert friends of Navarre and the heretics. Guise himself ventured to address the King, professing his undeviating loyalty, but complaining of the injurious rumours that were afloat, and which were maliciously intended to warp his Majesty's judgment. A deputation from the Parliament was commissioned to wait upon the King during his residence at Chartres, to beseech him to return to his loving city of Paris, and graciously to pardon the late unhappy tumult. Henry III. replied that he was willing to accord forgiveness on seeing some sure signs of repentance, otherwise he should remove the Law Courts and the University to a more grateful locality and make that the capital of his kingdom. He was more mild, however, in his answer to a deputation from the chiefs of the League, supported indeed by many of the most respectable inhabitants of the metropolis. Their address was extremely humble and expressive of much contrition, but on its termination they presented a memorial embodying the following demands : That he accord a full amnesty for the past ; that he dismiss Epernon and La Valette as abettors of heresy ; that he avail himself of the services of his Catholic Princes and subjects for the extirpation of the said heresy ; that he ratify the new appointments in the municipality ; that he name a Catholic successor ; and finally that he restore the ancient laws and usages of the kingdom, and empower the Parliaments to examine all new edicts before enregistering them. To this dictatorial petition the King replied : That it was his intention to convoke the States-General at Blois, when the affairs of the kingdom would be properly and calmly discussed ; that from his youth upward his conduct had given undeniable proofs of the sincerity of his attachment to the Church of Rome ; that he was quite disposed to prevent the progress of heresy ; that he was aware of many abuses having crept into the administration of public affairs owing to the civil dissensions ; that he was ready to pardon the citizens of Paris whenever they truly returned to their duty ; and that he would act towards Epernon and La Valette with strict justice, nor should private partiality interfere with the welfare of his people.

Unable to induce the King to trust himself again in their hands, by either remonstrance or petition presented to him officially, the Leaguers had recourse to an expedient which they imagined could not fail of success. A procession of Penitents proceeded on foot to Chartres. At their head walked Brother Angelus, lately the Count de Bonchage, with a crown of thorns on his head, and bearing a huge cross on his shoulders, followed by a number of persons representing the principal actors in our Lord's Passion. This indecent and revolting masquerade was rendered still more blasphemous by the solemn chaunting of Psalms and sacred Litanies. The King was attending Vespers when these mummers entered the Cathedral of Chartres. Chaunting the Miserere, they slowly made the circuit of the interior of the holy edifice, while two sturdy Capuchins scourged the shoulders of the mimic Christ. "Strike away! strike hard!" exclaimed the dauntless Crillon. "It is a coward, that assumed the cowl, that he might not have to bear arms." By this mystery it was intended to be signified that as our Saviour forgave his persecutors, so should the King pardon his city of Paris. Many were moved to tears with the spectacle, while others scoffed and railed at the actors, but all sensible men were grieved with an exhibition that plainly evinced the value at which their Sovereign's judgment was estimated by the Leaguers. Marshal Biron, like a blunt soldier and an honest man, advised the King to arrest the entire gang, as it probably concealed some of his worst enemies, who had only come to spy out the nakedness of the land. Henry received them, however, very graciously, and repeated his willingness to forget the past, whenever he perceived any certain tokens of a lively sorrow.

The Queen-mother had in the meantime remained in Paris to watch the movements of the Leaguers, but she soon allowed herself to be beguiled by the Duke of Guise. Henry's resentments were never proof against his habitual indolence, and though he felt much dissatisfied with Chiverney and Villeroy for recommending pacific measures in preference to tempting the fortune of war, he was nevertheless greatly influenced by their counsels. He therefore despatched his physician Miron and Count Schomberg to request his mother's mediation with Guise, and their reconciliation was in some degree facilitated by Epernon's voluntary resignation of the Government of Normandy, which was immediately conferred on the Duke of Montpensier. Catherine was induced to co-operate with Guise by his assurance that his only object was to secure the succession for his relative and her grandson, the Marquis Du Pont, and she had long been desirous to remove Epernon from the King's person in the hope of recovering her former influence over his irresolute mind. Many of the chief towns of the kingdom had sent deputations to the King to express their abhorrence of the conduct of the Parisians, and to entreat him to fix his residence within their walls. Lyons and Rouen were equally ambitious to obtain this honorable advantage, but the preference was given to

the latter on account of its vicinity to the capital. After a tedious correspondence and an incessant interchange of couriers, the terms of accommodation were at length arranged, but there is little doubt that it is hardly unfair to believe that Henry III. never intended to adhere to them, for although he was almost invariably present at the meetings of his counsellors, he seldom appeared to take any interest in their discussions, amusing himself with the most frivolous pastimes. By this new treaty the King assigned to the League for six years the fortified towns of Montreuil, Orleans, and Bourges, in addition to those previously accorded. He further promised to publish the decrees of the Council of Trent, with the exception of those that were contrary to the time-honored liberties of the Gallican Church; and to prosecute with vigour the war against the Huguenots, whose property was to be seized and confiscated, and the proceeds applied to the maintenance of two armies, one in Dauphiny under Mayenne, the other in Poitou and Saintonge under a General to be nominated by the King, for Guise had determined not again to leave the Court. The Duke of Guise was subsequently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Gendarmerie, and Grand Master of the Royal Household, while the Cardinal of Bourbon was declared first Prince of the blood, with power to impose tribute, and his retainers were placed on the same footing as the King's, with the enjoyment of the same privileges and exemptions.

On the 15th of July the Edict of Reunion was published at Rouen. The preamble set forth the King's zeal for the one true religion, which he was resolved to place on a secure foundation, and his earnest wish that all good Catholics should co-operate with him in effecting his desirable object: that as their souls were redeemed by the blood of Christ, they and their posterity should form in him one body. He therefore pledged himself with all the solemnity of an oath to employ his life and his utmost power for the preservation of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and to make no peace with the heretics, nor grant any Edicts in their favour. All princes, nobles, gentlemen, ecclesiastics, and subjects of all ranks and conditions, were required to take the same oath, and also that they would never submit to an heretical sovereign. No military, financial, or judicatorial office was thenceforth to be conferred on any but good Catholics, who should even be required to produce a certificate of their orthodoxy from their Bishop, Priest, or Curate, attested by six witnesses. They were also called upon to swear mutual protection against the heretics, but to depart from all other leagues and associations whatsoever. The King and his posterity were to be defended against all adversaries. The past was to be forgotten as if it had never happened, and all were to be deemed faithful and loyal subjects who now united with their King to eradicate heresy: while all who refused to sign this agreement were to be treated as rebels, and deprived of all rights and privileges whatsoever. This Edict was registered by the Parliament of Paris on the 21st, and proclaimed

in the squares and public places, by the sworn crier and trumpeter amid the enthusiastic shouts of the populace. The Huguenots on the other hand were filled with dismay, and very many abjured a faith which seemed doomed to certain and speedy destruction. But at the same time not a few of the moderate Catholics were grieved to see the royal authority so abused, and the Duke of Nevers positively refused to sign the declaration, until the King himself reminded him that all recusants would be treated as rebels. Though opposed to heresy, he was a staunch supporter of the ancient usages of the realm, and objected to any alteration being introduced into the law of succession.

From Rouen Henry III. proceeded to Mantes, where he was joined by the two Queens, after which he repaired to Chartres, while Catherine de Medicis returned to Paris, and accompanied the Duke of Guise to the presence of his injured sovereign. The conference between the King and his haughty subject was a matter-piece of hypocrisy and dissimulation: the one affecting all humility and contrition, while the other displayed unbounded cordiality and affection.*

It was evident that neither looked upon the reconciliation in any other light than as a means of temporizing, and that the great struggle for supremacy was yet to be decided. Indeed, the treaty was no sooner executed than infringed, the Leaguers had covenanted to give up the Bastille, but which they still retained, while the King refused to surrender the citadel of Orleans, affirming that it was the insignificant town of Dourlans that had been specified, nor did he disband his obnoxious body-guard. He also declined going to Paris, as his time would be fully occupied in making preparations for the approaching assembly of the States. The Army destined for Poitou he committed to the Duke of Nevers, who, though he had long borne the Leaguers much ill-will, at first refused to accept the command on plea of old age, but urged the King to proclaim a crusade against the heretics under the sanction and benediction of the Pontiff, when those who could not serve in person should be compelled to supply the funds necessary for the war. To prove his sincerity and disinterestedness, he offered to equip at his own expense a hundred gentlemen and to serve at their head. The Army sent into Dauphiny was miserably inefficient, and proved unable to cope with the Protestants under the gallant Lesdiguières, with whom La Valette—in conformity with instructions transmitted by his brother—had concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, as soon as he heard of Mayenne's approach.

The King further evinced the unfriendliness of his feelings towards Guise, by placing his entire confidence in Marshal D'Aumont, Nicholas de Rambouillet, Ornano, and others well known to be inimical to the Duke: while he disgraced without ex-

* It is thus described by De Thou: "Guisium cum summâ demissione in speciem ad salutationem se inclinantem, Rex sereno vultu ac pari benignitate erexit, et complexus est, summaque utrinque dissimulatione, qualiter in aulis fieri assuevit res peracta."

planation the Chancellor Chiverney, the Secretaries Villeroy and Pinart, the Presidents Bellièvre and Boulart, and all whom he suspected of being secretly partial to the great Chief of the League. The seals were given to Francis de Montholon, a gentleman of approved integrity and loyalty, at the recommendation of the Duke of Nevers, and even the Queen-mother found herself disregarded and laid aside. Henry's dislike to Villeroy is easily explained, though the latter stoutly protests his innocence, and affirms with many asseverations that he acted only in strict accordance with the instructions he received. This might be so. In a moment of caprice or ill-temper Henry III. may have been surprised into affixing his signature to a paper that authorized the most flagrant outrage against the liberty, and endangered the life of his greatest favorite. This is possible, but it would not render the instrument of wrath less odious. But as Villeroy acknowledges that he had been once grossly insulted by Epernon, and could obtain no redress from the King, there seems too much reason to believe—judging by the common standard of human frailty—that personal revenge had much to do with the following incident.*

The Duke of Epernon, after taking leave of the King, proceeded to visit his governments of Anjou, Tours, Poitou, the Angoumois and Saintonge. After confirming the loyalty of the inhabitants of Loches and strengthening the citadel, he repaired to Angoulême, where he was received with the usual demonstrations of popular respect. The Mayor happened to be an ardent partisan of the League, and soon arranged a well planned scheme for seizing on the castle. Circumstances seemed to favor his design. The Governor, Epernon's cousin, had gone forth with the principal part of the garrison on an expedition against the Huguenots, and the Duke himself usually resided in an old mansion, known as the Chateau du Roi, possessing hardly any means of defence except some old stone towers. One day while Epernon was in his chamber preparing to go to Mass, and conversing with some friends about a libel against his Majesty that had lately been published in Paris, a noise was heard in the ante-chamber, and several pistol-shots were fired. Some of the

* Epernon one day called him in the royal presence "petit coquin," and said that he was like a restive horse and wanted the spurs. He seems to have entertained doubts of his sincerity and good faith, which one can hardly avoid sharing, even at the risk of being thought uncharitable, when it is remembered that Villeroy was Secretary of State under three such very different monarchs as Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., not to mention the intrigues he was incessantly conducting while a member of the League. His own version of the affair at Angouleme exonerates himself to a certain degree, but it is impossible not to rise from the perusal of his memoirs with a vague unpleasant feeling that "this man is not honest." He declares that the king had sent a courier to Angoulême to forbid the authorities to receive any one whomsoever into their town, who might be likely to dictate the line of conduct they were to pursue. The courier, however, did not arrive till three days after Epernon had been received within the walls. But the Mayor's brother-in-law secretly despatched a confidential messenger to Villeroy, by whom he was introduced to Henry III., offering to close the gates of the town upon Epernon the first time he issued forth, or even to seize his person. The king accepted the offer and gave the requisite authority, but strictly enjoined that no personal violence should be suffered by the Duke, beyond the temporary loss of liberty.

attendants rushed in, exclaiming that the Mayor was coming with armed men to murder the Duke. On this Epernon hastened into an inner apartment, somewhat difficult of access, and there resolved to defend himself to the last. A confused conflict ensued, in which the Mayor was mortally wounded and his companions obliged to take refuge in one of the towers. The tocsin, however, had pealed forth its notes of alarm, and the populace ran to arms under the impression that it was some attempt of the Huguenots. Barricades were formed close up to the house, and some vigorous assaults were given and repulsed. The Duchess happened to be in the Cathedral at the time, but, hearing the tumult, and likewise imagining that the Protestants were attacking the tower, she naturally endeavoured to rejoin her husband. Being recognised, she was made prisoner by the rioters, and her two attendants, in attempting to defend her, were killed before her eyes. Many gentlemen attached to the Duke were also placed in confinement, but not otherwise ill-treated. Nothing could intimidate Epernon. He vowed that he would give no quarter to the traitors who might fall into his hands, and encouraged his brave little garrison to hold out till succours could arrive. Their greatest distress arose from the want of water, for the well in the court-yard was in the power of the mob, and their entire stock of provisions consisted of four bottles of wine and a small quantity of bread. The troops in the citadel were unfortunately afraid to act, for the deputy-governor had been enticed to the Mayor's house under pretence that a plot had been discovered and was there arrested. But after thirty hours of anxious suspense the soldiers of M. de Tagent returned from their expedition, and some of the most influential inhabitants of the town showing themselves adverse to the violence of the rabble, a parley took place which terminated in a satisfactory manner. The courage and resolution displayed by Epernon throughout this trying affair were only equalled by his moderation in success. No one suffered death, though several were obliged to quit the town, and the usual honours were refused to the deceased Mayor because he had fallen with arms in his hands, fighting against the King's representative.

The Military operations of the preceding spring and summer are too insignificant to be recorded. A war of detachments continued to be waged, that served no other purpose than embittering the feelings of animosity already entertained by the contending parties. The country was rendered desolate, the defenceless were reduced to utter misery, and religion, the excuse for all this suffering and sin, was remembered only as a watch-word to slaughter, not as the rule and comfort of life.

(To be Continued.)

THE HOPE THOU GAVEST.

As oftentimes the perfumed breeze will bear
Earth's fragrance to the lonely bark at sea,
Telling of spicy groves and flowerets rare—
So hath the Hope thou gavest been to me:
A reminiscence mid life's toil and care,
Of thoughts more holy and of things more fair—

As through the loophole of a Captive's cell
Struggles at eve one transitory ray,
Recalling sunny scenes remembered well
Where he, a happy child, was wont to play;
That Hope of thee would soothe my heart's distress
With images of long lost happiness—

As in a sick man's chamber at dead night,
When all beside are slumbering around,
He, with pain sleepless, listening to the sound
Of the clock's ceaseless ticking; to his sight
How grateful then that one dim candle's light
Which like a guard and comrade seems to be!
So, amid prospects dark, the Hope of Thee
Shone like a cheering star, remote but bright—

As when a man, who long the fullest measure
Of poverty's worst ills hath borne, perchance
Discovereth at last a hidden treasure;
How doth his heart for very gladness dance!

Or as a Mother clasps her new born boy
When first the fountain of her love he drains,
And vieweth him with pride, and in her joy
No more remembereth her former pains;
Such was the change and such the extasy
The Hope thou gavest hath conferred on me—

As after an Eclipse returning light
Seems with more splendor to illume the scene;
So then my heart's new happiness was bright
As dark before had its dejection been;
And I remembered from that hour no more
The doubts and anguish I had borne before—

As unto travellers on a winter's night
When heavily and fast comes down the snow,
A moonbeam bursting like a smile of light
Through a dense cloud, gives comfort as they go;
So through the over-lowering gloom of sadness
Broke that dear Hope, a ray of glorious gladness—

And as a Light-house on a wave-worn rock,
Casts ever on the Sea its blessed light,
And all unshaken by the billow's shock,
Like Mercy watcheth all the weary night,
And still alike in calm and tempest stands
To guide the homeward steering bark aright,
Lest having 'scaped unscathed from foreign lands,
And crossed in safety Ocean's heaving wave,
Her crew should meet upon their native sands
The unkind welcome of a watery grave :
The Hope thou gavest hath been such to me—
Yes, dearest one, the beacon of my life
Through passion's tempests and 'mid worldly strife
Hath been that Hope of Thee !
Directing me while wandering afar,
As guides the mariner the Polar star
Over the trackless Sea!

CHAMPERNOWNE.

A TALE.

By Paul Benison.

"Our own weakness shows us what we are."
BYRON.

Chapter III.

I TRY TO GO OUT TO INDIA.

Potuit tenui fidere ligno,
Inter Vitæ Mortisque vias
Nimium gracili limite ducto!
MEDEA.

MOTLEY's the only wear! I inwardly exclaimed, as I determined to drop the domino of observation and join in the fooling myself. Lieut.-Col. Dagon sat at the end of the cuddy table; Mrs. Major Lurcher on his right, a young Engineer, named Trevor, on his left; beyond him little Captain Wiggins: beyond Mrs. Major Lurcher, Edward Champernowne. We five formed a party by ourselves, and if not very select, we made up for our promiscuousness by good temper and high spirits. Walking about deck, as we came down Southampton water, I had fallen into company with certain fashionable clerks and stylish tradesmen, to whom the first-class cabin had given the privilege of appearing in the character of gentlemen—for the voyage, and with them, I confess, I felt at some loss: their pretensions were so high their sentiments—so low, that I could neither grapple with the one or growl in the other. But we had no affectations at our dinner corner: Dagon was a roaring sensualist, with puffy lips and eyes like boiled gooseberries; vulgar beyond censure, and good-natured to folly: Mrs. Lurcher, though not at all plain in features, was exceedingly so in language; and little Wiggins was an adventurer, with a variety of characters and behaviours, ready for exhibition, like dissolving views: he had selected one however out of the collection which suited his present friends very well. This gentleman was a nail-maker, yclept 'Captain,' by virtue of having formerly commanded certain small crafts, such as the *Richard Cobden*, the *Mary Jane*, the *Hamlet*, *&c.*; vessels which I suppose do sometimes reach somewhere, or they would not be entrusted with freight, but which appear to suffer cruelly from tempests and other dangers, and are generally met out at sea, by larger ships, dismasted. Trevor was dark and handsome, a cosmopolitan philosopher evidently in character, and very easy and genial in manner; now returning to India, it appeared, from sick leave. He was distinguished for the nice conduct of an eye-glass,

his manœuvres with which supplied the place of those gestures which illustrate the conversation of more animated nations than ourselves. I like a mannerism of this kind; it serves to lesson the oppressiveness of what Balzac calls—"le calme absolu des Anglais, des sauvages, des orientaux, et des diplomates consommés."

Well, as I said before, Colonel Dagon sat at the end of the cuddy-table: it was our first dinner on board, and I did not know then the names I have introduced, but I use them to prevent confusion. Determined to throw myself on the public, the best opening seemed to be to attack the *cuisine*. "This soup," cried I, "reminds one of Æsop's fable of the dog and the shadow: a stream of water with a bone dropt into it."

"Yes," said Trevor, letting his glass fall out of his eye and laughing, "or of Hood's German broth, with such a flavour of beef in it as should be produced by a cow slipping into the Rhine."

My example was not thrown away. Shortly after a turkey was set before Dagon; a turkey, it must be confessed, with rather an aquiline contour of breast, if I may use the term. Dagon looked with a withering expression of countenance first from the fowl to the steward, and then from the steward to the fowl; at length sifting the latter bodily out of its dish at the end of his fork, he exclaimed in a thick undertone, "What the devil do you call this?"

"Boiled turkey, sir," replied the steward, adding, in a winning whisper, "stuffed with truffles."

"Stuffed with charcoal, sir," cried the Colonel: "where the devil is the meat?"

"The thin ones are the tenderest, sir," murmured the tranquil steward. The Colonel looked upon him with terrific sternness for a few seconds, and then raising his voice that his joke might not be lost upon the more distant audience, he said—"Well sir, go and give my compliments to the purser, and tell him if this thing is what *he* calls turkey in Europe, it is *not* what *I* call turkey in Asia." As this *mot* was supposed to be final, the Colonel glanced round for applause, and then, set resolutely to business, attacking the corporeal frame of the aquiline turkey with the same gusto with which he had damaged its reputation.

"Mr. Trevor," said Mrs. Lurcher, "it is a long time since I have seen you: bound again, like us, for the North West, eh? But you do not mean to say that you are coming out again without a wife?"

"Matrimony," said Trevor, "is like a chemical experiment: the ingredients may amalgamate, or there may be an explosion. Being blown up, you know, would be rather a bore."

"Lord!" cried Mrs. Lurcher, "you might have given it a trial; there is what I call matrimony on trial."

"What is that?" inquired Trevor, leaning forwards on his arms, with his glass firmly fixed in his eye.

"Oh," said Mrs. Lurcher, with perfect calmness, "you might have married and brought your wife out, and if she did not suit, and you wanted to get rid of her, sent her to the Hills, where

she would soon have wanted to get rid of you, and when two people are agreed, you know, they can do anything."

Trevor dropt his glass out of his eye, and, looking at me, burst out laughing.

"That's what we call an experimental trip in the dockyard," said little Wiggins with a grin.

"But," said Trevor, "if the trial succeeds, surely the time of probation should terminate, and matrimony be placed finally on a less precarious footing?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Lurcher, "if two people love each other, why then they are: they pull together like a pair of bullocks: the wife may be in the Hills, and the husband in the plains, but she'll be whimpering up there, and he'll be as dull as ditch-water down yonder." Whilst she was saying this, Trevor was looking at me all the time, and I felt sure he had drawn the remark out of her, lest I should hastily judge of her, and think her entirely without feeling and principle.

Colonel Dagon almost every night of his life passed through three moods. He was first a little peevish and fretful: this was as dinner drew near: anxiety peeped out of his eye, and his nerves appeared affected by the approach of the crisis. But soup once secured, this passed away. Then came a silent interregnum, when the heavy meats were got in for the night, and this again over, he entererd into his second or communicative mood, during which he made jokes, told stories, chaffed the servants, and performed other like pleasantries, the whole exhibition being freely irrigated with champagne, if he could get it, and beer if he could not.

The third mood was philosophic: the Colonel's system may have been founded upon that of Fichté, as it contained a vast deal of the "absolute Ego" in it, but be that as it may, it was developed by brandy and water. He was talkative in this mood, but not to the public: he required then a single, silent and confidential auditor, and if this individual listened attentively, without opening his lips, the Colonel would be much pleased with him, and would mention him to others as "an uncommon conversable fellow."

To-night the Colonel having stowed away the valuable part of his freight, and having arrived at that period when he always took a little nip of neat brandy, to prevent, as he used to say in his jocular manner, the cargo from shifting, commenced a story for the entertainment of Trevor and Wiggins. I seized the opportunity of having a talk with Mrs. Lurcher, who I was sure must be a character. I found that she did herself much injustice by her coarse remarks; that she was a sensible woman, and thoroughly schooled down by time and experience into taking a quiet view of life herself at any rate, whatever latitude she might be disposed to extend to others. She was perhaps forty, but retained traces of great personal beauty: her aquiline nose, large eyes and small mouth reminded me, when I first saw her, a little of Margaret. By the time dinner was over we were fairly beyond the Needles, and there began to be considerable motion of the ship. This was the signal for many departures, some

of a sudden and headlong description, and others more concealed and excused to friends by the cheerful pretext of "taking a peep how they are getting on on deck." I saw poor Trevor's jaw begin to sink, and his cheek to pale, and when at last he lost all command of his eye-glass, I felt that go he must, and he went. Whilst I was still talking to Mrs. Lurcher, a benevolent looking man, with a bald head and very large black whiskers and moustache came and joined us from another table: "This is my husband," said the lady, and Lurcher and I bowed. "I have just drawn "Monday from 10 to 11 A. M." in the Gibraltar lottery," said the Major. "Have you, indeed?" I replied, not having any idea of what he was talking about. "Yes," said he, "and I will sell it you for £15, or back all Sunday against it, five to two in sovereigns." I declined both proposals. He then offered to play me at *ecarté*, or get up a rubber of whist for my especial amusement. I declined these further proposals, though it was rather hard to do so, as Lurcher was very bland, spoke very softly, and seemed to shine with goodness and virtue. A sickly-looking young man happening to pass, spoke casually to Lurcher. When he was gone, Lurcher said to me, "it is no use that fellow going out again; he'll die the first year."

"Oh," said I, "I don't know, these sickly men live a long time." Lurcher immediately took a large memorandum book from his pocket and said, "Perhaps you would like to back that opinion: I take the first year, counting from his landing: you have the field; what odds do you give?" It was no use: I was obliged to make a memo. that I bet Major Lurcher, (a Major I did not know,) seven gold mohurs, (a coin I did not know,) to three, that Skeleton Smith, (a stranger I did not know,) would not die till after a year of India, (a climate I did not know). Satisfied with the benevolent action he had performed, Lurcher bid me good evening with an almost apostolic expression of countenance, and moved to another table.

"What do you think of him?" asked Mrs. Lurcher, pointing to her departing husband.

"He seems a very amiable pleasant person," I said.

"He's the best fellow in the world," said she, as she was rising to go to her cabin, "but I'll put you up to a dodge; as you are not so old as you will be, always keep your pockets buttoned with Lurcher, and then you'll do: do you twig?" I did. Little Wiggins had gone on deck: Dagon and I were left alone: there was no escape: I was secured as the auditor of the philosophic mood. It would tire the reader were I to recount the Colonel's conversation as much as the conversation itself tired me that night: but as it was all pretty much of the same complexion, a specimen will perhaps give an adequate idea of it. I must tell you first of all that he had asked me my name. "Leave me alone I tell them; I am getting an old man and must not be put out. I am fond, you know, of my comforts, but they are very simple: just a plain dish, well cooked, a glass of sound beer, and then shut up shop with a little brandy and water. I remember a fellow saying to me, 'Dagon, you never drink coffee?' 'No,' said I, 'I

think it heating,' and so I do. No—I tell the fellows, it is all very well for you youngsters to play tricks, but my time is past, and I must attend to my habits. But the youngsters are very fond of me, Mr. Chamberlain."

"Champernowne," I mildly interposed.

"Of course, yes, Champernowne, I beg your pardon; oh lord! the lads are very fond of me—very fond. They say 'Let's come and dine with old Dagon,' and so they drive down to my place, and one of them begins, 'Colonel, we want to taste your champagne.' 'Devil a drop,' say I, 'you may have brandy and water to your liking—but no champagne *to-day*, I can tell you.' They know what this means, and next day down they come, and I give them a drop of champagne: none of your damned gooseberry humbug, but a good sound wine, genuine grape and no mistake, and as cold as the North Pole. But this is only in our play-time you know, Mr. Chesterfield."

I made no correction this time.

"Play's play and work's work, none of your tricks, I tell them, and the chaps know this, and they say, 'Dagon's a devilish good fellow over a bottle of wine; but, by gad, don't try it on with him at parade.' No—I should think not; I should like to see the man who would do it. Some impudent fellow, I don't know who it was—a clever scoundrel I dare say—the lines are not without ability—scratched up on the wall at coffee shop—

'Dagon's a divle
At drawing a cork,
But, lord, at the drill
He's a regular Turk.'

Impudent dog—though I believe he was about right: but the fact is, Chesterfield, I am not so young as I was, etc. etc. etc."

This lasted, perhaps, say two hours and a half, by which time the Colonel, who was a nice judge of his own capabilities, had drunk just as much brandy and water as he could conveniently carry straight to his cabin. In fact I am not sure that to-night he had not drunk a little more: perhaps, however, he had not allowed for the motion of the ship; but he certainly did not walk very steadily, as he bid me good night, and started for his cabin. The saloon was now half empty, and as I was drooping for want of a cigar, I determined to go on deck and smoke one. It was a rough night: a disastrous kind of moonlight showed the white crests of the waves, for Phœbe was in perturbation, shrouded with films and troubled on all sides with swift vapors and blinding clouds, like a soul in search of truth, and fated not to find it. And as I leant over the side and peered out into the weird waste of waters, perhaps a feeling of disappointment and disgust came over me, that it should be my lot in life to mingle with Dagons and Lurchers, but I felt sure there must be gentler and purer spirits that would come to light hereafter; and, moreover, I foresaw that whatever Indian society was, there could be no legitimate escape from it *in* India, and therefore, to begin at once and make the best of it was the only plan. And I endorse that idea from experience now: any attempt at select society in India ends in the most miserable cliquism, and no improvement in the tone of our community can be anticipated from excluding people, except indeed those guilty of

crimes, like stealing or cheating. There was another consolation with regard to Indian society founded on far higher grounds, but I did not apprehend it then, and was not to learn it till afterwards, from a loftier mind than my own. To me, thus leaning over the side and musing, came up Captain Wiggins.

"We are going to have a rough night," said he.

"It looks like it," said I.

"You do not suffer?" asked the Captain.

"No," I replied, "I come from the coast; I have been on the sea all my life: many's the rough night I have weathered on board a Brixham yawl, along with the fishermen," [one does seem to have gone through a great deal—after dinner.]

"She steers very wildly," said Wiggins, "I have been standing at the wheel: and look here," pointing to certain loose spars, ropes, and odds and ends lying about the deck, "I do not call this ship-shape. I hear she was in London last Saturday, and the upholstery was not finished when we left Southampton, we brought the carpenters down the water with us." The "*Hardinge*" was a new vessel, very handsomely fitted up and conveniently arranged, but there did seem truth in what Wiggins said, that she had started in a great hurry.

On comparing notes, Wiggins and I found we occupied the same cabin. It was forward, and opened into a little saloon.

We determined to turn in, as it was getting late, and just as we reached the door of the cabin, its other two occupants (there were four berths) appeared. One was a very neat little man, whom I afterwards learnt to be a Hong-Kong merchant of the name of Halbert, and the other a very grimy Captain of Infantry. Wiggins began repeating his suspicions about the undue haste with which the vessel had been dispatched, to Mr. Halbert, who, I observed, did not take the slightest interest in the subject, but proceeded to undress, throwing in only polite ejaculations, such as "indeed," "really," "'pon my word, too bad," and the like.

The undressing of Mr. Halbert formed a contrast to that of the grimy Captain. The former had a masterly carpet-bag, opening with a springy alacrity to one of three keys suspended by a black ribbon from its master's neck. Everything that he wanted seemed to come out exactly in the order that he wished it to come out, and as he did a great many things at himself in the way of lip-salve and so on, it was very well such complete order reigned in his equipments. The grimy Captain's wardrope was contained in a hat box, the key of which, to begin with, he entirely lost, until, after incredible searching in grimy pockets, it turned up in his cigar-case.

Then when the hat box was opened, the only thing the Captain wanted—his night-cap—was missing, and could not be recovered, until, after another incredible search, it fell, in a sadly grimy state, out of an old polished leather boot. At last we got to bed, but before five minutes had elapsed, the roar of steam through the funnel, and the altered motion of the ship, shewed us we had stopped. Captain Wiggins leapt into his slippers. "I never like their stopping," said

he, "I am an old hand at engines, and there's something wrong." On this he left the cabin. I made some remark to Mr. Halbert, to the effect that an accident had probably occurred, but he only responded that navigation was a subject with which he was not at all acquainted. The old hand at engines soon returned, informing us very cheerfully that "it was all right, only the crank-pin had got red hot." I must confess that if he had come down with a face of despair, and have told us that we were all done for, *because* the crank-pin had got red-hot, I should have received the announcement with equal credulity.

All in bed again: steam turned on, and forward motion of the ship as before, but alas! no sleep. It was evidently getting rougher, and in a few minutes a cry of "Steward, steward, steward!" arose from the next cabin opening into our little saloon, apparently from two or three voices in chorus. Now I had happened to observe our steward asleep in a corner of the great saloon, which was a trifle less than a quarter of a mile from where we were, and I was prepared to expect that the party in question would not come. He did not, and the roaring continued. "What's up now," cried Captain Wiggins, again leaping into the vigilant slippers, and rushing to the rescue. "What's up!" answered the gentlemen in distress, "why, the cabin's half full of water!" This was an hyperbole, and the fact it represented really was, that the port was leaking. Captain Wiggins rushed on deck, and shortly afterwards came down again in loud altercation with a sailor, who faddled a little at the port with a turn-screw, and having done no good whatever, made his departure in a very sulky temper. My turn came next, for the port in our cabin was just over my berth, and gush, gush, in came the water above my head, and trickled down the panel, with a faint phosphoric light, under the bed clothes. "Hollo!" said Wiggins in bed for the third time, "anything more?" It was a hopeless business, so I determined to jest. "I am taking a little cold port and water," said I: "a good thing at night, but it is a bore one cannot get a grilled bone."

"Ha, ha, that's a good one," said Wiggins, "but upon my word it's too bad of the Company." Well—another attempt at sleep; no, it was not to be. For as ill-luck would have it, there was a bull-dog chained up not far from our saloon, and this brute, interpreting as it appeared a little rolling on the part of a loose block into a hostile demonstration, began barking in a furious manner, and if it could have broken its chain, would have gone in at the block in no time. Poor Wiggins told us this, who was obliged to go and see what was the matter, and who came back, having reconciled parties by removing the block to another place. But the infernal brute—this Cerberus—this evil Phitonian beast—having once commenced barking under a misapprehension, now continued to do so from a distempered sense of humour, and legions of Wigginses could never have stopt him. However most of us who could hear him were by this time wet and weary, and had got beyond caring much about any thing. But a most humourous effect was produced by one old

gentleman thinking it his duty to answer the dog, as if it would never do to allow such conduct to pass unnoticed. First there would be a pause, and no sounds heard but the sea and the creaking of the ship: then would come

"Bow wow, wow, wow, wow wow,"

and after this had quite ceased, a loud thick cry of "Damned brute." Then another pause, another bark, and another description of the dog in the same words, and so on for ever. And what made it much more funny to me was, that I at once recognised the voice to be that of Dagon. You must remember these scenes were enacted in very dim light, there being only a small night lamp in the little saloon, and this will sufficiently complete the outline to give you an idea of how uncomfortable we were. We stopt several times in the night, and though it was very cheerful to know it was only the crank-pin, I confess to having thought that if it could have been managed (but I know nothing about engineering) it would have been better either to have a crank-pin that did not want to get red-hot, or that need not stop the ship when it did.

However the morning came at last, and I having scarcely slept a wink till it did come, then fell off and awoke no more till twelve o'clock, when I found our cabin deserted, save of the grimy Captain, who was making rather a lame attempt at shaving, having, as I firmly believe, only obtained his razor and shaving brush after incredible searches in his shoes and other places where they ought not to have been.

I called out to the steward to bring some tea, and this tea, as it happened, was brought to me accordingly, but in the most marvellous manner. For exactly as the steward entered the cabin, there came such a stupendous roll of the ship, that he made a headlong descent upon me, and exactly catching the edge of my berth with the tea cup, contrived to throw the whole of the tea in my face, and to drop the broken china on the floor. Immediately afterwards arose such fearful noises overhead, that notwithstanding my nights in the Brixham yawls, I was very speedily in my pea jacket and trousers, and on the scene of action. It was chiefly from the lower deck the noises proceeded, and their cause was, that all kinds of things being there stowed away but unlashed, were now, from the extraordinary motion of the ship, rolling from side to side. It was really dangerous to move along: bars of iron, casks, troughs, heaven knows what, made desperate attempts at your life, and I had a narrow escape from the cow-house, which came down upon me like the car of Juggernath, and as I slipped aside, struck with one corner the door of the purser's cabin, and shivered it to pieces. A knot of people were collected on the cuddy-stairs, and from them I soon learnt that the rudder had just snapt in two, which of course accounted for the reckless rolling. In about an hour's time, however, a gallant sailor managed, by being let down with a rope from the stern, to secure a chain to the lower part of the rudder, below where it was broken, and with this chain attached to the capstan a rude kind of steering was instituted. and we

turned the ship's head homewards. Amongst the people on the cuddy stairs was the Mail Agent. "Always the way," cried he, "with your damned gim-crack improvements, a flat-bottomed tub with a lot of bricks on one side, to keep her straight in the water! A piano in the saloon, and a rudder that they picked up at a Custom House sale." This I expect was more a stroke at the commercial marine than anything else, and must be taken *cum grano*, emanating, as it did, from a veritable Lieutenant of Her Majesty's Navy, albeit of thirty-seven years standing. The rolling now somewhat abated, but the progress of the ship was very slow: the engines worked badly, and the waggish crank-pin, not content with the games which he had played all night under more allowable circumstances, now gave permanent trouble. Finding somebody's hatbox in a corner by the cuddy-door, I took a seat on it to watch the progress of events. There was only one person in the cuddy at all, Mr. Halbert, calmly seated at a writing desk and attempting to achieve letters, which, finding impracticable, he employed himself in the examination of accounts. Most of the cuddy-stair people were got up in rough coats and glazed hats in character with the weather, but Halbert, true to his utter repudiation of interest in, or knowledge of, marine matters, was dressed in his usual paletot and pepper-and-salt trousers, and sat working away without paying the least attention to anything that was happening in connexion with the ship. From where I was sitting two other persons were in sight, a steward working hard, but rather dolefully, in his shirt sleeves, at a pump, and the cook, who, with snatches of song and whistling, was plying what appeared a perfectly Sisyphian task. For not to mention that all his materials and utensils were constantly eluding his grasp and flying in devious directions; twice the oven door burst open during a lurch, and the labors of the previous half-hour were launched, *en masse*, into a pit of ruin: catastrophes which he met on both occasions with cheerfully trolling out—

"Thus, Bob, here's fun,
Milch cows with saddles on,
Milking tins with spurs on,
Pudding sticks with lashes on,
Dairy maids, etc. etc."

By the time it was four o'clock, however, certain disastrous viands—"funeral baked meats" were prepared, and the doleful steward stopped his pump to blow a bugle, though, as he was thinking a good deal more of the chops of her infernal channel than of the Roast Beef of Old England, his performance bore very few symptoms of a tune. Only about eight answered the summons, and we sat down drearily enough to our plates secured by the *fiddles*, managing, after great efforts and much laceration of the cheek from our forks, to secure a little food, which tasted painfully like leather and garbage, but was sweetened to my palate by the recollection of the Democritus who had prepared it.

The conversation was of course marine, a few of the less sanguine narrating appalling shipwrecks and misfortunes at sea of which they had read: all talking in some way of this dreadful element, in whose power we seemed to have, in a measure, fallen. Even Mr. Hal-

bert was led away into remarking that injury to a fine vessel like the "*Hardinge,*" would affect the Company's dividends.

After dinner I returned to somebody's hat-box, and as it was now getting dusk, water gaining on the ship, and the engines doing but feeble work, I turned my thoughts to the subject of being drowned. Only two things came into my mind: one was I did so wish I had been engaged to Margaret before it happened, and the other I hoped that it would not choke and stifle one much, and that that fellow's report, who was all but lost, might be true, that drowning was rather pleasant than otherwise, and was like heavy sleep, with music in it.

But I never once thought of God or my soul, and I expect that many who put off the consideration of such subjects to a more convenient season, find that the hour of danger, at least, is one of the most inconvenient times for the purpose they could have chosen. Whilst I was thus desponding on the hat-box, a young man of rather a pale and pimply appearance came up and said, "I have been calculating, and I think we shall run aground, about midnight, on Portland island." This was encouraging. To him succeeded a stewardess, who, grown exceedingly familiar from fear, said to me—"I say, aint it a crying shame that that purser won't go ashore and stop there? it's all along of him: he's wrecked two vessels already: he's a regular Jonah, and I'm blessed if it aint a pity he won't stop on dry land when he gets there, or else be drowned and have it over."

"Land in sight," cried little Wiggins, running down the cuddy stairs, fearfully marine in appearance, with a tarpauling coat on and a telescope under his arm. "Land in sight! and we are in smoother water already." This dear soul, coming with his pleasant evangel, quite cheered my heart, and I thought no more of the horrid stifling waters, but felt certain that I was destined to marry Margaret after all.

In about half an hour from this time, the motion of the ship was very much lessened, and as I went up on deck, the black shore was visible close at hand, looming in the dying twilight. There seemed to be a great head-land, and at the bottom of it many lights twinkled over the ridges of the sea, and appeared to show the presence of a village or small port. There was a dispute as to where we were; the Captain had never been in these parts before, and knew nothing about it; a Devonshire sailor swore the head-land was the Start Point, and the Mail Agent swore it was not, but on the contrary was Bury Head, "as if the Fleet had never lain in Torbay in the war time, I suppose," he added. The Captain stood on the paddle-box, and as he had a fearful sore-throat, and was muffled up, his hoarse commands had to be passed down by others to the men working the capstan. Amidst the light drizzling rain and the darkening night, the deeply-spoken orders alternated, "star-board! steady! port!" and amongst these again, every now and then from the bows, came the ringing shout of the leadsman—"By the mark, nineteen." There was plenty of water, but they determined not to venture nearer; so 'Ease her,' 'stop her,' is shouted

down to the engineer : the steam roars through the funnel ; "Let go," thunders out the first officer, and the anchor rattles with its iron chain into the sea. We are safe. In a few minutes news came up from the saloon, that a clergyman on board had been asked to offer thanks to God for deliverance. As I was going down the cuddy stairs I was surprised to meet Halbert coming up. I could not forbear to touch him gently on the arm and whisper the word "Prayer," pointing down below. He replied, "I make it a rule never to interfere in the Captain's arrangements."

After prayer, tea-cups and saucers began to rattle, the fume of tea arose and the scent of toast : pale and rather crumpled ladies appeared from unknown recesses; Lurcher was there and Dagon was there, and even the sea-beaten Trevor made his appearance, and the chaos grew into a social world. The purser came up in a very pleasing manner, and sipping a little rum and water, said, "She's got 40 fathom of chain cable out, and nothing but a hurricane can move her."

"I say, Champernowne," interrupted Lurcher, "Skeleton Smith is so knocked up, he has determined to go by long seas."

"Poor fellow !" said I, "I think he is right."

"Long seas is thought healthy," continued Lurcher.

"Yes," I replied, "I trust he may derive benefit from the voyage."

"It affects the odds," said Lurcher, "I think you should say nine gold mohurs."

"Nine to three, eh?" And out came the large pocket-book.*

Chapter IV.

I SAY WHAT I MEANT TO HAVE SAID IN CHAPTER I.

"Could love part thus ? Was it not well to speak,
To have spoken once ? It could not but be well."

TENNYSON.

THE Mail Agent was right. We had anchored in the mouth of Torbay, where the Fleet had lain in the war-time : and as I paced the deck in the fresh breezy morning, the familiar shore seemed to wear a smile of welcome, at least in the fanciful eyes of its own nursling. We were not more than ten miles from Ottery, nor four by sea, 'from another place, but the ship-people would not disclose their plans, and were rather hostile to our going on shore, and, to tell the truth, now the farewell was over, I was not anxious to have another scene, and it seemed better in every respect that I should not go home. However the news of the Indian Mail steamer being in the bay soon spread about, and by night one

* As it would not be quite fair to the P. and O. S. N. Company to *imagine* a failure of one of their vessels, it may be mentioned that the incident described in Chapter III. is founded on facts: and a full account of the disaster may be met with in the life of the Revd. H. W. Fox, page 182.

of our gardeners came on board with a letter from Mary. After a great many questions about what had brought us back, and many sweet expressions of sisterly kindness, she wrote—"We were so amused with your little adventure at Dame Pentecost's. Mrs. Baker went down on receiving your note, but the old Dame was much better, and has since got quite well." It had so happened that on getting into the railway carriage, the day Mr. Blessington gave me such a chance of being too late, I had found some very agreeable and talkative people, and so, chatting with them, and afterwards being immersed in London and steamers, and all kinds of things, I had hardly ever thought again of Dame Pentecost. But when my sister mentioned her name, the whole scene came into my mind, and I determined to send the little memo. the Dame had given me, to Mary, for any enquiries she liked to make. So I went down into my cabin to get it, for I remembered I had put it into my mother's daguerreotype. On opening my carpet bag, and fishing out the picture, however, I found that it had got wet, as, indeed, most of my things had, from the leaking of the port, and the glass being edged with wood had become tight, and as it did not fall out, I was not reminded that the memo. was behind the plate.

At least this is what I conjecture to have been the case, because all, of course, I can remember now is, that I looked for it and did not find it. If I had found it then, it would have altered my destiny in life. And so we go on blindly working the will of God, believing indeed, most of us, that Providence draws the rough outline of our lives, but falsely deeming that the details are filled in by our own little hands. And this is because we cannot grasp the Universal, nor realise what would seem to us the condescension of the Great Intellect in directing the falling sparrow or numbering the single hair.

Not being able then to find the scrap of paper, I told Mary in my answer that the old Dame had given me a memorandum, as I supposed about some child or children entrusted to her, but that I had mislaid it, and that she (Mary) might ask the Dame, if she liked, what it was. And so this matter ended for the present.

All Thursday was spent on board, but on Friday morning Trevor, who was walking on deck with me, looked so wistfully at the shore, (for he hated the sea,) that I proposed to show him the river Dart which he had never seen. So after breakfast, making our escape in a Brixham boat, we hired a gig in that town and drove to Totness, which is famous, first historically, as having been the place where, many years ago, Brutus landed on his arrival from Troy; and secondly socially, for a certain foolish liquor made of malt and surnamed "Under-ground," pale in color and withal pleasant to the taste. Trevor had rather a weak head, and it seemed to get weaker after a glass or two of the local ale, so that by the time we got into our boat to go down the river, he was very cheerful and obliging. It would be out of the way to sing the praises of the Dart: particularly, as according to good Michael Drayton, she has

a very fair opinion of herself, for she is made to say with much complacency in the Poly-olbion—

> "There's not the proudest flood
> That falls betwixt the Mount and Exmoor shall make good
> Her royalty with mine."

Suffice it to relate that after a delightful row, broken with bits of sailing along reaches where it was practicable, and enlivened with many songs of joy from Trevor, who, as the peasantry picturesquely call it, was a little "fresh" from the Under-ground, we arrived finally at Dartmouth. Trevor, who was a regular Londoner, was amazed at this ancient sea-port: anything so "confoundedly calm" he had never witnessed, and when an old gentleman at the Inn in a pig-tail, began talking of Lord Eldon, the effect became dream-like and startling. And so by twilight crossing to Brixham, we went on board again with great success. During our absence another steamer had arrived from Southampton, and they had already begun to shift the cargo and luggage out of the "*Hardinge*." That night, over the endearments of a cigar, I gathered from the first officer that we should not start before Sunday morning, and I inwardly determined to make my escape for a few hours the next day, and so get out of the bustle and noise.

Saturday came, a charming autumn morning of amber gleams and fitful overshadowings, with a light brisk breeze over the sea: nothing could have suited my purpose better, and, as luck would have it, a pleasure boat came off from Torquay in hopes of being hired,—hopes which I swiftly fulfilled, and so taking charge of the ribbons of the "*Waterwitch*," started in famous style for (I am afraid the reader guesses)—Marycombe. We were soon round the eastern headland, and in half an hour's time, the white cottages were peeping out of their shady gardens above our heads. I effected a landing just below where the Talbots lived, and, scrambling up the cliff, and entering a little wicket, I reached the lower lawn,—and here was Margaret sitting by herself. She was drawing, and turned rather away from the West, so that she had not observed my boat coming up, and was naturally rather surprised at seeing me. "What, Mr. Champernowne," she cried, "still in England—we heard of your ship being in the bay, but we supposed you would be off again directly; this is an unexpected pleasure."

"How is Mrs. Talbot?" asked I.

"She has gone to Tor Abbey, to the chapel there, and will not be back till night."

Then Margaret asked about our disaster, and I gave her the outline of the story. After this, I began—"Our last evening, Miss Talbot, was very different to what I had wished; I wanted to have had a little quiet chat with you and Mama, but our gay friend kept us all laughing, so that I said nothing of what I meant to say."

"It was provoking," said Margaret, "of Mr. Worthington to come that night of all others."

"Because if I had had an opportunity," I went on, "I wanted so much to ask you, if, in case of our intercourse having been pleasant, and you're thinking that the hours we had spent together were not wholly without memories, not lightly to be parted with, whether—"

"Oh! it was a wretched farewell evening," interrupted Margaret; "we were giggling and laughing all the time."

"But what I meant was," I continued, "that my dear Miss Talbot, though possibly our intercourse may have seemed to you only a friendship, that to me—"

"I assure you we miss you horridly," again interrupted Margaret.

"You are very kind to say so," I replied, "but I cannot deny myself the hope, that if it is not so already, that had circumstances permitted, our friendship, much as I value even that, would have deepened into —"

"Is that the boat you came in?" asked Margaret, pointing down to the *Waterwitch.*

"Yes," said I, "and that boat without her rudder; drifting on the sea would only be a feeble type of my aimless and hopeless career, unless I can in some way assure myself that the acquaintance so happily formed in this little cottage will be something not to pass away, but—"

"How long is it?" asked Margaret, "since you first called on us?"

"The sands of time cannot be counted," said I, "when the glass is turned by the glowing hands."

"Ah! Tennyson's lines," said Margaret, "are they not pretty?"

"They are pretty to every body," I replied, "but perhaps prettier just now to me, because they harmonise with my state of mind. For though, my dear Miss Talbot, I may have been dull in intimating the nature of my feelings, yet I cannot allow another opportunity to elapse without—"

I broke down for a moment.

"Without what?" asked Margaret, with a wicked little smile.

"I don't know, darling Margaret," I cried suddenly, seizing her hand, and covering it with kisses, "but I love you madly, and if you don't love me in return, I shall die."

"I don't think you love me," she said gently, looking me in the face.

"I swear, Margaret," I answered vehemently, "by every thing that is sacred in life, in earth, in heaven, that I love you as I know I ought not to love any one but God."

"Let us go and try some of our old music," said Margaret, rising from her seat, and disengaging her hand from mine.

"No, my dearest Miss Talbot," cried I, "I can never be happy again unless you answer me. For mere pity's sake say Yes or No: for it would be more bearable to me to hear No than to wait."

She sat down again and turned a little pale. We neither of us spoke for a minute or so. At last she said, looking very kindly at me, "But, Edward, how could it be?"

That was enough; ratified by the first sweetest kiss not refused: and so tenderly linked arm in arm we paced up and down the little soft lawn together, and I employed all the eloquence of youth and love to show Margaret clearly that there were no sort of obstacles in the way of our happiness which could not be easily overcome.

And she believed me, as firmly as I believed myself.

That hour, which past so swiftly, and yet in which we said so

much forms an isolated scene in my life, and, with greater than Dutch fidelity, can memory at will depict its every minutest detail. Margaret was dressed in a black silk gown, with a green plaid shawl, and her straw bonnet was trimmed with artificial holly leaves and berries. I can see her cameo broach; I could describe her rings: I can feel now, on my hand, the texture of her shawl. And there was something so tender in the aspect of the garden and the landscape of the long sea-reach to eastward. How beautiful the silent decay of the shrubs, the breathless ruin creeping over nature,—reddening the leaves—mellowing the hues—deepening the shades: and how pensive, too, the drooping plants, stricken with a mortal faintness and the hushed birds whose gift of song was all forgotten in the yellowing bowers! And then, from under slowly-moving clouds, patches of shadow lay, like melancholy thoughts, on the distant cliffs: and far away, in Dorsetshire perhaps, some happier upland would gleam for a few minutes in saffron sunlight, and afterwards fade softly away again to dullness and gloom. Oh, what is the charm, so subtle, so delightful, in the vision of an autumnal day? Not—I cannot think so—the pleasure of the eye alone, in tint and shade, and all the prodigal display by nature of her skill in the painter's art. It is, I expect, rather the strange harmony of the scene with the burthen of that ancient song of life, murmured in our ears by unseen spirits, that eternal human music, that pangs us so whilst it pleases—"Passing away,"—"passing away!"

I was obliged to tell Margaret that I thought my family would object to our marriage, but I put it on the score of my youth, and "moreover," I said, "fathers, you know, always *do* object to marriages in novels and plays, and I am sure you and Mary will get on famously." At length, after a long talk, our plans were settled. They were in outline this: I was to get a valuable appointment in about two years, then return to England: we were to be married, and she was to go out to India again with me, and we were to live very happily all the days of our life. Margaret told me she should conceal our engagement for a time from her mother, though she assigned no reason. I should have remonstrated against this: it was my duty to have done so, but I was blinded with love, and saw no harm in it then. After our plans were discussed, we had our explanations: former little coldnesses and shynesses had to be talked away and shown to have been only concealed passion, and I clearly proved, amongst other things, that my dullness the last night we were together was devoted attachment in disguise. And so we sauntered about the lawns, and into the cottage, and sat down at the piano, and wandered here and there together, full of love and hope, all the afternoon, until it was time for me to go. It was very sad to say farewell, but we trusted so in the future that though we wept, our tears were mostly those of passion and hope. The mirage, after all, may be sent in kindness to the traveller of the Desert: we cannot tell.

Thus the brief hours past: and I sat once again in the *Water-*

witch, but—an altered man for life.

Ah Margaret! had we never met or never parted—no! I will not say so: it is better as it was: all things are ordained by God.

Chapter V.

I GET INTO THE WRONG BOX.

"And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names."

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"Gozo," cried Captain Wiggins. It was a dark stormy night, and all on deck were looking out for Malta, peering into the blackness that lay ahead, when suddenly a flash of lightning played for a moment on the ridges of an island, and then was lost for ever. In rough weathers Captain Wiggins assisted in the management of the ship, so far as looking a great deal through a telescope went, and to-night, of course, the glass was in full play. He was quite correct in saying that the land was Gozo, and shortly afterwards the harbour light at Valetta came in sight. However, it was too rough to go in that night, so we lay off, which was rather a disappointment, for Trevor and I had been planning a very clever little supper, and instead of this to lie rolling and pitching in a sadly close passage, very humorously called in the ship's place a "lounging room," was provoking, especially to Trevor, who suffered so from the sea.

Mrs. Lurcher and I had become very thick during the voyage, and as I was sitting talking to her this evening, I said, "It was troublesome we could not get into Valetta, as it would have been so pleasant going on shore."

She said, "I should not have gone on shore." "Why not?" I asked. "It's too bustling and fatiguing," she replied, turning color a little. This seemed an odd reason, because she had been the first to go on shore at Gibraltar, and to racket about all day.

However the matter dropt.

Next day a pilot came off to us and we entered the noble harbour. The younger portion of us, as you may imagine, were not long in landing, and after a charming warm bath and breakfast, Trevor, myself, and others set off on a riding expedition round the island. This lasted all day, and at night having dined in a very princely way, we started for the Theatre, where the Opera of the Elisir d'Amore was to be performed that evening.

It is said of some poor devil, who starved on cow-heel and poetry in a London garret, some time last century, in those days of shame when to be touched with holy fire was to be branded with indigence and obliquy, and when the gift of pleasing involved the penance of pain, that in some more doleful nights, and when the one tallow candle was more than usually incompetent as a social planet, he could not visit the bottle of Geneva, because, as he said, "it made it

lighter." The playful reader will at once declare that the Geneva increased the number of tallow candles. But I do not think this need be the case: there is a peculiar glow, a soft roseate light, especially of nights, a delicious, inspiriting illumination produced by the Cup, which, while it is restrained to this, by reason, and not allowed to flash into mad lightning and fitful northern Auroras, is a most charming sensation. We had had a merry glass of champagne together at the Hotel, and when we got to the Theatre, we found it illuminated by this same glow, of which I speak, and it suits a theatre particularly well, for whilst as beautiful, it is as false as the scenery and the dresses, the tinsel and the paint. Some people find the theatre so melancholy: that is because they have foolishly gone there after tea or lemonade; it *is* a most melancholy place, but the magic of champagne changes the sorrow to a pleasurable pathos, and our "sincerest laughter," you know, "with some pain is fraught," and the saddest are oft-times our sweetest songs. I cannot believe, however, that what touches us on the stage is to think that the Kings and Queens have to go home afterwards to cold hearths and sick children, or that the airy fop, all pleasure and perfume and smiles, is so very lonely, at midnight, by himself overhis pork chops. The pathos and the pain is that we see, for a brief hour, a startling picture of the world in which we live and move: a scene of velvet dresses and feathers, and noble words and laughter, and music and rags, and ruffians and tears and shouts,—and the truth of the matter kept out of sight—till the play is over. But I am rather moralizing the spectacle, though the incident affecting my story that occurred in connexion with it, is only a short one. I had borrowed an opera-glass from Trevor, and was looking round the house, when I was surprised to see Mrs. Lurcher sitting very handsomely dressed, with a French-looking gentleman by her side. Champagne makes you very social, and I determined to go round, and tease her about changing her mind and coming on shore after all. So I went round to the box where she was sitting, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened by the French gentleman, who was very polite, and asked me to take a seat by the lady. I bowed back again with much affability, and took the chair which was next Mrs. Lurcher. It seems hardly credible, but it really is perfectly true, that I talked to Mrs. Lucher for three minutes, every sentence, of course, cross questions and crooked answers, without being able to persuade myself that it was not Mrs. Lurcher, which it was not the least in the world. Not only were the features, the size and figure exactly those of my friend, but the gestures, the voice, the manner, were most confusingly similar. Very minute differences may, perhaps, have been concealed from me by champagne, but the ridiculous likeness was the talk, afterwards, of all our ship.

Well, I should have felt rather awkward, had the lady not been so very polite, but she assured me the mistake was of no consequence, and begged I would sit where I was, as the box had a very good view of the stage.

She spoke English in that odd vulgar way in which the Lurcher did, and that was another most curious point of resemblance. Not content with the courtesy of allowing me to retain my chair, she further told me in confidence that she was going to give a little supper party after the theatre, and that if I would drop all ceremony and look in, she should be delighted to see me. Who could resist such kindness? Not I; so as the Frenchman gave me their address, writing it in pencil on a plain card, I promised, with many acknowledgments, to avail myself of the honor.

And shortly after this, fearing lest I should be wearying my new friends, I bowed a retreat, taking advantage of the conclusion of an act.

Going outside the theatre, I found most of the younger of my shipmates, and some of the garrison officers, standing about the doorway under the steps. "Who was that young fellow?" I overheard one officer saying.

"Hush, hush, this is he."

"Upon my word, Champernowne."

"Too bad, and before ladies!"

"Coming it rather strong."

"Public morals must be respected."

"And in a theatre of all places."

"And so cool and pleasant about it too."

"What is the name, Champernowne, of those children's toys, where you open the lid and a figure starts out?"

From this storm of banter and badinage very little information could be gathered, and I was glad to draw Trevor aside as soon as I could, and ask him what the joke really was. "Why," said he, "the lady, into whose box you went, is rather a notorious person: I thought it was Mrs. Lurcher, so I suppose did you: it does not matter, they'll forget it: she is a Mrs. Hastings, the Lais of Valetta."

"Dear—a—me!" said I.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AMERICAN MISSION IN CEYLON.

The Ceylon American Mission deserves notice in an Indian Magazine no less than if it were English, because it labours on Indian ground; and all those operations that affect *India* have a peculiar claim on our notice. And we think that the history of a Mission to the heathen may occasionally be presented with profit to our readers, many of whom may derive little knowledge, from other sources, of what is actually being done in their immediate neighbourhood. We have known gentlemen to decline making the least acquaintance with Missionaries who were their next-door neighbours; to neglect altogether to inquire after and visit their schools; to take, in short, not the least notice of their work: and then at last to say that they did not know what the Missionaries were doing—doubted whether it were any thing at all. Now this is wrong: if they were really doing nothing, public opinion should have been brought to bear upon them, which might easily and delicately be done by inquiries made and interest exhibited;—and why should Missionaries be supposed to be more capable of working without sympathy, and the friendly eye of the public, both to encourage and restrain, than other people? And when really faithful and industrious men are thus ignorantly slandered, the evil is one which no man can fail to perceive. With these views we bring the following sketch before the public, believing that, allowing for the difference of institutions and length of time, the labors and successes are very much the same as those of any other Indian Mission. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

This Mission is under the care of "the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." The Board was organized about forty years since, and was intended, something like the London Missionary Society, to include all Protestant denominations. Although since that time several Ecclesiastical bodies have appointed their own separate agencies for conducting the work of Foreign Missions, still the American Board is the agency for the greater part of the Congregational, the New School Presbyterian, the Reformed Dutch, and several minor Churches in the United States. This causes it to be one of the principal bodies now at work for the heathen.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE MISSION—NUMBER OF LABORERS.

The Mission in Ceylon was commenced in 1816, by four Missionaries, three of whom were married. In 1819 four more ordained Missionaries with their wives joined the Mission; and in 1833-4 six more, with a physician and a printer. In 1835 three families were sent out. In 1839 two unmarried ladies joined the Mission. In 1840 an ordained Missionary and his wife were transferred to Ceylon from the Madura Mission. In 1842 three more families ar-

rived from America; and in 1846 two families and an unmarried lady. In 1847 two ordained Missionaries, one of them married, arrived; and shortly after them a physician. In 1849 came three families.

Thus there have been connected with this Mission about sixty persons; deaths, furloughs, failures of health, and transfers to the Missions of the same Board in Continental India, have kept the number down to an average of about eighteen persons, including married ladies. Of the first four Missionaries two are still living, and labouring in connexion with the Mission. Three of the second party of four ordained Missionaries are still in connexion with Missions of the same Board, though only one of them is in Ceylon. Of the whole number seven males and eleven females have died; and the same number of each sex have retired from the field on account of ill health, either in themselves or their families,—most of them within the first six years of their residence. Thus it seems that those, whose health allows them to remain at all in the field, live and labor longer than has been usually supposed. It is also said that of eighty-five children born in these Mission families, only twelve have died in Ceylon, and but three or four since leaving for America.

FIELD AND STATIONS.

The Mission is confined to Jaffna, the northern province of Ceylon. It has eight stations and five out-stations. The eight stations are occupied by the foreign Missionaries, except when they are unavoidably left vacant by the changes that occur through sickness and removals; and the out-stations are under their care and occupied by native assistants, many of whom have received a medical education. Batticotta and Oodooville are the more important stations, on account of the Seminary for boys and young men at the former, and the female Seminary at the latter place.

PREACHING.

The Mission seems to have practised all the forms of preaching that prevail in this part of India, such as that of the bazar, the school-houses, and regular church services, as well as visits to distant places. By consent of the English Government the Mission has repaired some of the old Dutch churches, in which their services are held. They have built churches and chapels. In a recent report the Mission states its regular services, aside from bazar and occasional preachings, to be thirty-three weekly; its stated places for preaching the same in number; and the average Sabbath attendance at all these places three thousand one hundred and eleven persons.

This report says, that "the extent to which the truth has been made known and acknowledged, and the number of those, in various villages, who have received a Christian education,"—"and also the peculiarity of the state of society, which allows our church-members to live

amongst their heathen relatives, has given rise to a new form of effort. It consists in the erection of neat, substantial stone chapels for stated religious worship in the villages. A fund has been commenced by the contributions of liberal natives and foreign residents, which is designed to supply fifteen pound sterling towards the erection of such a building in any village, where the native inhabitants will raise the same amount amongst themselves. It is somewhat remarkable that heathen are ready to come forward and give land for a site or subscribe funds for building a church to the true God; and yet it is being done." Women are said to give a daily handful of rice, instead of giving it to sustain their own idol-worship; and men, who have been educated by the Mission, but not yet converted, sometimes give liberally. One church has been completed on this plan; two others are being built; and one or two more about to be commenced.

EDUCATION.

The same prominence has not been given to education in English by this Mission, as is by some thought to be the best form of Missionary effort: large English schools have not been kept up. But the subject of education has been attended to steadily, and has occupied a large place in all their plans. They have acted on the general idea that no one form of effort should be adopted exclusively; but that the pulpit, the desultory conversation, the press, and the school, should all be employed; so that the leaven should affect not one class only, but in some measure the whole community. The wisdom of this course is apparent: various forms of labor widen the field; and when ignorant parents are more or less affected by preaching, the influence exerted upon their children through the schools will meet with less opposition at home, and will find more auxiliary support in the community at large.

The lowest kind of schools, which are supported by the Mission, is the vernacular. In these the instructions are conveyed only in the Tamil language, and by native teachers. It is said that these schools are not quite so numerous now as in some former years; but that they "are generally of a higher and more hopeful character, on account of the Mission's being able to secure educated and Christian teachers." But the statistics of these schools present numbers that are highly encouraging:—

The number of Schools is	79
" Male Teachers, ...	74
" Female Teachers, ...	11
" Male Pupils, ...	2718
" Female Pupils, ...	1296
" Boys who can read, ...	1127
" Girls who can read, ...	288

The Annual Expense of all these Schools is, ... Rs. 5087 8 0

These schools have been sustained since 1820. The effect of them may be noted by some of the expressions used by the Missionaries in their late report. One Missionary has been engaged in a systematic visitation of families; and he says—"Seldom have I visited a house, in which I have not found one or more, who either now are, or who have been in times past, under Mission instruction." He states that some of the former pupils of the Mission, of both sexes, are now grand-parents; and that, though they may have had no intercourse with the Missionaties since they left school, yet they are both more accessible now, and better prepared to receive instruction, from the knowledge they have retained. Recent instances are also given, of children remonstrating with their parents against idolatry.

If these children leave school as soon as they can read and write well and understand arithmetic, in the way that the similar class of pupils usually do here, we may suppose that the whole of them—amounting to almost four thousand—are changed at least every three years. Then the influence that will be exerted upon the community, through this humble instrumentality, is incalculable.

Next above the Tamil, are the English schools. "These are designed to be preparatory to the Seminary; and there is only one at each station," that is, eight. The standard of qualifications for admission is from time to time raised, so that these schools are continually improving. The sum of one rupee eight annas annually is taken from each of the pupils, except that a limited number of the poorest are admitted free.

"These schools are taught by young men educated in the Seminary, and in no instance do the Missionaries take any part in the teaching." We learn, however, from other parts of the report, that all the station schools are carefully superintended by the resident Missionaries, so that the teachers are taught by them once every week; and each school is examined, and religious instruction given to it, with the same frequency. We are very glad to notice that the Government makes an annual appropriation of two hundred pounds for the support of these schools; and this although the Missionaries say, "it is our aim to make the course thoroughly biblical." The number of pupils in the eight schools is two hundred and seventy-nine. Instruction in the vernacular is united with the English, "that those who fail of admission to the Seminary may have an education, which will be of substantial value to them, in whatever circumstances of life they may be placed."

Above all these schools comes the *Seminary* at Batticotta. This is a Boarding School. The number is limited to one hundred; but special reasons induced the Missionaries last year to admit three more. One half of the students pay the expense of their board; one-fourth, half of it; and the remainder pay a small part of this charge. All but a few pay five rupees on admission towards providing school-books. The school contains boys from all classes of the native community, except perhaps the very highest.

The statistics of this school, given below from the last report, are curious, and most encouraging:—

Whole number admitted from the beginning,	753
„ Who have left from ditto,	650
Present number of Native Teachers,	6
„ Church-members,	13
„ Children of Church-members,	19
Number who have left during the year,	29
„ Of these who were Church-members,	10
„ Admittted during the year,	34
„ „ to the Church, ditto,	5
„ Ditto from the beginning,	355
„ Church-members deceased,	51
„ Ditto excommunicated,	85
„ Ditto employed in the Mission,	96
„ Ditto „ in other Missions,	38

Thus we see that of 753 pupils admitted, 355, or nearly one-half, have made a profession of Christianity; and this is not a mere profession of belief in dogmas, but is accompanied, when made, by such seriousness of life, and such appearances of feeling, as to warrant admission to the communion. Another, and a most noteworthy circumstance is, that the far greater number of these youths are heathen when received, and do not lose caste by entering the Boarding School, as they are allowed to cook for themselves; so that their profession of Christianity is not a mere resource of vagabondism, but a matter of conviction and choice. This is shewn by the fact that of the one hundred and three last year's students only nineteen were the children of Church-members; and in former years, when the number of Christians in the community was smaller, the proportion of nominally Christian lads must have been less than it is now. The number of the excommunicated, *eighty-five*, looks startling; but we learn from the report that all the Christians continue to live amongst their heathen relatives; and that excommunication, in this case, means exclusion from the Lord's Supper, on account of compliances with the prevalent superstitions of the island, forming marriages with heathen women, any noted immorality, or general conduct inconsistent with Christian character. The discipline of the Churches seems to be very strict, so far as the purging of the roll of communicants is concerned; so that the numbers reported at any time are those who not only profess, but continue in the practice of Christianity. We must expect defections, where a return to heathenism is easy. We must expect *compliances*, where the surrounding influences and temptations are always urgent. Most of these excluded persons ought really still to be counted on the Christian, rather than the heathen side, though properly excluded from the Lord's Supper. We know that this whole eighty-five have by no means gone back to heathenism, or failed to shew at least a good degree of profit-

ing from their education. A remark that is made by the report before us in this connexion ought to be remembered, and is applicable to the scholars of other Missions too. "The public are liable to misjudge, from one or two causes, as to the benefits of the education afforded by our Seminary. Those who are most valuable are retained in our service, and are quietly at work in their places, too busy to intrude themselves upon the notice of strangers; and they are by no means to be judged of by those who wander about seeking for employment, some of whom are too proud to dig, but certainly not ashamed to beg. * * * We are often disgraced by those who are dismissed for misconduct, or who fail of getting a complete education. * * * And yet, those of whom we have hoped the least and feared the worst, in some instances have shewn that the labor bestowed upon them is not all lost."

Another school, powerful for good, is the *Oodooville Female Boarding School.* Formerly a dowry was given with each girl, when she was married, of about forty five rupees; but after the advantages of female education began to be perceived many more pupils than could be received pressed for admission, and the dowry was discontinued: sometimes as many as sixty qualified candidates for admission have made application, when no more than one-fourth of that number could be received. This result has been reached from the very smallest beginnings. When female education was first undertaken by the ladies of the mission, it was with the greatest difficulty that two or three little girls could be induced to learn. Now the school is always full, the number being necessarily limited. The girls are received at from six to eight years of age, and generally retained till married. The statistics of this school are most interesting:—

Whole number admitted from the beginning,	288
" Who have left "	201
Number who were Church-members at leaving,	136
" Joined the Church since leaving,	13
" Church-members now in the School,	23
" Gone back to heathenism,	10

The same remarks may be made here, that were made above in relation to the Male Seminary:—those who are called Church-members are not merely baptised persons, or the children of Church-members, but communicants, who have made a credible profession of faith and obedience. It will be noticed that in this school *more* than half have become Christians, while only *ten* have relapsed to heathenism,—a remarkably small number, when we consider that they are exposed to all manner of temptations on leaving school. This is a smaller proportion of the whole number than there are of Europeans who profess piety, and belie that profession, by entire conformity to the world around them.

To give an idea of the degree of education obtained in the English schools and the two Se-

minaries, let us glance at some of the branches of study mentioned in the curriculum of each school. 1. English schools, preparatory to the Male Seminary:—Reading in English and Tamil; Arithmetic in both languages through fractions; Catechism; Scripture History; Writing in both languages; and Geography in Tamil. 2. Male Seminary, at Batticotta:—Marshman's India; Joyce's Arithmetic; Euclid; English and Hindoo Astronomy, including Eclipses; Algebra; Moral Science; Physiology; Construction of Maps, Plans, &c.; beside Historical and Religious studies in abundance. 3. Oodooville Female Boarding School:—A Tamil course of Reading, Writing, Geography, and Religious Studies; and in English Grammar, Composition, Natural Philosophy, &c. The girls are also taught to be useful as house-keepers.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Board of Missions has sent out, from time to time, regularly educated medical men; and long experience enables the Missionaries now to say, "We believe that much good is being accomplished among the people in connexion with this department of Missionary labors, not only in weakening the power of their false and superstitious notions concerning the healing art, but in spreading a knowledge of the Gospel." It is said that during the past year two thousand three hundred and twelve have been attended to, and also instructed in Christianity to a greater or less extent. There is no doubt but that this agency will be found profitable in the propagation of Christianity, which is, of course, the main object of the Missionaries; but a benevolent mind will also rejoice over the material good immediately accomplished by so much relief from disease and pain. The habit of looking almost exclusively at their main design apparently keeps the Missionaries from adverting to this view of the subject, or supporting their claims to sympathy and help by it; but we may be permitted to do this for them;—and it is no small part of the good done.

The medical Missionary also teaches a class of young men in the healing art. Catechists are taught to some extent, and their influence and usefulness thus greatly increased. "During the past year seven young men have been studying with Dr. Green." "Of the medical assistants previously trained, two are connected with the hospital of the Jaffna Friend-in-Need Society, three are in Government service, and five are connected with the Mission." We see that the Government also aids this part of their work by an annual grant of fifty pounds sterling.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

This dates from 1834; and the number of pages, chiefly of tracts and scriptures, which it has executed, is sixty-six millions. The Missionaries have recently been seeking to sell, rather than to give away, these publications; and this has some-

what lessened their circulation. It is worthy of notice that a similar effort is being simultaneously made almost all over India; and we suppose it indicates that the interest excited in regard to Christianity has reached such a point, that we may hope it will in some degree hereafter propagate itself. Still the people are so poor, and the interest felt is so comparatively small, that assistance to our Tract and Bible Societies, to cheapen, at least, their publications, will long—perhaps always—be needed.

A native newspaper is published at this press, to promote both the temporal and spiritual well-being of the people.

This press has afforded facilities for the publication of school books; and its existence, together with the wants of the heathen and of the schools, has induced the members of the Mission to prepare tracts and school-books. We have no means of ascertaining precisely what has been done in this way by them; but we know that their labors in this respect have been important, and some of them have been publicly reviewed and highly approved.

THE NATIVE CHURCH.

We have seen, from the statistics of the schools, that many converts have been received. Beside those mentioned there, many others have been made. We have no means of learning the precise number who have been admitted as communicants, but it must be nearly eight hundred. This will make it appear that, including children, the nominally Christian community, resulting from the labors of this Mission, cannot be less than about two thousand persons. These, with their various connexions, are brought under the influence of the Gospel; and the work is thus at least *begun.*

The native Church is beginning to shew one of the most distinctive and mature fruits of Christianity—*expansiveness.* Christianity, when really alive, *spreads.* The Ceylon converts are laboring to spread abroad the blessings they have received: they have themselves *a foreign mission*, having taken up one of the neighbouring small islands, and send there a native preacher. They have raised money for his support, as well as for that of another Catechist and three teachers. This movement is not a great one in outward shew; but it is decidedly so in its character and promise.

CONCLUSION.

The Missionaries conclude their Report by expressing their confidence that "the morning cometh." But they say it is still night, and *very* dark—yet the darkness is not like the *felt* darkness of former years. One of them, who has labored there the lifetime of a generation, says —"On the whole I never saw more reason to be encouraged in every department of our work." They say again, that they have certain knowledge that a great

part of the heathen are *insincere* in their idol-worship, and inwardly persuaded of the truth of Christianity, thinking that, as Christianity has its main seat in the heart, they may be Christians without professing it outwardly. We have dicovered traces of this same thing here in the North-West—we have even met with essentially quaker-arguments against the need of the sacraments, which were made use of to bolster up the heart in its resistance to "taking up the Cross" by forsaking caste.

Further remark on this interesting Mission is not necessary: we must leave each of our readers to draw from it his own conclusions.

SENT OUT TO INDIA.

A TALE.

(By the Author of "My Uncle Ben's Courtships.")

Chapter XIII.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

The departure of Captain Granton with the reinforcements for the blundering Brigadier caused quite a blank in the little social circle of the Devignes; for Granton had long been a warm friend and close companion of the Major's, and was a frequent visitor at his house, where—being "ineligible," and having no "intentions,"—he was received with infinitely less show, and fussiness and constraint, than other male callers. The Major felt lonely without his friend. His lady had headaches daily to the deep sorrow of the Governess, who never failed to suffer for the ailments of her mistress. Fanny occupied herself in making a little flannel jacket, bound with blue ribbon, and ornamented with rosettes, for Byron, to prevent his taking cold at night, and Elizabeth began to read a new novel of M. Dumas', the interest of which centred in a murder of unexampled mysteriousness, and the trial of an opera *danseuse*, of ravishing beauty, for the crime. Yet the two girls often missed the gay voice and happy laugh of Captain Granton. There was Master Tom, would run recklessly about the house and call out, with the utmost strength of his hale young lungs, for "Grant Sahib," to buy him a new horse—his last toy of equine form having suffered amputation of the two fore-legs, in consequence of a fall received in a jump over a chair thrice as high as itself.

Miriam and Louise felt the loss of the gallant Captain's society, too; and Louise, perhaps more than any body beneath the Major's roof.

She knew not how it was; and she busied herself, first in trying to analyse the feeling, and then in endeavouring to chase it away; but still there remained a heavy weight upon her heart, which diminished her usual cheerfulness, and a strange tendency in her mind (which was equally unaccountable) to imagine Captain Granton in all sorts of dangers, and encountering every kind of hardship and privation incident to Military life. The words her sister had uttered the day before the troops marched, came frequently ringing in her ears. "In olden times women shared the enthusiasm of the heroes whom they sent forth to battle; but now-a-days they only go to their chambers and weep, lest the star of glory, too rashly followed, should shine redly on the corse of the beloved one." What could have made her sister talk in that strain? She would not have hesitated to unfold to Miriam the feelings which agitated her, but unhappily there was a barrier in-

terposed on this occasion, which obstructed the flow of confidence usually so free and unrestricted between the sisters. Women's eyes are quick; and Louise had not failed to observe that Granton regarded Miriam with different sentiments to those which he evinced towards herself; that he was less at his ease, more watchful of looks and words, and more anxiously solicitous to produce a favorable impression, when conversing with her sister. "He considers me in the light of a friend," she thought, "but he loves *her*—I am sure of it. And I will never, never hint to her that if he addressed me in the language of affection, I could ever be other to him than a friend."

With the view of being at hand to receive despatches and issue orders, should such be required, Mr. Sternhold had established himself temporarily at Dust-i-nuggur; and it soon began to be observed that he paid a degree of attention to Mrs. Devigne and her family, which he had never shown upon former visits to the station. Public rumour, which, though the place was small, and the society limited, had a loud voice, and a confident mien at Dust-i-nuggur, at once proclaimed that the Political Agent was smitten with the dark-eyed Miriam; and after this announcement (by way of keeping up the interest in the theme) even went so far as to guess the date when Mr. Sternhold might be expected to propose, and to estimate the period that would probably elapse between that date and the wedding day! As usually happens in such cases, rumour, which dispensed these tidings, breathed not a whisper about them to the parties most nearly concerned, until the news had acquired the rooted belief of every body else who took the slightest interest in the subject. It is a positive fact that Mrs. Flirter had settled determinately in her own mind the dress which Miriam was to wear upon the auspicious occasion, and that Mrs. Oldbuffer had fixed on the place where the happy pair were to spend the honey-moon: and that Mrs. Staples had inwardly decided who were to be the bridesmaids, long before Miss Devigne herself received the slightest hint of the judgment of the High Court of Society which awarded her to Mr. Sternhold. Louise, therefore, when striving to subdue the feeling of regret which sometimes arose rebelliously within her, that the only man whom she thought she could love should be offering up his heart's silent devotion to her sister, knew not that poor Granton occupied a position quite as undesirable as her own loving one, whom fate forbade him to dream of, and whom the world, greatest of match-makers, had already given to another! It had never entered her head that Captain Granton, a pleasant accomplished man, with many friends, and every where well received, could be so ill-used by fortune as to render his marrying quite out of the question. For Mrs. Devigne, though able to estimate his income to a rupee, and his prospects to a shade, had not thought fit to communicate her information on these points to her nieces. And as for Miriam marrying Mr. Sternhold, Louise had not deemed such a thing possi-

ble, nor given it the slightest consideration. She saw in the Political Agent only a cold distant man, whose very urbanity had something chilly in it, and whose unfamiliar mind seemed always occupied with great affairs of State, and unable to descend to mere common-places. Besides, he was past the prime of life, and Louise, in her girlish way, and her ignorance of the world, had supposed disparity of years to be a material obstacle to happiness in marriage. The reader will remember that she had at this time been but a short time in India.

Good Mrs. Flirter, who suspected that Miriam and Louise were not quite happy with their aunt, often asked them to "spend the day" with her; and upon one of these occasions, when, after breakfast, the girls had put together their work, and taken a book or two, and gone over in the Collector's carriage, duly sent for their conveyance, the worthy lady met them at the door of the house, and kissed them more affectionately than usual, and showed, by her beaming countenance, that she had some particularly agreeable theme to converse upon. It was not long before the cause of her delight was revealed. She could not restrain it, and it evidently burst out of its own accord, as a gleeful announcement often will.

"Really," she said, taking Miriam's hand, "you look prettier than ever, and in your bridal dress you will be beautiful! I do so love to see a bride, for it puts me in mind of former days, and though I was sadly disfigured with prickly heat when I was married, I cannot look back upon those times without pleasure. Now remember, Miriam, it's a promise, Catharine is to be one of the bridesmaids."

Miriam blushed crimson; and the face of Louise expressed the utmost astonishment.

"La! how surprised you seem," continued Mrs. Flirter. "As if all the world did not know it! You fancied, no doubt, it was a close secret, and that some day you would have to take me into a corner and whisper confidentially, in my ear, that Miriam had made up her mind to become Mrs. Sternhold. But it isn't easy to keep things secret in this country, I can tell you. Many people have little else to do save observing, and gossiping about, the doings of their neighbours. You have heard the saying that 'walls have ears,' but in India not only the walls, but the ceilings, and the floors, and the tables, couches and chairs, all have ears, and as many, too, as Argus had eyes. The most important matters become known, nobody knows how, just the same as the merest trifles. When Mr. Flirter, the other day, had that letter from Professor Owen, about the fossil, before twenty-four hours were past, it was the talk of the whole station. And when your Cousin Betsey refused poor Mr. Prettyman, the news seemed to have been conveyed instantaneously in every direction, by some mysterious invisible electric telegraph. I never could find out who heard it first!"

"My dear Mrs. Flirter," said Louise, "people out here receive tidings of things *before* they happen, and of things that *never* happen."

"But what every body says must be true," persisted Mrs. Flirter, "and I do assure you there is not a soul in Dust-i-nuggur that does not say that Miriam is to be Mrs. Sternhold."

Louise looked appealingly to her sister, with a glance half of surprise, half of reproach, as it were to say, "Can this be true? And you leave me to hear it from another?"

"What a tattling place this is," Miriam at length replied. "If Mr. Sternhold intends to marry me, 'tis more than I know of; and I suppose our friends who are so fond of disposing of the hearts, or hands of their neighbours, will at least deem me entitled to the little formality of being consulted on the matter before I change my condition!"

This was spoken in a disdainful tone, which indicated that pride had been summoned to conceal the embarrassment Mrs. Flirter's remarks had occasioned.

"I'm sure, Mrs. Flirter," said Louise, "Mr. Sternhold would never do for a brother-in-law for me. Do you know, I would rather Miriam should remain single, than marry a man I could not laugh and joke with, and tease, just as though he were my own brother. Now just imagine for a moment my teasing Mr. Sternhold! Why his first look would petrify me, and you would then have to put me in the cabinet along with the fossils."

"He is a very gentlemanly man," observed Mrs. Flirter, "and has as high a character, and as good an appointment, as any in the service. No doubt he was out in this country in Government employ, before you girls were born. But what need you care for that? He'll be able to retire whenever Miriam wishes, for he'll soon be entitled to a handsome pension, and you know he has a large private fortune of his own. His house at Kilgaum is magnificently furnished, he has a host of servants, and I don't know how many carriages, and such a lot of beautiful riding horses. There are few girls in India would refuse Mr. Sternhold, I can tell you."

"If he were only a merry old gentleman," rejoined Louise, "I should not so much mind; but I confess I don't like the idea of Miriam having a husband like Manfred, or Sir Edward Mortimer, or some wicked uncle in a melodrama. Fancy your brother-in-law, Mrs. Flirter, asking you to take wine with a "sardonic smile," or ordering mulligatawney for dinner in a 'sepulchral tone,' which is the way such characters always speak! Do you recollect the lines in Byron's Corsair:—

"Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen,
His features' deepening lines and varying hue,
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view."

And then again :—

"There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye:
He had the skill, when cunning's gaze would seek,
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny."

"Now does not that remind you of Mr. Sternhold? Fancy having a game of romps with such a person as that."

"Why didn't you finish the quotation?" asked Miriam. "You were not afraid, I hope? The concluding lines are the best of all."

> "There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
> That raised emotions both of rage and fear,
> And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
> Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell."

"Depend upon it, Mrs. Flirter, Mr. Sternhold must have at some time or other before we were born perhaps, committed some horrid murder, and the recollection of it is pressing upon his mind, and producing all those awful effects, which Louise observes; otherwise my sister would hardly be so bitter against him!"

"Spare your irony, dear Miriam," cried Louise, "if ever you become Mrs. Sternhold, God knows I will try my best to love him as a brother."

"I doubt it not for a moment," said Miriam, changing her tone, and her eyes filling with tears. "But why should I be made the subject of all this gossip, when really I have not yet had occasion to think of Mr. Sternhold in the light in which it appears people here regard him? I have had no time for consideration. And if I seem to have been vexed at your comments, it is only because I thought you were misunderstanding and depreciating his character."

"I'm more than ever persuaded," said Mrs. Flirter, confidently, after a brief pause, "that the match will take place. It was very much the same with Mr. Flirter and myself before *we* were married. He used to come pretty frequently to my Aunt's house, but I never imagined he had any liking for me, for his eyes were always either on the ceiling or on the ground, and when we happened to be alone for a minute or two, he seemed to prefer puzzling me with some scientific question, to saying anything soft and tender as lovers do. But folks began to talk about us, and several of my friends persisted in asserting that I should soon become Mrs. Flirter, so I could not help turning the matter over in my mind myself; and I fancy Cæsar must have done the same, because in a few weeks he called, and proposed; and then I thought I could not do better than accept him. Was not this odd? There was one thing I always noticed, which was that whenever any body said anything against Flirter, I somehow or other, in the spirit of opposition I suppose, tried to discover what might be said in his favor. Do you know, I think that love is often nourished by a little judicious detraction. I dare say in some cases it requires such a stimulant."

"Should your prediction about my sister be verified," remarked Louise, (who could not at all reconcile herself to the idea of an elderly, unjovial brother-in-law,) "there will be one sore heart in the station, that I know."

"Beauty has its disadvantages," said Mrs. Flirter, didactically, "and one of them is, that

it makes every heart sore. Now I was never *very* good-looking, you know; and yet, when I accepted Cæsar, there was one foolish young gentleman who very nearly committed suicide on my account. He sent to the Hospital Assistant for a dose of Laudanum, and was within an ace of taking it. I believe he actually poured it into a glass, and smelt it. and tasted it. But on reconsideration he altered his mind, and threw the bottle out of the window, where it was found by a sepoy next morning. He is now a Major in the army, and has got very stout."

"I feel convinced," continued Louise, "that Captain Granton is in love with Miriam."

"Captain Granton!" interrupted the little lady. "Why every body knows that he is in debt! Oh! Miriam must not think of *him*. Not but what his difficulties were honorably incurred, for I believe he borrowed money to send home to his mother and sisters, but then, it is such an unpleasant thing to be pinched in one's means, and Captain Granton, people say, has to live very close indeed to make both ends meet. If he had interest, and could get on the staff, it might alter the case; but merit and accomplishments, unassisted, make but little way in India. They say the Governor gives situations in preference to persons he knows, or whom his friends know, or who bring letters from influential parties, because he has then some guarantee for the respectability of his nominees. I don't understand these political questions at all: my husband tries to make me comprehend them, but I'm very stupid, and it still appears to me that merit ought to have *some* chance."

"I have heard," said Louise, "that Captain Granton has a very rich uncle in England. Would not his influence be of some use with the Governor?"

"Oh! I dare say," replied Mrs. Flirter, "but you must know this old uncle is a terrible miser, and is on indifferent terms with all his relations. I have heard Captain Granton say that he used to be fond of him when a boy, but had of late years ceased corresponding with him altogether. I fear the Captain has no expectations from him, and that his pride would prevent him from asking the old gentleman to write to the Governor on his behalf."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Catharine, who, though her presence was by no means imposing, walked in with a vastly consequential air, and with a large bunch of keys in her hand, looking the miniature Mistress of an extensive household.

"Mama," said she, in a firm tone, "we must look a little more after these servants. I'm sure they're cheating us. If I were papa, I would send away the butler at once."

"Oh! they're sad plagues!" said Mrs. Flirter, who allowed her daughter to do pretty much as she liked. "You must speak to papa about it when he comes from office."

"I'm so tired," continued the young lady, seating herself, "and it does try my patience so much. Well! I shall go out for a ride this evening. Papa has not been since Thursday, and I'll *make* him go to-night. Mama, I must have

a new riding-habit; mine is nearly worn out, and it is quite old-fashioned."

"Yes, my dear, we'll have one made for you as soon as possible."

"No, mama, papa must write to England for one."

"Well, I'm sure he will if you ask him."

"What a nice thing it is," cried Catharine, turning with a look of triumph on her little face, to Miriam and Louise, "to be able to have whatever one wishes for. Papa and mama deny me nothing, and I'm sure I love them very much; don't I, dear mama?"

"Oh! you're a darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Flirter, rising, and giving her daughter a hearty kiss. "When you were a child, and used to cry for the moon, of course we could not give you *that*; but now you only want things which are really attainable, we should be unkind to refuse you anything. Am not I a foolish mother, Louise? But recollect she's our only daughter, and we can't help being fond of her."

Chapter XIV.

THE SIEGE OF GRIMGHUR.

Brigadier Oldbuffer was impressed with a notion that his system of martial tactics resembled that of the Duke of Wellington rather than that of Napoleon Buonaparte. He did not despise the Corsican General. He admitted that he had fought some remarkable battles, and displayed many of the qualities which form a great commander. But Napoleon's boldness of conception, rapidity of execution, and fondness for striking "terrible blows" and effecting sudden surprises, did not accord with the views of the Brigadier. He much more admired the cool, cautious, sagacious and safe tactics of the "Iron Duke." In the course, therefore, of his operations against Shel Lak Khan, necessarily aggressive as they were, he did not attempt any of those brilliant exploits or great enterprises which, when success awaits them, awaken universal admiration, and cover the General's name with glory. Nor did he endeavour to fan the flame of warlike enthusiasm in the breasts of his soldiers by any of those spirit-stirring orders which a Buonaparte would perhaps have indited on such an occasion. Orders calling upon them to give History another Plassy or Meanee, and bequeath a heritage of glory to their children; or informing them that to the brave all things are possible, and that the sun must set this day without a single host to tour to reflect back his rays! Such addresses were in his opinion superfluous in the case of brave men, and useless in the case of timid ones. "No, no," he would say to his friend Shoeflower, "the best plan is to take things easy. There is nothing worse than being in a hurry. What is the use of Government placing an old and experienced officer at the head of a force, if he is to rush into the same errors as a young and hasty fellow encountering enormous risks in rash attempts to effect impossibilities?

Slow and sure, Shoeflower, slow and sure. That's the correct policy. Your Hotspurs, who want to 'pluck bright honor from the red-faced moon'—isn't it 'red-faced?' and who are always panting to get 'C. B.' appended to their names, do more mischief to the profession than people think. Under the delusion of serving their country, they are always in reality endeavouring to serve themselves. What's the passion for fame but a selfish passion? Now, when I'm ordered on a particular service, I just ask myself what will be the best way of effecting the object in view, without needlessly exerting myself, or harassing my troops, or exposing ourselves to danger. And whatever seems the best way, I adopt. I am pretty sure to succeed in time, and then I get my moderate share of *abroo*, and go to sleep with a clear conscience. Your young impetuous Hotspur, on the other hand, hurls his men at once at the enemy, and fights a furious battle, in which there's awful slaughter, when he receives honors and compliments, and sleeps uncomfortably with remorse in his heart and his arm in a sling. Eh, Shoeflower? Old head's the best after all!"

The Brigadier's first notion, on arriving before the Fort of Grimghur, for such was the name of the stronghold occupied by the hostile chief, had been that the safest and most effectual plan of operations would be to invest the place, and quietly endeavor to starve out the enemy. It would be an affair of time, he admitted, for the Lallpugree fellows were well known to be excessively obstinate, and remarkably capable of endurance; but he was certain they would give in as soon as they had consumed their supply of provisions, and not resort to cannibalism, or even to eating their shoes, for the purpose of protracting a useless resistance to our arms. However, his Brigade Major happened to be of somewhat less patient temperament, and by the use of sundry cogent arguments (which we shall not inflict upon the reader) gained sufficient ascendancy over Oldbuffer, to persuade him to subject the place to a regular siege. The successful sally made by the enemy, in which they contrived to possess themselves of several head of cattle, completely put to flight the Brigadier's idea of starving his foe into submission, and he had determined that on the arrival of the reinforcements from Dust-i-nuggur, it would be necessary to continue the siege with vigour, tempered of course with prudence, and either effect a breach in the walls of the fort by which to gain ingress, or, in the last resort, carry the place by escalade. The latter contingency was not regarded with much complacency by Oldbuffer, for he felt painfully his total want of experience in such matters, and he asserted his anxious solicitude to spare effusion of blood, which he was convinced would be great if his troops came to a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy.

The Dust-i-nuggur force at length made its appearance; and the Brigadier was urged to hold a council of war, and settle with his officers the plan of operations for the succeeding day. Accordingly, he summoned the Brigade Major, Tomkyns, his friend Shoeflower, the officer in command of the Artillery, Granton and Canter,

to his august presence, and told them to be seated, and make themselves comfortable, as indeed, he was doing himself.

"There, gentlemen," said he, "is a plan of the fort. You see exactly what sort of a place it is. Our position is here, by the clump of trees, and if we can manage to occupy the rising ground there to the right, where you see a flag drawn—I'll defy the d—l himself to make his escape. We're sure to *nab* Mr. Shel Lak Khan. It is only a question of time. I should think about a fortnight will sew him up completely.

"A fortnight!" cried several voices.

"You're surely joking, Brigadier," said the Artillery officer, twirling his long moustache. "I'll undertake to breach the fort in six hours from the time we get our guns in position."

"Don't be rash," replied the Brigadier, fidgetting uneasily in his chair. "The place is much stronger than you take it for. Recollect, we have been here some time, and have suffered *one* reverse already. It is a great mistake in war to despise one's enemy."

The officers proceeded to discuss the arrangements to be adopted on the morrow, the Brigadier putting in his voice every now and then, to counsel prudence, and dissuade from undue haste, but on the whole leaving the settlement of the details very much to the others. In the midst of the discussion, a subaltern arrived, with a somewhat important piece of information, a man had come in from the Fort, with a message from Shel Lak Khan.

"Bring the rascal here!" cried the Brigadier. "Let us hear what he has got to say."

A few minutes afterwards, the messenger was conducted into the tent. He was a wiry, sharp-featured fellow, with a thin beard, and downcast eyes. There was a good deal of the assassin in his appearance, and a good deal of the thief; and possibly in the course of his eventful career, he had acted more than once in both of those capacities.

"And who the deuce are you, sir?" exclaimed Oldbuffer, in a stentorian voice. "Tomkyns," turning to the Brigade Major, "will you interpret?"

The messenger, in a meek tone, and a manner meant to be respectful, but which scarcely accorded with the stealthy glances of his cunning eyes, explained that he had been commissioned by his master, Shel Lak Khan, to wait upon the great English General, renowned among the warriors of the West, and propose terms of capitulation, which he humbly trusted the mighty Oldbuffer would graciously condescend to listen to. His master, he continued, was deeply impressed with the power of the British arms, and the magnanimity of the British character, and was earnestly solicitous to obtain the friendship of the British nation. It was merely as a slave of circumstances that he had assumed a hostile attitude towards the Queen of England. He had been dethroned and driven from his country by his own brother, and was now engaged in chastising those who had assisted in bringing about these calamitous results. But if he had imagined that his enemies in this quarter were friends or

allies of the great British nation, he would have submitted to decapitation rather than have carried his arms against them. Peace was his object, and he hoped the Brigadier would grant it to him on honorable terms. All he wanted was to be allowed to withdraw his troops from the fort unmolested, when he would retire across the frontier, and promise never again to invade the territory of any friend of the all-powerful British Government. But he had a favor to ask of the English General, and that was, that he would interest himself with Sternhold Sahib to prevail on the Queen of England to lend him a few troops for the purpose of recovering the throne of his ancestors and punishing the usurper. Should such aid be given, Shel Lak Khan would ever be the humble slave of the great British nation, and would overflow eternally with sentiments of indescribable gratitude towards the mighty Oldbuffer, Her Majesty's most zealous servant and valiant warrior.

Having thus unburdened himself, with one eye upon the Brigadier, and the other upon the door, as though he thought it not unlikely the mighty Oldbuffer might answer his proposals by kicking him unceremoniously out of the tent, the ambassador of the persecuted Shel Lak Khan made a low inclination of the head, and paused respectfully for a reply.

" 'Pon my word, Brigadier," said Tomkyns, a red-whiskered, quick-tempered little man, as he finished interpreting the speech, " this is about the most impudent thing I ever heard. Not content with marching out with all the honours of war, the fellows actually want us to make common cause with them, and fight their battles. What answer shall I give? Shall I tell the rascal to go back and say we'll blow the fort about his master's ears before noon tomorrow?"

" Well," nsawered Oldbuffer indecisively, " I'm very much disposed to bring this affair to a termination, if possible, without bloodshed; but my instructions are explicit—aren't they, Shoeflower?—to accept nothing but an unconditional surrender; so that really, Tomkyns, I don't see that we can treat,—unless Shel Lak Khan will lay down his arms and place himself at our mercy, in which case we might—eh, Shoeflower? Hang it! I think we might—you understand me, Tomkyns, so just convey my meaning to him."

Tomkyns spoke, and the native's obsequious expression changed to one of affected concern.

" My master's destiny is fixed," said he. " There is no hope. He is a stern, uncompromising man, and will fight to the last. He will dash himself against the mighty British nation, and break himself in fragments. Irresistible is fate!"

" I think we shall polish you off pretty considerably," said Canter.

" You had better give in at once," counselled the Artillery Officer, " or we shall shatter your fortress to pieces, and not leave one stone upon another."

" If such be God's will," said the messenger, with an air of resignation, " what can man do but submit! I will go back to my master, and tell him to prepare for death, because the great English General is resolved

to show us no mercy. Shel Lak Khan is brave, and will die sword in hand. May I ask the English General to let me take leave."

"We shall have a tough job, gentlemen," said Oldbuffer to the assembled officers, as his visitor salaamed his way out of the tent; "those villains are determined to fight, and the fort will not be taken without considerable loss."

"Pray pardon the observation," remarked Granton, who had not yet spoken, "but I watched that fellow very closely, and it struck me that his mission was not *bonâ fide*, but a mere *ruse*, practised for some sinister purpose. With all his pretended respect and deference, he could not wholly conceal the scowl of a cunning defiance which denoted his real feelings. I am inclined to think that a bold and open defence of the Fort is the last thing which these fellows contemplate."

"We shall see," returned the Brigadier. "There's one thing quite certain—they won't be able to escape us, and that's all we need care about."

"Of course the sooner Captain Granton takes up his position on the knoll there, the better," suggested Tomkyns.

"Why," said Oldbuffer, "I don't much like the look of that place. The ground is very broken, and I'm told there's the dry bed of a nullah on the other side. We sent out a party to reconnoitre the other morning, and, by Jove! they were fired upon as soon as they got to the brow of the hill. Being but a small detachment, and suspecting a strong ambush they thought it prudent to retire. We must have daylight to occupy that position, and as it would be pitch dark before we could hope to gain it if we marched to-night, I have decided upon postponing operations till daybreak to-morrow."

"Surely, Brigadier," remonstrated Tomkyns, "you are not in earnest?"

"Well," returned Oldbuffer, nothing would gratify me more than to give our friends an early opportunity of distinguishing themselves; but discretion, I think, is, in the present instance, the better part of valour. We must not be rash. We must not risk any loss that can be avoided. Slow and sure—slow and sure; that's the best kind of tactics."

Tomkyns looked daggers and red-hot cannon balls; but he said nothing. The Artillery officer folded his arms, and winked over his shoulder to Granton. Shoeflower supported the Brigadier (as usual) with a look of silent acquiescence.

"We shall have sharp work enough to-morrow, gentlemen," continued Oldbuffer. "The Lalpugreewallahs fight like devils when their blood's up. But they haven't the ghost of a chance now; and they appear to know it. Report says there's a good deal of treasure in the Fort—jewels, gold coins, and bars of silver—and when the place falls into our hands, we shall probably reap a substantial reward for our services in the shape of prize money."

"First catch your hare," muttered Tomkyns. "I wouldn't mind disposing of my share dirt-cheap."

The "council of war" was soon afterwards dissolved; and on the evening closing in, Oldbuffer sat down to dinner with his inseparable friend Shoeflower,

and fortified his inner man strongly with creamy beer and fruity port against the dangers and anxieties of the morrow.

Next morning Captain Granton occupied, unopposed, the position on the rising ground to the right, and a vigorous cannonade was opened on the devoted fortress of Grimghur. The Brigadier, it was observed, was in a state of greater excitement than a soldier of his boasted calmness of temperament ought to have displayed. He had frequent recourse to his telescope; and every now and then, when an ill-directed shot would come whistling over the heads of his men, he would mutter between his teeth, "D—n the fellows! why don't they give in," and look so ludicrously angry, that one hardly knew to what particular feeling of his martial breast the expression was attributable. The enemy's fire was at first tolerably brisk; but in the course of about an hour, it slackened; and then, of a sudden, it ceased altogether. On this happening, the Brigadier's visage brightened, and he put down his telescope, and rubbed his hands cheerily.

"What is the matter?" quoth he to Tomkyns, as the latter came up, puffing and panting, and looking even more red in the face than usual.

"Matter!" returned Tomkyns; "why, let us attack them instantly. The cowardly rascals are silenced already; and in five minutes we may blow open the gate, and take possession of the Fort. Now don't delay, Brigadier. I know there's nothing like prudence, and discretion, and all that; but on the present occasion we *must* march, or we shall be covered with eternal disgrace. You see the necessity of the movement, don't you?"

"'Pon my honor," cried Oldbuffer, "you are very impetuous; but let me see—ah! the fellows *do* seem to have deserted their guns; they are hiding, probably, or burying their treasure—yes; well, we'll move on, and smash the gate to atoms; eh, Tomkyns?"

Orders were accordingly given for a forward movement; and two guns having been brought up, opened upon the gate, and after a few rounds battered down huge fragments of it, so that the opposing force could "see their way clearly enough," as Tomkyns remarked, with a grin upon his scarlet countenance. In the meantime, Captain Granton, with his men, had moved from their position so as to intercept the enemy in case they should attempt to escape by the gate on the opposite side, and Captain Canter's cavalry were drawn up at convenient points, ready to make a gallant dash at the fugitive Lalpugreewallahs, and cut them down gloriously, on their emerging from their stronghold.

The troops obtained easy ingress at the shattered gate; for not a soul appeared to dispute their passage, and though the Brigadier, apprehensive of a surprise, kept a watchful eye in every direction, he could discern no signs whatever of the enemy. "Why, where the d——l are they all gone to?" cried he, waving his naked sword in a perfect paroxysm of martial rage. "I wish we could see some of them. Hang it! the guns can't have been going off *by themselves* this morning." Tomkyns suggested

that possibly the rascals might have mined the fort, and be about to blow it up, but this horrid intimation created in a moment such a ghastly change in the countenance and deportment of poor Oldbuffer, that Tomkyns mercifully laughed outright, and said he was only joking, and that it was very unlikely the scoundrels would be so desperate as to sacrifice their own lives in the hope of destroying those of their assailants.

The search continued, and extended to every part of the fort; but still no enemy could be discovered. 'Twas indeed passing strange! The opposite gate having been opened, Captain Granton and his party entered. "Have you seen no one, Granton?" enquired the Brigadier. "The fellows seem to have vanished, like the witches in Macbeth." Captain Granton shook his head: not a man had passed out of the fort since daybreak—that he could confidently declare!

Whilst the officers were thus wondering at the silent and deserted aspect of the place, and endeavouring to account for so extraordinary and unexpected a result, there arose a series of wild unearthly yells that startled every one present; and all of a sudden Ensign Prettyman was descried, without his cap, his hair in fierce disorder, and his eyes flashing fire, driving before him, sword in hand, three bearded and begrimed natives, whom he had evidently unearthed from a sort of low vault or godown situated hard by. The Ensign seemed to have an eye for nothing but the fugitives, and he pursued them frantically close up to the very spot where the Brigadier and his staff were standing.

Roaring for quarter, the three fellows threw themselves down at Oldbuffer's feet just as that great warrior—fearing the effect of a sudden concussion—had put himself on the defensive, like (as he afterwards remarked) Horatius at the Bridge when assailed by Lars Porsena and his hosts.

"Who are you?" cried the Brigadier.

The men replied that they were Artillerymen in the service of Shel Lak Khan; that the great chief had decamped the previous night with his troops and valuables; and that they (the petitioners) had been left with a few others to serve some of the guns, and keep the attacking force employed, until their master should have placed a safe distance between himself and the besiegers. But some of their number having been killed, they discontinued firing, fled from the walls, and endeavored to conceal themselves in the place where the gallant Ensign had found them.

"When did your chief start?" exclaimed Tomkyns, boiling over with indignation.

The prisoners, expecting to be killed every moment by the dreadful Prettyman, or still more dreadful Tomkyns, answered, meekly, that the retreat commenced about midnight, and called God and the Prophet to witness that they spoke nothing but the truth.

"And what road did he take?" pursued the Brigade Major, whisking his sword over the heads of the captives, and nearly slicing a piece off the nose of the nearest one, which was dangerously prominent.

The three Lalpugreewallahs pointed at once simultaneously in a north-easterly direction.

"Take care!" cried Tomkyns, feeling the edge of his sword, and then passing his hand across his throat, "you understand me? Take care!"

The spokesman of the trio here intimated that his devotion to his chief was great, but his love for his own life greater; and his two companions bowed their heads, in testimony of their acquiescence in this very natural sentiment—the meaning intended to be conveyed being, that the fiery Tomkyns might place implicit reliance upon their truthfulness.

The order was therefore given for an immediate pursuit of the enemy; and Captain Granton and Ensign Prettyman having volunteered to join Captain Canter (to whom the duty of overtaking and punishing Shel Lak Khan was entrusted) the Brigadier was graciously pleased to permit them to accompany that officer. Prettyman, he declared, was a brave young fellow, and should be conspicuously mentioned in the official despatches. The service he had performed in ferreting out the three prisoners deserved a medal, and should be recompensed with one if he had the disposal of such matters. As for the unhappy Lalpugreewallahs, they were consigned to durance vile, and informed that they would be shot if they attempted to escape, and hanged if their information regarding the fugitive chief turned out false. So when evening came, and the British flag waved victoriously over the fortress of Grimghur, they said their prayers like good Mussulmans, and solaced themselves with that sweet balm of life—tobacco.

(To be Continued.)

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